

ANDERSON'S
CUMBERLAND BALLADS
AND SONGS

EDITED BY
T. ELLWOOD



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ANDERSON'S
CUMBERLAND BALLADS
AND SONGS.



Robert Anderson

H. Machell
22. April 1904

ANDERSON'S CUMBERLAND BALLADS AND SONGS.

CENTENARY EDITION.*

EDITED, WITH

LIFE OF ANDERSON & NOTES,

BY

REV. T. ELLWOOD, M.A.,

RECTOR OF TORVER,

And formerly Master in St. Bees Grammar School.

*Author of "The English Dialect Society's Glossary of the Dialect of
Cumberland, Westmorland and North Lancashire,"
"The Songs and Singers of Cumberland," &c.*

ALSO WITH

GLOSSARIAL CONCORDANCE,

BY

GEO. CROWTHER.

*The last o' December, lang may we remember,
At five o' the morn, eighteen hundred an twee (three).
Here's health an success to the brave Jwohnnny Dawston
An monie sec meetings may we leeve to see."—
"Blackwell Murry Neet," page 52.

ULVERSTON :

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY W. HOLMES, LTD.,

1904.

Wellington and Waterloo.

O, for a glorious theme of song,
To charm the old, inspire the young!
Great Fame pronounced, with clarion strong,
"Wellington and Waterloo!"
A thousand tongues would ever indite,
A mortal's pen would fail, to write
His deeds unstained, of matchless might;
Glorious Chief of Waterloo!

"From Ganges' banks, to Tagus' shore,
Or where the Doure's streams loud roar,
Proud, eagle-like, we mark'd him soar
To the plains of Waterloo:
There his skill sav'd sinking Gaul;
And there his deeds bade tyrants fall,
That one who would the world enthral;
Sunk for aye, at Waterloo.

"Let Envy trace th' historic page;
And mark the heroes of each age;
Still grant the poet, spite of her rage,
To the Chief of Waterloo.
While Earth her daily course shall roll;
While virtuous deeds shall charm the soul,
His fame shall ring, from pole to pole;
Deathless Chief of Waterloo!"

Robt Anderson.

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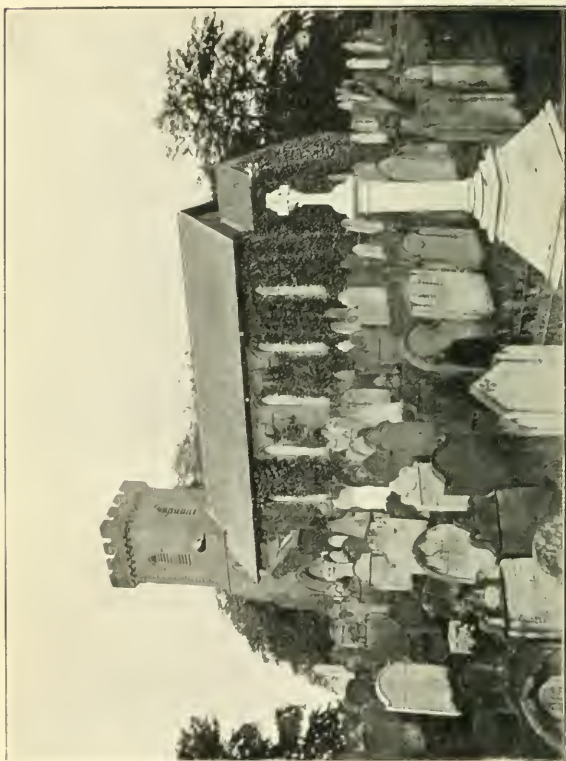
Tune by the Author.

Now Winter comes on, an' the leaves hae faun down
In millions, the world cannot neume,
An' wedder fraives stormy, to country, an' town;
To rich, an' poor, an' shews the same:
On Nature's sweet scenery, we now neir can gaze,
Till Spring in a wheyle may return —
To him abuin, aw maks on yetht cut gie praise —
What wedder be, let us neir mourn!

If wandrin ower yetht, the loud win oft weid hear,
An' days, or neets, gaze on the rain;
Thro' Winter, if hourly the storms may appear,
To aw see wrang, fraives fuik owne vain:
This Season, weyl wedders for months aw may hew,
If tolin on daily they're seen;
In Summer, the heat may lig heaps i' the greave,
Thus, changes to aw maks are gien.

Byone fraives lyke Seasons, that ilk yer may see,
If goun to dui reet, or ay wrang;
Frae hing to the boggy, whate'er they may be,
Thro' see, shuin lyfe they're amang:
For chances or weather, let's neir yence repleyne,
If stormy days Winter ay brings;
Whon aw's dwin, nae doubt, for the gud's mankeyn,
We thouns men gie hing o' the kinge!

Robt Anderson.



KIRKLINTON CHURCH AND CHURCHYARD.

LIFE OF ANDERSON.

Extracts from Autobiography :—

"At six o'clock on the snowy morning of February 1st, 1770, I beheld the light of the world at the Damside, in the Parish of St. Mary, in the suburbs of the ancient city of Carlisle. I was a poor little tender being scarce worth the trouble of rearing, and was the youngest of nine children, born of parents getting up in years, who with all their kindred had been kept in bondage by poverty, hard labour and crosses.

"At an early age I was placed in a Charity School, supported at that time by the Dean and Chapter of Carlisle for the Education of children only. Having studied my letters, the see-saw drone of the "Primer" and waded through the "Reading-Made-Easy," and "Dyche's Spelling Book" I was now turned over to a long, lean, needy Pretender to Knowledge. He devoted much time to angling, and I was always selected to accompany him in those fishing expeditions. It was during those summer excursions that an attachment to rural scenery first stole over my mind. A love of nature grew in me from this period to manhood and such has been the influence of this passion for nature, that it has been the dearest wish of my heart to creep into retirement in the declining years of my life, and strike the strings of my feeble harp in the shades of peace. From this teacher I was removed by my parents to the Quaker's School, under Mr. Isaac Ritson a very learned and ingenious man.

"At the age of 10 years, I left school to try to earn a little to assist my father who was now very infirm. I was employed as a Calico Printer under my brother and my wages one and sixpence a week were presented to my beloved father. From infancy I was fond of drawing, especially animals, and to this amusement my evenings were chiefly devoted. For a self-taught artist my early efforts

afford evidence of industry, but they are devoid of anything indicative of genius. My next change was to be bound apprentice to a pattern drawer with Messrs. T. Losh and Co., Denton Holme near Carlisle where I enjoyed all the happiness an industrious apprentice can hope for ; being treated with every mark of esteem. While here I turned my thoughts to music, and as from childhood a love of rural life had grown with me, I let slip few opportunities of spending the Sabbath more especially in summer with friends in some neighbouring village.

"It was on paying a welcome visit at a friend's house that I was first smitten with female charms. Picture to yourself a diffident youth in his sixteenth year daily pouring out the sighs of a sincere heart for an artless cottager somewhat younger than myself.

She was all my thoughts by day,
And all my dreams by night.

At church she drew my attention from the preacher. On her "I could have gaz'd my soul away," and I have a thousand times fancied to myself our joining hands at the Hymeneal altar. Whatever I had had of worldly possessions I would gladly have bestowed upon her.*

"When in London, where I had obtained employment before the expiration of my apprenticeship, my first attempt at poetical composition was made in a song called "Lucy Grey," which with some others was afterwards set to music and sung at the Vauxhall. While in London my poor father whom I had regularly supported paid me an unexpected visit. He was in his 75th year, and had walked from Carlisle to London a distance of 301 miles. Such however was his aversion to the noise and tumult of London that I could only prevail upon him to remain with me seven days at the end of which time he returned to Carlisle."

In 1796 Anderson returned from London to Carlisle to support the declining years of his aged father. Employment was offered to him by Messrs. Lamb, Scott, Foster, and Co., and the situation in his native place proved in every sense agreeable, and he gives

*Read in this connexion the Ballad of "Sally Gray," page 10 reads like a page of autobiography."

the following account of the first commencement of his literary career :—" I had now written a great number of poetical pieces, and in 1798, ambition led me like too many of my brother scribblers to publish a volume of poems, printed by John Mitchell and dedicated to J. C. Curwen, Esq., M.P. From this publication I received little more than dear bought praise. I have already more than once adverted to the pleasures rural life afforded me. My only poetical delight has been the study of nature, and if any merit can be claimed for any effusions of my music it is when she appears in her rustic dress. The manners and dialect of the Cumberland peasantry now occupied a great share of my attention. In December, 1801, I published the Ballad called " Betty Brown " in the Cumbrian dialect. The praise bestowed by many but particularly my friend Thomas Sanderson, himself a Poet of no mean pretensions, encouraged me to other attempts in the same species of poetry ; at length a sufficient number of pieces were produced to form a volume. The friend I have named was kind enough to furnish me with notes to the volume and at his request it was sent to the Press under the title of " Cumberland Ballads." The work became somewhat popular, the edition was soon exhausted, and a new impression was sent into the world from the Press of Mr. Hetherington, of Wigton, who purchased the copyright."

Prior to the issue of this second edition, Anderson had left Carlisle at the earnest entreaty of a friend having the provision of a more lucrative situation at Brookfield, near Belfast. On reaching Dumfries, he states that his wish was so great to pay the tributary tear at the Tomb of Robert Burns, that this alone induced him to prefer a pedestrian journey through Scotland to a short sail from Maryport.

Owing to the pressure of the times and the want of spirit in the proprietors, the Print Works at Belfast, were closed in less than 2 years. In that period he had published much in the Belfast Newspaper which led him into the Society of many literary characters. He wrote and was about to publish an " Adieu to Erin " when he met with an unexpected engagement at Carnmoney six miles from Belfast. His employer was David Bigger, of Belfast, Proprie-

tor of the Calico Print Works at Carnmoney. He resided and worked here until the death of David Bigger in 1818 and the following record of his sojourn in Ireland has been most kindly furnished to me by Francis Joseph Bigger, of Ardrie, Belfast, the grandson of David Bigger above mentioned, and editor of the *Ulster Journal of Archæology*, a magazine full of interest in Antiquarian records and research in the North of Ireland.

Referring to this time Mr. Bigger gives a letter and the following epitaph written to his employer's Widow—the originals of which are still preserved at Ardrie :—

EPITAPH ON DAVID BIGGER, ESQ.

Affection tender rears this humble stone,
A mould'ring mark of gratitude to one
Who in the Husband, Parent and the Friend,
Love, fondness and sincerity did blend ;
Whose thoughts ambition never taught to stray,
Nor owned unlawful pleasures' dangerous sway.
The love of country warmed his feeling breast,
And proud was he to succour the distress.
Cheerful resigned life's peaceful vale he trod,
And rested on the mercy of his God.
Go, reader, and when in earth's silent womb,
May truth give such a tribute to thy tomb.

This epitaph was not published in the local press in Ireland but appears (omitting lines 3 and 4 in the Carlisle Edition of Anderson's Poems published in 1820, Vol. II. page 91.

"It is said," says Mr. Bigger, "that Anderson, while resident at Carnmoney almost rivalled Goldsmith in his Charity, sparing himself nothing. He would have given all his money, or food or even his very clothes to those who were in need." In his memoir he says : "Duty soon led me to share my income with the wretched and helpless, which, my friends well know, added no little to the happiness of many, and afforded me true pleasure. Charity balls, as they are termed, were frequently held, and at these I collected considerable sums, and without doubt, saved numbers from the grave. Subscriptions were liberally attended to at the Print Works, whenever they were deemed necessary, not only for the wretched families employed there, but for the helpless throughout the neighbourhood. On these occasions I was uniformly appointed collector, and I

still pray for the happiness of my fellow workmen, whose benevolence will seldom be equalled."

During this time his lodging was at a retired farmhouse, with a peaceable family, consisting of Thomas and Andrew Stewart and some female members, the place was known as Springtown, in the townland of Ballyearl, Carnmoney. So much charity on the part of Anderson led to kindness of a different sort being pressed upon him, and he fell a victim to inebriety, a habit which ever afterwards followed him, shadowing him to the grave.

Anderson did not publish any volume in Ireland, most of his pieces appearing from time to time in the *News Letter* and *Commercial Chronicle*. Those which appeared in the *News Letter* are found in a "Collection of Poems on various subjects," Vol. II. (Belfast, Alexander Mackay, 1810). They are ten in number, and not in the dialect.

Calico Printing in Ireland having now been for sometime on the decline, he found if necessary to leave Belfast, and to return to his native city, Carlisle. He had every reason to be gratified with the reception which he received from all classes amongst those to whom his works had made him known, and he was shortly afterwards advised to publish his works in order to make some provision for his declining years. "Diffidence," he says, "would have prevented me from making such an attempt had not necessity forced me to it. A committee was appointed who have used every exertion to insure my happiness in the winter of life and the same anxiety has been shown by many in various parts of the Kingdom." Two volumes were accordingly published at Carlisle in 1820; prefixed by "An Essay on the character and manners of the Peasantry of Cumberland," from the pen of his friend Thomas Sanderson; and a memoir written by himself.

The issue of this edition notwithstanding the long and most influential list of subscribers* by which it is headed does not seem to have brought him that needful aid that was expected, there is no certain evidence of what he did or what he did not receive from the various edition of his works for with the open handed generosity that is everywhere apparent

* The printed list of subscribers numbers nearly one thousand names, and includes Robert Southey and William Wordsworth.

in his doings this would make very little difference to his permanent resources, and there is certain evidence that very shortly after this Edition had appeared the position of his finances was just as low as ever.* He went to live at Hayton, a village 7 miles from Carlisle in 1823, and records this in his "Farewell to Caryl" and many of his later poems appear to have been written while there.

During the latter portion of the period that lapsed between his return from Ireland and his death the poet at times seems to have sunk into those fits of deep depression to which poets in all ages and under all conditions seem to have been subject, and he appears at times to have held that same morbid fear of the workhouse that Burns in his latter moments seems to have had of the jail. There was much to depress him. No one can realise this fully who has not read through and collated his manuscripts, and seen the most careful way in which he has written and rewritten and worked out his subjects some of them with most careful analysis. They take in a range of subjects from what were evidently intended to be Epic Poems† and Plays down to those terse popular songs and ballads which will live while the Cumbrian Dialect lives and possess a talismanic influence while Cumbrian can grasp the hand of Cumbrian in the strong assurance that—

Canny ole Cumberland caps them aw still.

All this had been done by him in what was evidently a life work, and while he could work at his trade he did work at it honestly and well. There is an excellent record of his doings as a workman in Ireland. And Mr. Bigger who is well qualified to speak in this respect says, "Anderson was an excellent workman when at Carnmoney and many beautiful samples of printed calico from his designs are still preserved at Ardrie." And yet what was the sum of it—poetry and workmanship alike? He might say of them as another Robert had said of his life long efforts:—

* I allude to an appeal he made to the Publishers to purchase the copyright of his Ballads now increased to 177—this appeal was unsuccessful.

† The Epic Poem is "The Rose of Corbye" in ordinary English, containing 1500 or 1600 lines, and occupying 60 pages in Vol. I. of the edition of 1820.

Here half fed, half mad, half sarket,
Is aw the amount.

Age and want, "an ill matched pair," were rapidly stealing upon him. His profession was fast becoming a decaying industry in which he could not get work if he would. In one of his hitherto unpublished poems he seems to refer to such a state of depression when he says :—

How many aye are wrapt in care,
Whea ne'er a mortal wad oppress,
Wheyle others plenty daily share,
Still wishin brothers in distress.
Years fifty-five now owre are flown
Sin furst on this weyl warl aw gaz'd ;
Weel rear'd by twea in want aye thrown,
An leyke them aw mun ne'er be rais'd.

About this time occurred an event which must have tended much to deepen and perpetuate his sadness. The Poet Sanderson had been his life long friend and companion. He himself gives the date of 1795 as the time from which he had first known him and from thence they seem to have been to each other as David and Jonathan. Sanderson seems mostly to have acted as Pioneer in Anderson's literary efforts. When he had written "Betty Brown" in the dialect he says, "The praise bestowed upon it by many, particularly by my faithful friend Thomas Sanderson, himself a Poet of no mean pretensions encouraged me to other attempts in the same species of Poetry and at length a sufficient number of pieces were produced to form a volume," Sanderson furnished notes to this volume and at Sanderson's request it was sent to the Press under the title of "Cumberland Ballads" and when in 1820 what from a literary point of view must be considered the most important* edition of his works, appeared in 2 volumes it was prefaced by an Essay upon the character and manners of the Peasantry of Cumberland, by Thomas Sanderson. His poems and other writings abound with references to Sanderson. By a custom familiar enough in literary circles at that time, *teste* "Sylvander and Clarinda" of Burns, he

*It derives its importance from the size and execution of the work and from the number of subscribers ; from a dialect point of view it has not much value, as it only includes 18 pieces in the dialect. [EDITOR].

referred to Sanderson as Crito. And Crito or Sanderson seems to have been to him in Cumberland what Andrew McKenzie was to him in Ireland, at once a literary collaborateur and a firm and unfailing friend. Sanderson lived for many years as a teacher in Kirklington and is sometimes known as the Kirklington or Levens Poet. I went and resided in that Parish for 2 or 3 years at a period of about 24 or 25 years after his death; my home there was not far from where he had lived and his name and doings still fresh in the memory of the residents, I therefore heard much about him. It is always a pleasure to me to speak of Sanderson and his connexion with the doings and literature of former days. For a period of about 50 years his life is marked with a devotion to the Poets and Poetry of Cumberland to its Dialect to its Place names, to its Literature, that is not to be found in any other author, and add to this it is a record of purity, of virtue, of kindness, of heart, of abstemiousness at times amounting to ascetism and that I think is literally true of him which I have in Anderson's own handwriting in the notes to one of his Poems that he was—

One born to succour and instruct mankind,
To vice, ambition, e'en to folly blind.

He has, according to an old copy I have of the work, edited the first edition or one of the first editions of the Songs and Poems in the Dialect of Rev. Joshua Relph, vicar of Sebergham, and singularly enough in that volume which appeared in 1797 is an advertisement of the very first edition of Anderson's Poems not in the Dialect which appeared at the beginning of the following year, and as a specimen of his work a Sonnet to the river Eden is given in the conventional 14 lines; this Sonnet appears again at page 106, Vol. II, of the edition of 1820, and is probably the first of his pieces that ever appeared in Print.

Burns says of the muse of poetry :—

The Muse, nae Poet ever found her,
Till by himsel he learn'd to wander
Adown some trotting stream's meander,
An no think lang;
Oh sweet to stray and pensive ponder
Some heart-felt sang.

And thus much of Sanderson's time was spent alone or with Anderson on the margin of the river Lyne.* Near Shield Green where he lived and died is a stone trough or well known yet as Sanderson's Well. It has been cut by him in the Sandstone rock, through which the river Lyne flows there and is situated in one of the most lonely and romantic recesses of the river. It is filled by a clear spring from above and in summer it is almost hidden by the foliage. Here the Poet used to come from his cottage at Shield Green, where he lived, as early as four o'clock in the morning and perform his ablutions, and here he spent a great portion of his time. The record of his end is a very sad one, and is thus told by the Poet Wordsworth: "Shirley's death reminded me of the sad close of the life of a literary person, Sanderson by name in the neighbouring County of Cumberland. He lived in a cottage by himself, which, from want of care on his part, took fire in the night. The neighbours were alarmed; they ran to the rescue; he escaped, dreadfully burned, from the flames, and lay down (he was in his 70th year) under a tree, a few yards from the door. His friends in the meanwhile endeavoured to save what they could of his property from the flames. He inquired most anxiously after a box in which his manuscripts had been deposited with a view to the publication of a laboriously corrected edition, and on being told that the box was consumed he expired in a few minutes, saying or rather sighing out the words "Then I do not wish to live."

The following is the inscription on the headstone, with a brass plate† which marks his grave in Kirklington Churchyard, near where he died:—

* The Lyne, one of the most romantic and picturesque of Cumberland rivers, flows through Kirklington, to which it gives the name Kirk Levington or Kirk Lyne Town, falls into the Esk and thence into the Solway.

† I owe the ability to give this Inscription and Epitaph to the kindness of my old friend G. J. Bell, Esq., son of Rev. G. Bell, so many years Rector of Kirklington. He kindly went to the churchyard and copied them for me. [Editor.]

ERECTED
IN MEMORY OF
THOMAS SANDERSON,
A NATIVE OF SEBERGHAM,
WHO DIED AT SHIELD GREEN,
ON THE 16TH OF JANU., 1829.

EPITAPH.

"A far from busy town" and noisy strife,
The Levens Poet passed his peaceful life;
Of manners simple, but of polished mind,
He knew the proper sphere to man assigned;
In friendship warm—the kindly-feeling glow
Illumin'd all his actions here below:
Esteem'd by those who modest worth regard,
He lived contented with their just award;
Pleas'd with the rural cot and verdant wood,
And gentle soothings of the limpid flood,
Along the daisied mead he lonely trod.
"And followed Nature up to Nature's God,"
But o'er his end the Muse must draw a veil,
Nor here relate the mind-distressing tale;
His friends deplore his loss with many a tear,
And o'er his tomb this humble tribute rear.

The lines are from the pen of the Rev. John Hope, for many years the respected Rector of Stapleton, and equally well known as a Scholar, a Teacher, and a Divine,

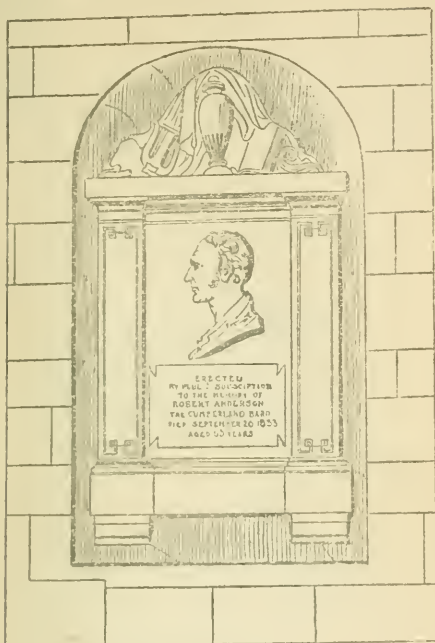
It may be taken for granted that there was much in that box relating to Anderson and the Cumberland Ballads, as the two poets were at that time in close communion.

Anderson survived the death of his friend about 3 years or thereabouts. He lived amid the surroundings of depression and poverty and as one of those who have written of him says possibly the gloom of intemperance may in some measure have shadowed him almost to the last. For the concluding twelve months of his life he was supported from a monthly subscription entered into by many of his friends and admirers, chiefly inhabitants of Carlisle and he died in Annetwell Street, Carlisle, on the 26th of September, 1833, in the 63rd year of his age, and was interred in the burial ground of Carlisle Cathedral. A monument, of which the



SANDERSON'S TOMB IN KIRKLINTON CHURCHYARD.

following is an illustration, has since been erected to his memory in the Cathedral.

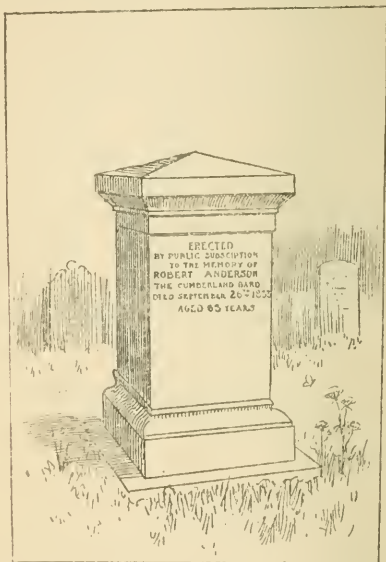


The surplus of the Subscription Fund was expended on a Headstone over the spot where he is interred.

Many of his Ballads, Songs and Memoranda were scattered about in M.S.S among his friends and relations.* And it has been through their kindness in letting me have the loan of them for

* My thanks are especially due to Mr. Alderman Wigham, of Carlisle. Through his kindness I obtained from Mr. Anderson, the Poet's nephew, over 200 Songs in the Poet's handwriting, with other matter; and in everything else connected with this volume he has taken a most helpful interest. Dr. Prevost, Editor of Dickinson's "Cumberland Glossary," and T. H. Coward, Esq., of Silcroft, have also afforded me kind aid.—[Editor.]

collation and examination that I have been enabled to add in the present edition important and characteristic Songs which have hitherto been unpublished, and to those friends scattered as they are all over Cumberland and some of them far outside of Cumberland I hereby tender my best thanks for their aid in the work. The Poet excelled in minute and excellent writing of which two specimens, "Winter,"



and * "Wellington and Waterloo" are given in exact facsimile.

His shorter Poems and Songs are generally written on separate sheets or scraps of paper of which I have or have had about 250 in his own handwriting. An erasure or a correction in them occurs very rarely indeed. The handwriting is neat and beautiful and almost like copper plate in some

* The MS. of "Wellington and Waterloo" was lent me by Mr. Miles Mark, Carlisle

instances. In some instances he seems to have written several copies of the same Ballad, in fact there are such examples in his own handwriting in some of the copies that I have. I had often wondered at the diversity to be found in some of the printed editions of his works. The collation of his Ballads discloses the reason of this for the same Ballad he has used different words in the different copies, hence the "various readings" that have come forth to the world. I subjoin two or three instances of variations. In the edition of Robertson, of Wigton, the first stanza of King Roger is—

'Twas but tudder neet, efter darkenin,
Aroun the turf fire we aw drew ;
Our deame she was sturrin a cow-drink,
Our Betty was winnin a clew.

In the edition of 1828 it is—

'Twas but tudder neet efter darkenin,
We sat owre a bleezing turf fire ;
Our deame she was sturrin a cow-drink,
Our Betty milked kye in the hyre.

Of "Andrew's Youngest Dowter," I have two copies in the Poet's own writing, one is—

Where Irthin *mourns* to Eden's streams.

The other is—

Where Irthin *rows* to Eden's streams.

In the edition of 1805, "Johnny and Mary," Stanza 4 runs—

His aul fadder wat h'd till the black hour o' midneet,
Widout his dear Johnny the naig gallop'd heame ;
They sought an they fan him that mwornin in Eden
Amang the green busses that nod owre the stream.

In Robertson's Wigton edition it is—

At midneet the horse gallop'd heame, but nea Johnny,
The thowt made his father and family weep ;
They sowt, an that mwornin the corp fan in Eden,
Below the green busses that nod owre the deep.

Many other passages with such like changes in the different copies may it be cited, and they show the extreme care with which the Poet wrote and re-wrote what to him was evidently a life work. He has also added in some instances whole stanzas to the Poems at times I think not to their improvement, and there are instances but they are very few in which the stanzas have been shortened and their number curtailed.

Of Anderson's style of writing in the Dialect, Sanderson, probably one of the most competent critics who ever wrote of this, has the following testimony :—" His Cumberland Ballads display uncommon merit, and may be considered the most perfect specimens of pastoral writing that have yet appeared. The author has taken a wider view of rural life than any of his predecessors, and has been more happy in describing the peculiar cast of thought and expression by which individual manners are distinguished. In delineating the character of the peasantry he has closely adhered to nature and truth, never raising them above their condition by too much refinement and never depressing them below it by too much vulgarity. He holds them up often to laughter but never to contempt. He has the happy talent of catching the ludicrous in every thing that comes before him and expressing it with that facility which gives its full force to the reader."

Ere I conclude this notice I may mention some of the reasons that have led me to the study of Anderson and of the Cumberland Dialect Poets generally in whose words the Dialect or language of our native country may be said in a great measure to be embalmed. A very strong reason which I give at the outset for its study by the Antiquary and the Philologist is the bearing which its older and more distinctive word forms have upon language generally and thus upon Comparative Philology. Its word forms derived as they generally are from the Norse in some of its cognate languages give the status of a language to this our Northern Dialect and prove that it does not derive its first origin from any merely accidental or corrupted source. These words however, I have in a great measure dealt with in the notes or in my Glossary of the Cumberland Dialect, and need not therefore particularize them again. They are however, herein preserved for the future use of the Antiquary and Philologist who herein have a truthful and unvarnished record of the language, the customs, the manners, the superstitions of Cumberland as they existed over 100 years ago.

Our dialect Poets spoke a language which, though fast dying out, still retains its hold in many of our sequestered valleys, they give truthful glimpses

of the manners and customs of our forefathers ; and some of the most enduring sketches of the history of our County are preserved, when they are preserved at all, in the rhyme and rhythm of their well remembered lines. For retaining a vivid remembrance of events ; for handing down the memory of manners and customs ; for uniting mankind in one common bond of brotherhood ; for awakening in them pure and hallowing remembrances of home and friends ; and, I will also add, for educating them in all that is virtuous and good and noble, there is no more powerful agency than Song.

I am not now speaking of all Songs ; the place of light may be assumed by darkness, and evil may usurp the character of good ; and I know that all that is lewd, licentious and demoralizing has at times been garbed in the measure of a song. But as a rule Anderson and the rest of our countrymen do not labour under that imputation. I have described elsewhere,* how Relf, the first Cumbrian dialect Poet died. He died with his pupils around him, exhorting them to remember his teachings and to devote their lives to that which was honourable and dutiful and good. And his poetry, besides being the reflex of the dialect, and manners of those amongst whom he lived, is also a reflex of purity and simplicity. Anderson as he had much the widest range of subjects and has in the dialect written perhaps as much as all the rest put together and deals with just the subjects that might lay him open to criticism in this way, yet throughout inculcates virtue, truth, and domestic purity, and though the greater freedom of expression amongst the peasantry in those days have brought about that I have occasionally had to omit a phrase, an expression, a stanza, or in rare instances a whole poem yet the *tout ensemble* of his writings very strongly evidence him to be on the side of temperance, morality, purity and truth.

The same thing may be said of Sanderson, of Wilkinson, the Yanwath Poet of Westmorland and others. I do not claim for them any high place of poetic excellence, for the quiet and unobtrusive

* In my Lecture on " The Songs and Singers of Cumberland."

† In this volume are 17 Songs from Anderson's MS. which have not been printed before.

manner in which they placed their writings before the public, when they did place them before the public at all, shows it was the very last claim that they themselves would have thought of making. Their writings seem in many instances to be but the natural outcome of their position and circumstances. The quiet teacher and student relieving his studies by translating into his native dialect the Songs of Horace, or the pastorals of his favourite Virgil and Theocritus. The blind fiddler describing in the dialect the scenes of uproarious merriment to which he himself had given the key note, the keen huntsman at the close of a day's hunting dashing off with his pen for hunting appointments "D'ye ken John Peel?" till John Peel is known from the hills of Cumberland to the woods of Tasmania.

These are our poets, and these are their subjects. They serve to give us a bond of brotherhood one to another, and to bind us with still stronger ties to our hills and valleys, to our native customs and dialects, and to the remembrances of the friends and the scenery amid which our lives are cast; and they seem to say to use in the words of our own author (Anderson) with which I may well conclude this notice:—

We help yen anudder—we welcome the stranger,
 Ourselves and our country we'll ivver defend;
 We pay bits o' taxes as well as we're yebble,
 And pray, leyke true Britons, the war hed an end.
 Then Cumberlan' lads, an' ye lish rwoosy lasses,
 If some caw ye clownish, ye needn't think shem;
 Be merry and wise, enjoy innocent pleasures,
 And still seek for peace and contentment at yem.

THOMAS ELLWOOD.

Torver Rectory,

December, 1903.

BIBLIOGRAPHY OF ANDERSON.

1798.—Poems on various subjects by R. Anderson, of Carlisle, dedicated to J. C. Curwen, Esq., M.P., Workington Hall, Carlisle, printed by J. Mitchell, for the author, 1798, contains miscellanies, 16; Epistle, 8, including one to R. Burns, in Scottish dialect; sonnets, 22; epigrams 4 pages, in all 227 pages in ordinary English.

1805.—Ballads in Cumberland Dialect by R. Anderson, Carlisle, W. Hodgson, Ballads 53 all in Dialect, pages 174; dedicated to Colonels Henry Howard, Esq., the Right Hon. Thomas Wallace, Major Sir Wilfrid Lawson, Bart., and the Officers of the Loyal Cumberland Rangers.

1808.—Wigton, printed by R. Hetherton, engraved frontispiece, tail pieces by Bewick, 75 Poems by Anderson, pages 258.

1809.—Another edition.

1811.—Anderson's popular songs selected from his works, calculated to enliven the mind and exhilarate the spirits in difficult times. Wigton printed by R. Hetherton, 33 pieces, 76 pages.

1815.—Ballads, etc., Wigton, Printed by E. Rook. Differs in no respect from the edition of 1808 except imprint on title.

1820.—The Poetical Works of Robert Anderson, author of Cumberland Ballads, etc., to which is prefixed the Life of the Author written by himself. An essay on the character, manners, and customs of the Peasantry of Cumberland, and observations on the style and genius of the author by Thomas Sanderson in 2 volumes. Carlisle: printed and sold by B. Scott, English Street.

Vol I. contains 5 long Pieces, 4 Enigmas, 15 Epistles, in all 223 pages; vol. II. contains 38 Miscellaneous, 9 Sonnets, 18 Ballads, 47 Songs, in all 264 pages. Almost all succeeding editions contain either in whole or part this Life of Anderson, and also selections from essay and notes by Thomas Sanderson.

xxiv. BIBLIOGRAPHY OF ANDERSON.

1823.—Ballads in the Cumberland Dialect by Robert Anderson and others, Carlisle: printed for John Pillie and all Booksellers, 37 pieces, 84 pages.

1823.—Another edition, Printed at Wigton; pages 158.

1828.—Ballads, etc., Carlisle, Printed for H. K. Snowden, elegant vignette, "Tib an her maister" by Lizars. 86 Pieces.

1834.—Ballads, etc., printed and sold by John Ismay. (Frontispiece King Roger engraved from a painting by G. Sheffield.)

1839.—Dialogues, Poems, Songs, etc., of Westmorland and Cumberland, London, John Russell Smith. (contains 35 pieces of Anderson's of which about 12 are published for the first time here, and in Robertson's edition are none of them to be found out of this volume.)

1864.—Ballads, Carlisle, B. Stewart, 85 pieces, 224 pages, very like the Alnwick edition.

1866.—Cumberland Ballads by Robert Anderson, edited by Sidney Gilpin, Carlisle: G. Coward.

1870.—Ballads, etc., Cockermouth, printed at the office of J. Evening.

Editions without date.—Anderson's Cumberland Ballads. Wigton, Printed and sold by William Robertson. Frontispiece same as editions of 1808 and 1815, contains 195 pieces, with notes and glossary 138 pages.

Ballads in the Cumberland Dialect by Robert Anderson, Alnwick, printed by W. Davison, Bondgate Street. Frontispiece is the Codbeck Wedding, 85 pieces, 224 pages.

This edition was stereotyped and the types being subsequently sold to T. W. Arthur, Carlisle, he reissued it, substituting his own name. A large portion of the stock in sheets was purchased by Crosthwaite and Co., Whitehaven, who in like manner placed their name on the Title and the Book was afterwards sold by their successors, Pagen and Gill of the same place. The Alnwick edition would include with very slight changes what appeared as three or four editions.

With the exception of Robertson's edition, no edition contains more than 86 Pieces in the Dialect.

Cumberland Ballads.



BETTY BROWN.

TUNE—" *John Anderson my Jo.*"

WULLY.

" COME, Gwordie lad ! unyoke the yad—
Let's gow to Rosley Fair ;
Lang Ned's afwore, wi' Symie' lad,
Pee'd Dick, an monie mair.
Mey titty Greace, an Jenny Bell,
Are gangen bye an bye ;
Sae doff thy clogs—heaste, don thysel—
Let fadder luik to t' kye ! "

GWORDIE.

" O Wully ! leetsome may ye be !
For me, I downet gang ;
I've offen shekt a leg wi' thee,
But now I's aw wheyte wrang ;
Mey stomich's geane, nae sleep I get .
At neet I lig me down ;
But nobbet pech, and gowl, and fret
An aw fer Betty Brown !

" Sin' Cuddy Wulson' murry-neet.
When Deavie bree's'd his shin,
I've niver, niver yence been reet,
An aw fer hur, I fin ;
Thoo kens we danc'd a threesome reel,
An Betty set to me—
She luik'd sae neyce, an danc'd sae weel .
What cud a body de ?

" Mey fadder fratches sair enough,
 If I but slink frae heame ;
 Mey mudder caws me peer deyl't guff,
 If Betty I but neame :
 Atween the twee theer's sec a frase,
 O, but it's bad to beyde !
 An what's far war, ay Betty says,
 She wunnet be mey breyde !

" Just tudder day, the dinner duin,
 I struive to teake a nap ;
 But mudder com an rous'd me suin—
 What, kye hed meade a gap !
 I dreem't I'd Betty i' mey airms,
 An busst her oft an oft—
 I seed her rwoosy cheeks an charms,
 As I ran owre the croft.

" She sings i't' kurk, beath hee an low,
 Aa ! music she can read ;
 At needle-wark she caps them aw—
 She mun be larn'd indeed !
 Had she but rid on their rwoan'd cowl,
 I'd taen a tramp this mworn ;
 But, luiks-te !—She's at wark leyke owt—
 Her marra ne'er was bworn ! "

WULLY.

" Wey, Gworge ! thoo's owther fuil or font,
 To think ov sec a frow !
 In aw her flegmagaries donnt,
 What is she ?—nowt 'et dowe !
 Ther's sceape-greace Ben, aw t' neybors ken,
 Can git her onie day—
 Er I'd be fash'd wi' sec a yen,
 I'd list, or rin away !

" Wi' aw her trinkum's on her back,
 She's feyne enough for t' squire ;
 A sairy weyfe, I trowe, she'd mak,
 'At cudden muck a byre !
 But, whisht !—Here comes mey titty Greace,
 She'll guess what we're about—
 To mworn a-mworn, i' this seame please,
 We'll hae the stwory out ! "

BARBARY BELL.

TUNE—" *Cuddle us a' thegether.*"

O, but this luive is a serious thing !
 It pruives the beginner o' monie waes !
 An yen hed as guid in a helter swing,
 As luik at a bonny feace, now-a-days :
 Was iver peer deevil sae fash'd as me ?
 Nobbet sit thy ways still, the truth I's tell ;
 I wish I'd been hung on our codlin tree,
 The varra furst teyme I seed Barbary Bell !

We fell in togither ae het summer day ;
 The queen ov aw beauties she seemt to me :
 She sang about luive, an she reak'd the hay,
 But scarece a bit wark that day I cud de.
 Reed cheeks, black een, an hair queyte breet,
 An neck far wheyter nor snow on the fell—
 Luive meks yen, alas ! leyke an idiot, hawf-reet
 Sin that hour, I've thowt ov Barbary Bell.

Queyte lish, an nit varra thrang wi' wark,
 I went my ways down to Carel fair,*
 Wi' bran new cwoat, an a brave ruffelt sark,
 An Dick the bit Shaver pat flour on my hair ;
 Our seyde lads er aw meade up ov fun,
 Sae some tuik ceyder, an some tuik yell ;
 Neest Diddlen Deavie strack up an aul tune,
 An I capert away wid Barbary Bell.

Says I, " Bab," says I, " we'll de weel enough,
 For thoo can kurn, an darn, an spin ;
 I can deyke, men car-gear, an follow the pleugh,
 Sae at Whussenday neest we'll the warl begin,
 I's turn'd queyte a gayshen aw t'neybors say,
 I sit leyke a sumph, nae mair mesel',
 An up, or a-bed, at heame, or away,
 I think o' nowt but Barbary Bell ! "

*Carlisle Fair.

Then whee sud steal in but Robin Parknuik,
 Wi' Jwobn o' the Stub,* an twee or three mair ;
 Suin Barb'ry off frae my tnce they tuik,—
 "Od, dangt !" says I, "Wey, this is nit fair,"
 Robin just kick'd up a dust in a crack,
 An sticks an neeves they went pel-mel,
 The clock-feace, an bottles, an glasses they brak,
 But, fares-te-weel, wheyte fit, Barbary Bell.

'Twas nobbet last week, nae langer seyne,
 I wheynt i' the nuik but can't tell how ;
 "Git up," says my fadder, "an sarra the sweyne,"
 "I's bravely, Bab !" says I, "how's thoo ?"
 Neest mworn to t' cwoals I was fworc'd to gang,
 But cowpt the cars nar Tindal Fell,
 For I cruin'd aw the way, as I trottet alang,
 "O that I'd niver kent Barbary Bell."

That varra seame neet, up to Barbary's house,
 When aw t'aul fwok wer liggin asleep ;
 I off wi' my clogs, an as whisht as a mouse,
 Clavert up to the window, an tuik a peep ;
 Theer, whee sud I see, but Watty the laird—
 Od wheyte leet on him !—I munnet tell !
 On Setterday neest, If I leeve an be spar'd
 I'll wear a reed cwot for Barbary Bell

NICHOL THE NEWSMONGER.

TUNE—" *The Night before Larry was stretch'd.*"

"Come, Nichol, an give us thy cracks,
 I seed thee gang down to the smiddy
 I've foddert the naigs an the nowt,
 An wanted to hear thee 'et did ee !"
 "Aa ! Andrew lad ! draw in a stuil,
 An gie us a shek o' thy daddle ;
 I got aw the news far an nar,
 Sae, set off as fast's I cud waddle

* Noted pugilists.

“ In France they’ve but sworrofu teymes,
 For Bonnyprat’s* nit what he sud be —
 America’s nobbet sae sae ;
 An Englan nit queyte as she mud be—
 Sad wark ther’s amang blacks and wheytes,†
 Sec tellin plain teales to their feaces,
 Wi’ murders, and wars, an aw that,
 But—hod—I forgit whoar the pleast is !

“ Our parson he gat drunk as muck,
 Then leddert aw t’lads roun about him ;
 Some said he was nobbet hawf reet,
 An fwok mud as weel be widout him—
 The yell’s to be fourpence a whart—
 Odswinge, lad ! ther wull be rare drinkin—
 Billy Pitt’s mad as onie March hare,
 An niver was reet, fwok er thinkin.

“ A weddin we’ll hev or it’s lang,
 Wi’ Bett Brag an lal Tommy Tagwally—
 Jack Bunton’s for off to the sea ;
 It’ll e’en be the deeth of our Sally—
 The clogger hes bowt a new wig—
 Dawston singcrs come here agean Sunday—
 Lword Nelson’s ta’en three Spanish fleets,
 An the Dancin Schuil oppens on Monday.

“ Carel badgers are monstrous sad fwok,
 The peer silly deils how they wring up—
 Lal bairns hae got pox frae the kye ; ‡
 An fact’ries, leyke mushremis, they spring up ;
 If they sud keep their feet for a wheyle,
 An guvverment nobbet pruiue civil,
 They’ll build up as hee as the muin,
 Ay ! Carel’s a match for the deevil !

“ To the bewlin-green yen tuik me down,
 Whoar proud bits o’ chaps er owre chatty ;
 Yen stoopt just as he wad catch hens ;
 An anudder cried, “ *Hod tail o’ W’atty!* ”
 Ae queer fellow went wid his hans,
 Leyke Bramery playin on t’fiddle ;
 A fat chap cricd “ *Brandy beath sides,*
An sugger, an plums i’ the middle ! ”

* Bonaparte † Alluding to the insurrection of the Blacks.

‡ Cow Pox.

“ At Jossy Brown’s neest I cawt in,
 An they suin meade me pay fer a gallon
 For sittin on t’sattle by t’ fire ;
 I’d just as leeve sat by our hallan ;
 Ther was lees, news, an gay funny teales,
 An wheyles bits o’ sangs they wer singin ;
 They sat thrang as four in a bed,
 Some rwoarin mair gallons to bring in.

“ The king’s meade a bit ov a speech,
 An gentlefwok say it’s a topper—
 An alderman dee’t tudder neet,
 Efter eatin a turkey to supper—
 Our squire’s to be parliment man
 Mess, lad, but he’ll keep them aw busy !
 Whee thinks-te’s comt heame i’ the cwoach,
 Frae Lunnon ?—Wey, grater-feac’d Lizzy.

“ The cock-feghts er ninth o’ neest month,
 I’ve twee, nit aw Englan can bang them—
 Thro’ Irelan they’re aw up in airms,
 Let’s whop ther’s nee Frenchmen amang them.
 A boggle’s been seen wi’ twee heeds,
 Lord help us ! ayont Wully’ carras,
 Wi’ girt sancer een an lang tail ;
 Fwok aw say ‘Twas aul Jobby Barras.

“ The muin was at full this neet week—
 The weather’s now turn’d monstrous daggy—
 I’ the loft, just at seebem last neet,
 Leyle Steebem sweethearted lang Aggy—
 There’ll be bonny wark, bye and bye,
 The truth ’ll be out, ther’s nae fear on ’t ;
 But I niver say nowt, nay nit I,
 For fear aw the parish sud hear on’t.

“ Our Tib at the cwose-house hes been,
 She tells us they’re aw monstrous murry—
 At Carel the brig’s tummel’d down,
 An they tek the fwok owre in a whurry—
 I carried our whye to the bull—
 They’ve ta’en seebem spies up to Dover—
 My fadder compleens of his hip,
 An—The Gran Turk hes entert Hanover.”

" Daft Peg's got hersel, man, wi' bairn,
 An silly Pilgarlic's the fadder—
 Leyle Sim's geane and swapt the black cowl—
 An cwoley hes wurried the wedder—
 My mudder hes got frostet heels—
 What ! peace is the talk o' the nation ;
 For paper says varra neest week,
 Theer's to be a grand *humiliation*.*

" Aunt Meable has lost her best sark,
 An Cleutie they bleame varra mickle—
 Nowt's seafe out o' duirs now-a-days,
 Frev a millstone, e'en down to a sickle—
 The clock it streykes eight, I mun heame,
 Or I's git a deuce ov a fratchin—
 When neest we've a few hours to spare,
 We's fin out what mischief's a hatchin "

THE WORTON WEDDING.

TUNE—" *Dainty Davie*."

O, sec a Weddin I've been at !
 Deil bin ! what cap'rin, feghten, vap'rin !
 The priest an clerk, an aw gat drunk—
 Rare deins ther was theer :
 The Thuirsby chaps they fit the best ;
 The Worton weavers drank the meast ;
 The Bruff-seyde lairds bangt aw the rest
 For braggin o' ther gear,
 And singin—Whurry-whum, Whuddle-whum !
 Whulty-whalty, wha-wha-wha !
 An derry-dum deedle-dum !
 Derry-ey den-dee !

Furst, helter-skelter, frae the kurk ;
 Some off leyke fire, thro' dub an mire ;
 " Deil tek the hinmost ! " Meer' lad cries ;
 Suin heed owre heels he flew :
 " God speed ye weel ! " the priest rwoard out,
 " Or neet we's hev a hearty bout "
 Peer Meer' lad gat a bleakent snout—
 He'd mickle cause to rue ;
 It spoilt his—Whurry-whum, &c.

* Illumination.

When on the teable furst they set
 The butter'd sops, sec greasy chops,
 'Tween lug and laggin !—Aa ! what fun,
 To see them girn and eat !
 Then lispin Isbel talk'd sae feyne,
 " 'Twas 'vathly thockin* thuth to dine !
 Theck griveth† wark ! to eat like thweyne ! " ‡
 It meade her seeck to see't !
 Then we sang—Whurry-whum, &c.

Neest stuttrin Cursty, up he ruse,
 Wi' aa-aa-aa, an ba-ba-ba !
 He'd kiss Jen Jakes, fer aw lang-seyne,
 An fearin wark meade he.
 But Cursty, souple gammerstang !
 Ned Wulson brong his lug a whang ;
 An owre he flew, the peets amang,
 An grean'd as he wad dee ;
 But some sang—Whurry-whum, &c.

Aunt Ester spoilt the gurdle ceakes,
 The speyce left out, was wrang, nae doubt ;
 Tim Trummel tuik nine cups o' tea,
 An fairly capp'd them aw :
 The kiss went roun ; but Sally Slee,
 When Trummel cleekt her on his tnee,
 She duncht an puncht, cried, " Fuil, let be ! "
 Then strack him owre the jaw,
 An we sung—Whurry-whum, &c.

Far maest I leught at Grizzy Brown,
 Frae Lunnon town she'd just come down,
 In furbelows an feyne silk gown ;
 Aa, man, but she was crouse !
 Wi' Dick the futman she wad dance,
 An " wondert people could so prance ; "
 Then curtcheyt as they dui in France,
 An pautet like a geuse.
 Wheyle some sang—Whurry-whum, &c.

Young sour-milk Sawney, on the stuil,
 A whornpeype danc'd, an keav'd an pranct,
 He slipp'd an brak his left-leg shin,
 And hurplt sair about :

* Vastly shocking.

† Such grievous.

‡ Swine.

Then cocker Wully lap bawk heet,
An in his clogs top teyme did beat ;
But Tamer, in her stockin feet,
 Suin bang'd him out an out,
An lilted—Whurry-whum, &c.

Now aw began to talk at yence,
 Ov naigs an kye, an wots an rye,
An laught an jwokt, an caught an smuikt,
 An meade a fearfu reek ;
The furm it brack, an down they fell,
Lang Isaac leamt aul granny Bell ;
They up an drank het suggert yell,
 Till monie cuddent speak,
But some sang—Whurry-whum, &c.

The breyde she kest up her accounts
 In Rachel's lap, then pou'd her cap—
The parson's wig stuid aw a-jy—
 The clerk sang " Andrew Car "—
Blin Stagg, the fiddler, gat a whack,
The bacon fleek fell on his back ;
An neest his fiddle-stick they brack.
 'Twas weel it was nae war,
For he sang—Whurry-whum, &c.

Now on the midden some wer laid,
 Aw havey-skavey, an kellavey ;
The clogger an the teaylear fit,
 Peer Snip gat twec black een ;
Dick Wawby he began the fray,
But Jemmy Moffet ran away,
An crap owre heed amang the hay,
 Fwok say, nit varra clean,
Then they sang—Whurry-whum, &c.

Neest Windy Wull, o' Wample seyde,
 He lickt them aw, baith girt an smaw ;
He slang them east, he slang them west,
 An bluidy pates they gat ;
To him they wer but caff an san ;
He split the teable wid his han,
But in the dust wi' dancin Dan,
 They brunt his kurk-gaun hat :
An then sang—Whurry-whum, &c.

The breyde now thowt it teyme fer bed ;
 Her stocking doffit, an flang't quite soft ;
 It hat Bess Bleane, Wull Webster blusht,
 An luikt anudder way :
 The lads down frae the loft mud steal ;
 The parish howdey, Greacey Peel,
 Suin happ'd her up ; aw wisht her weel,
 Then whop'd to meet neest day,
 An sing her—Whurry-whum, &c.

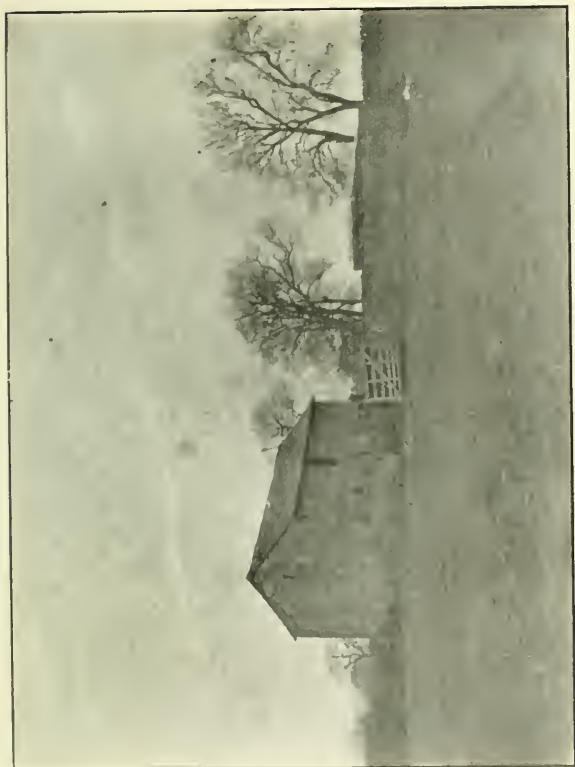
The best on't was, the parson swore,
 His wig was lost, a crown it cost ;
 He belsht and heccupt, in an out,
 An said it wasn't fair !
 Now day-leet suin began to peep,
 The breydegruim off to bed did creep,
 I trowe he waddent mickle sleep,
 But—whisht !—I'll say nae mair,
 Nobbet sing—Whurry-whum, whuddle-whum
 Whulty, walty, wha-wha-wha !
 And derry-dum, diddle dum !
 Derry-ey den-dee !

SALLY GRAY.

TUNE—" *The mucking o' Geordie's Byre.*"

Come, Deavie ! I'll tell thee a secret,
 But thoo mun lock't up i' thy breest,
 I waddent fer aw Dawston Parish,
 It com to the ears ov our priest,
 Thy hand give, I'll hod thee a weager,
 A groat to thy tuppens I'll lay,
 Thoo cannot guess whee I's in luive wid,
 An nobbet keep off Sally Gray.

Theer's Cumwhitton, Cumwhinton, Cumranton,
 Cumrangen, Cumrew, an Cumcatch,
 An mony mair cums i' the county,
 But nin wid Cumdivock can match ;
 It's sae neyce to luik owre the black pasture,
 Wi' the fells abuin aw, far away—
 Ther is nee sec pleace, nit in Englan,
 For their leeves the sweet Sally Gray !



FARM BUILDING, FORMERLY COTTAGE OF "SALLY GRAY."

I was sebamteen last Collop-Monday,
 An she's just the varra seame yage ;
 For ae kiss o' the sweet lips ov Sally,
 I'd give up a seebem year's weage ;
 In lang winter neets when she's spinnin,
 An singin about " Jemmy Gay,"
 I keek by the hay-stack, and lissen—
 O, fain wad I see Sally Gray !

Had thoo seen her at kurk, lad, last Sunday,
 Thoo cuddent hev thowt o' the text ;
 But she sat necst to Tom o' the Lonnin—
 Thoo may think that meade me quite vext ;
 Then I pass'd her gaun owre the lang meadow,
 Says I, ' Here's a canny wet day !'
 I wad hae said mair, but how cud e,
 When luikin at sweet Sally Gray !

I cawt to sup cruds wi' Dick Miller,
 An hear aw his cracks an his jwokes ;
 The dumb weyfe sat tellin their fortunes,
 What I mud be leyke udder fwoks !
 Wi' chawk on a pair ov aul bellows,
 Twee letters she meade in her way—
 S means Sally, the weyde warl aw owre,
 An G stands fer nowt else but Gray !

O, was I but lword o' the manor,
 A nabob, or parliment man ;
 What thousans on thousans I'd give her,
 Wad she nobbet gie me her han ;
 A cwoach an six horses I'd buy her,
 An gar fwok stan out o' the way,
 Then I'd lowp up behint like a futman—
 Aw the warl for my sweet Sally Gray !

They may brag o' their feyne Carel lasses,
 Their fedders, silks, durtment, an leace ;
 God help them ! peer deeth-luikin bodies,
 Widout a bit reed on thier feace !
 For Sally, she's leyke allyblaster,
 Her cheeks are twee rrose buds in May—
 O lad ! I could stan here for iver,
 An talk about sweet Sally Gray !

WILL AND KEATE.

TUNE—" *Auld Lang Seyne.*"

Now, Keate, full forty years hae flown,
 Sin we met on the green ;
 Frae that to this the saut, saut tear
 Hes oft stuid i' mey een :
 For when the bairns wer some peet-heet,
 Thoo kens I leam'd my tnee—
 Leyle todlen things, in want of breed—
 O, that went hard wi' me !

Then thou wad cry " Come, Wully, man,
 Keep up thy heart—ne'er fear !
 Our bits o' bairns 'll scraffle up,
 Sae dry that sworry tear !
 Theer's Matthew's be an alderman ;
 A bishop we'll mek Guy ;
 Leyle Ned sal be a clogger ; Dick
 Sal work for thee and I ! "

Then when our crops wer spoilt wi' rain,
 Sur Jwohn mud hev his rent ;
 What cud we de ?—nae geer hed we—
 Sae I to jail was sent :
 'Twas hard to starve i' sec a pleece,
 Widout a frien to trust ;
 But, when I thowt ov thee an t'bairns,
 Mey heart was leyke to brust !

Neest, Etty, God was pleas'd to tek,
 What then ? we'd seebem still ;
 But whee kens what may happen ? suin
 The smaw-pox did fer Bill :
 I think I see his slee-black een,
 Then he wad churm an talk,
 An say, " Ded, ded : Mam, mam," an aw,
 Lang, lang er he cud walk.

At Carel when fer six pun ten,
 I selt twee Scotty kye,
 They pickt my pocket i' the thrang,
 An deil a plack hed I !
 " Ne'er ack ? " says thoo, " we'll work fer mair
 It's teyme eneugh to fret ;
 A pun ov sorrow wunnet pay
 Ae single ounce o' debt ! "

When our naig kickt, an brak thy airm,
 It meade aw mourn indeed,
 Hed thoo been soun, I'd been reet fain,
 Hed t'naig but brok mey heed !
 Thoo smeyl'd, an sed to me an t'bairns,
 " Nae gowlin let us hear !
 Leyfe's troubles flay beath aul an young,
 If rich they be, or peer ! "

Now todlin down the hill o' leyfe,
 Aul yage hes brong content ;
 An, God be thenkt ! our bairns are up,
 An pay Sur Jwohn his rent :
 When, seyde by seyde aw day we sit,
 I offen think, an grieve,
 'Tis hard that Deeth sud pairt aul fwok,
 When happy they can leeve !

THE IMPATIENT LASSIE.

TUNE—" *Low down in the broom.* "

Deuce tek the clock ! click-clackin sae,
 Aye in a body's ear :
 It tells, an tells, the teyme is past,
 When Jwohnnny sud been here :
 Deuce tek the wheel ! 'twill nit rin roun—
 Nae mair to-ncet I'll spin,
 But count each minute wid a seegh,
 Till Jwohnnny he steels in.

How neyce the spunky fire now burns,
 For twee to sit beside !
 An theer's the seat whoar Jwohnnny sits
 An I forgit to cheyde !
 My fadder, tui, how sweet he snwores !
 My mudder's fast asleep—
 He promis'd oft, but oh !—I fear—
 His word he wunnet keep ?

What can it be keeps him frae me ?
 The ways are nit sae lang !
 An sleet or snow er nowt at aw,
 If yen wer fain to gang !
 Some other lass, wi' bonnier feace,
 Hes catch'd his wicked e'e,
 An I'll be pointed at at kurk—
 Nay ! suiner let me dee !

O, durst we lasses nobbet gang,
 An sweetheart them we leyke !
 I'd rin to thee, mey Jwohnnny lad,
 Nor stop at bog or deyke !
 But custom's sec a silly thing—
 Thur men mun hae their way,—
 An monie a bonny lassie sit,
 An wish frae day to day !

I yence hed sweethearts, monie a yen,
 They'd weade thro' muck an mire :
 An when our fwok wer deed asleep,
 Com tremlin up to t' fire :
 At Carel market lads wad stare,
 An talk an follow me ;
 Wi' feyne shwort keakes, ay frae the fair,
 Beath pockets cram'd wad be.

O dear ! what changes women pruiue,
 In less than seebem year ;
 I walk the lonnins, owre the muir,
 But deil a chap comes near !
 To Jwohnnny I nee mair can trust—
 He's just leyke aw the lave,
 This sworry heart for him 'll brust—
 I'll suin lig i' me greave.

But, whisht !—I hear mey Jwohnnny's fit—
 Ay ! that's his varra clog !
 He steeks the faul-yeat softly tui—
 Oh ! hang that cwoley dog !
 —Now hey fer seeghs an suggar words,
 Wi' kisses nit a few !
 This warl's a parfet paradeyse,
 When lovers they pruiue true !

THE BUNDLE OV ODDITIES.

TUNE—" *Fye, let us a' to the Bridal!* "

Sit down ! an I'll count owre my sweethearts,
 For, faith a brave number I've had,
 Sin I furst went to schuil wi' Dick Railton,
 But Dick's in his greave, honest lad !
 I meynd, when he cross'd the deep watter,
 To git me the shill-apple nest,
 How he fell owreheed, an I skirl'd sae,
 Then off we ran heame, sair distrest.

Then theer was a bit ov a teaylear,
 That workt at our house a heale week,
 He was shept aw the wail leyke a trippet,
 But niver a word durst he speak !
 I just think I see how he squinted
 At me, when we sat down to meat ;
 Owre went his hot keale on his blue breeks,
 An deil a bit Snippy cud eat.

At partin he pou'd up his spirits—
 Says he, " Thou hes boddert mey heed,
 An it sheks yen to rags an to tatters,
 To sew wi' a lang double threed : "
 Then in meakin a cwot for my fadder,
 (How luive dis the senses deceive)
 Forby usin marrowless buttons,
 To t' pocket whol he sticht a sleeve.

Then efter that com a ragg't cobbler—
 Lord help her that marry's a snob !
 He was bow-hought, an stutert ; when talkin
 The slaver ran out ov his gob :
 He gloriet in Cummerlan sweerin,
 " Od-dye-thee, lass ! thoo sal be meyne ! "
 " Go-bon-thee " says I, " thoo's mistaen, min,
 I'd just as suin leeve wid a sweyne ! "

The neest was a Whaker cawt Jacep,
 He turnt up the wheytes ov his een,
 An talkt about flesh an the spirit—
 Thowt I, what can Gravity mean ?

In dark winter neets, i' the lonnins,
 He'd weade thro' the durt buin his tnee,
 It cuilt his het heart, silly gander !
 An theer let him stowter fer me !

A lang blue-lipt chap leyke a gueyde-pwost,
 (Lword help us and keep us frae harm !)
 Neest talkt about car-gear an middens,
 An th' reet way to mannish a farm ;
 'Twas last Leady Fair I leet on him,
 He grummelt an spent hawf-a-crown—
 God bless him ! hed he gowd i' gowpens,
 I waddent hev taen sec a clown !

But, stop !—ther was leyle wee deaf Dicky,
 Wad dance fer a heale winter-neet ;
 An at me aw the teyme wad keep-glowrin—
 Peer man ! he was nobbet hawf-reet ;
 He grew jilous ov reed-headed Ellick,
 Wi' a feace leyke a full harvest muin ;
 Sae they fit till they gat eneugh on 't,
 An I laught at beath when 'twas duin.

Ther's anudder worth aw put together,
 I cud if I wad, tell his neame ;
 He gans past our house to the market,
 An monie a teyme he sets me heame :
 O wad he but ax me this question
 " Will thoo be mey partner fer leyfe ? "
 I'd answer widout onie blushes,
 " Ay ! trust me, I'll mek a gud weyfe ! "



LUCKLESS JONATHAN.

TUNE—" *By the Author.*"

O, heale be thy heart ! mey peer merry aul
cronie,

An niver may trouble draw tears frae thy ee ;
It's reet, when he can, man sud rise abuin sorrow,

For pity's nit common to peer fwok leyke me :
When I think how we spwortet owre mountain
an meadow,

Leyke larks in a mwornin a young happy pair,
Then I luik at mysel, an I see just a shadow,
That's suffer'd sae mickle it cannot beyde mair.

Thoo meynds, when I buriet mey honest aul fad-
der—

O, how cud I iver git owre that sad day ?
His last words wer, " Jonathan, luik to thy mud-
der !

An God 'll reward thee"—nae mair cud he
say !
My mudder she stuid, seeght, an fain wad ha
spoken,

But tears waddent let her—O, man, it was hard,
She tuik to her bed, an just thirteen weeks efter,
Was laid down aside him in Aikton kurk-yard.

Mey frien, Jemmy Gunston, went owre seas to
Indy,

For me, his aul comrade, a venture he'd tak ;
I'd screapt up some money, he gat it, but leately,

Peer Jemmy was puzzent they say, by a black :
'Twas nit fer mey money I fretted : but Jemmy,
I ne'er can forgit him as lang as I've breeth ;
He said, " Don't cry mudder, ! I'll mek you a
leady ! "

But sairy aul Tamer, 'twill e'en be her deeth !

To mek bad far war, then I courted lal Matty,—
Her bonny blue een, how they shot to my
heart !

The neet niver com but I went owre to see her,
An when the clock strack, we wer sworry to
part :

An aunt ayont Banton a canny house left her—
 What but hilt an contentment can money nit
 buy ?

Wi' laird Hodgen o' Bruff off she cantert to
 Gratena,
 That varra seame mworn we our fortune sud try.

'Twas nobbet last Cursmess I fain wad be murry,
 Sae cawt in Dick Toppin, Tom Clarke, and
 Jwohn Howe ;

We sang, an we crackt, but lal thowt er neest
 mwornin,

That aw our heale onset wad be in a lowe ;
 They gat me poud out an reet weel I remem-
 ber,

I stampt, ay, leyke mad, when the sad seet
 I saw,

For that was the pleace my grandfadder was
 bworn in,

Forby my twee uncles, aunts, fadder an aw.

Widout fadder, mudder, aunt, uncle or sweet-
 heart,

A frien or a shelter to cover mey heed,
 I mazle an wander, nor ken what I's dein,

An wad, if I nobbet durst, wish I wer dead.

O, heale be thy heart, mey peer merry aul cronie,
 An niver may trouble draw tears frae thy
 een !

It's reet, when he can, man sud rise abuin sorrow,
 For pity's nit common to peer fwok leyke me.

DICK WATTERS.

TUNE—"Crowdy."

O, Jenny ! Jenny ! whoar's thoo been ?

Thy fadder's just turn'd mad at thee ;

He seed somebody in the croft,

An gulders as he'd wurry me.

O, monie are a mudder's whopes ;

And monie are a mudder's fears !

An monie a bitter, bitter pang.

Beath suin an leate her bwosom bears !

We brong thee up, pat thee to schuil,
An cled thee weel as peer fwok can ;
We larnt thee beath to read an dance,
But now, thoo's crazy for a man !
O, monie are, &c.

When thou was young, an at my tree,
I dwoated on thee, day an neet ;
But now, wi' lads, thou's rakin still,
An niver, niver i' my seeet.

When just thy yage, reet weel I meynd,
What mudder bad me dui, was duin ;
But think what changes some fwok see—
Ay ! to the greave thou'll sen me suin !
O monie are, &c.

Thou's proud, an past aw gud adveyce—
Yen mud as weel speak till a stean ;
Still, still thy awn way, iver wrang—
Mess, but thoo'll rue't when I am geane !
O. monie are, &c.

Dick Watters, I hae telt thee oft,
Ne'er means to be a son o' meyne :
He seeks thy ruin, sure as deeth,
Then leyke Bet Baxter thoo mey wheyne !
O, monie are, &c.

He's just a fratchin, feghtin fuil !
 An as for wark he nowt can dui ;
 Thou'd better far lig in thy grave.
 Than yen leyke him be buckl'd tui.
 O monie are, &c.

Thy fadder's comin thro' the croft—
A bonny hunsup faith he'll mek—
Put on thy clogs, an aul blue brat—
Heaste, Jenny ! heaste—he lifts the sneck !
O, monie are a mudder's whopes !
An monie are a mudder's fears !
An monie a bitter, bitter pang,
Beath suin an leate, her bwosom bears !

THE LASS ABUIN THIRTY.

TUNE—" *Jockey's Grey Breeks.*"

I've wonder'd sin' I kent mysel,
 What keeps the men fwok aw frae me ;
 I've beauty mair than cousin Tib,
 Yet she can hev her choice o' three ;
 For me, still moilin suin an leate,
 Leyfe's just a bitter widout sweets ;
 The summer brings nae pleasant days,
 An winter tires wi' lang, lang neets.

I hed some whopes ov Wully yence,
 An Wully was the only yen ;
 I thowt, seeght, dreemt about him lang,
 But whopes an Wully aw er geane :
 A kiss he'd hev, I gev him twee,
 Reet weel I meynd, amang the hay—
 Neest teyme we met, he glumt an gloomt.
 An turnt his heed anudder way.

The saller-opnin—Aa ! I meynd,
 When chaps frae Wigton com wi' preyde •
 Wi' yen I danct, sat on his tneee,
 An suin, he sed, I'd be a breyde !
 He praist my shep an rwoosy cheek,
 But when he larnt I was but peer,
 He gript anudder roun the weast,
 Yen's thrown aseide for want o' gear.

A feyne silk sash my uncle sent
 Frae Lunnon yence ; it seemt the best ;
 I wore't an wore't, but deil a lad
 On me or sash a luik e'er kest :
 Mey yallow gown I thowt was sure
 To catch some yen at Carel Fair,
 But now, fareweel to gown an sash,
 I'll niver, niver weer them mair !

The throssle, when caul winter's geane,
 Ay in our worchet welcomes spring ;
 It mun be luive, did we but ken,
 Gars him aroun his partner sing ;

The cock an hen, the duck an drake,
 Nay, e'en the smawest burds that flee,
 Ilk thing that leeves, can git a mate,
 Except sec sworry things as me.

I offen think that married fwok
 Mun lead a sweet an happy leyfe ;
 The prattlin bairns rin toddlin roun,
 An tie the husband to the weyfe :
 Then, O, what joy when neet draws on !
 She meets him gangen heame frae wark ;
 But nin can tell what cheerfu cracks
 The tweesome hev lang efter dark.

The wise man leeves nit far frae this,
 I'll hunt him out suin as I can ;
 He telt Nan Dobson whee she'd wed—
 What I'm as leykely, suir, as Nan !
 But still, still moilin by mysel,
 Leyfe's just a bitter widout sweets—
 The summer brings nae pleasant days,
 An winter tires wi' lang, lang neets !

TOM LINTON.

TUNE—" *Come under my Plaidie.*"

Tom Linton was bworn till a brave canny for-
 tune,
 His aul fadder screap'd aw the gear up he cud ;
 But Tom, country booby, luik'd owre hee abuin
 him,
 An mixt wi' the bad, but ne'er heeded the guid :
 At town he'd whore, gammle, play hell, an the
 deevil,
 He wad hev his caper, nor car'd how it com ;
 Than he mud hev his greyhounds, guns, setter,
 and hunter,
 An king o' the cockers, they aw cursen'd Tom.

When young, he deleyted in fratchin an feghtin,
 An monie a teyme cawt his aul fadder a fuil ;
 He'd reyde off to cock-feghts, or ledder-plate
 reaces,
 An twee days a week he was scearce seen at
 schuil.
 Let aw that hae bairns, mek them aye dui their
 duty,
 Still praise them when reet, but correct them
 when wrang—
 This playing the trowin leads thousans to ruin—
 To kurk an to schuil, may aw fworce them
 to gang !

I think I just see how the lads wad flock roun
 him,
 An fain they wad bow, an shek Tom by the
 han,
 Then he'd tell how he fit wi' the blackguardin
 bullies,
 An drank wi' the waiter till nowther cud stan :
 His watch he wad shew, an his lists o' the horses,
 An pou out his purse, off'ring handfuls to lay,
 Till our peer country lads grew uneasy an lazy
 An Tom cud hae coaxt hawf the parish away.

Then he drank wi' the squire, and laught wid his
 worship,
 An talkt ov dukes, nabobs, an—deevil kens
 whee ;
 He gat aw the new-fangl'd oaths throughout
 Englan,
 And mock'd the peer beggars when onie he'd
 sec.
 His fields they were morgag'd—about it was
 whispert,
 A farmer was robb'd nit owre far frey his house ;
 At last aw was selt his aul fadder had toil'd for,
 An silly Tom Linton left nit worth a sous.

His fortune aw spent, what he'd hev the laird's
 dowter,
 But she packt him off wid a flee in his ear ;
 Neest thing, an aul cronic, fer money Tom bor-
 row'd,
 E'en pat him in prison, an bad him lig theer :

At last he gat out, efter lang he hed suffer'd,
 An sair he repented the sad leyfe he'd led :
 Widout stockings or shoon, in a sowdger's aul
 jacket,
 He toils on the turnpeyke reet hard for his bread.

Now folly seen intui, ragg't, peer an down-
 hearted
 He works an he frets, an keen wants daily
 press ;
 If cronies reyde by, wey, alas ! they've forgot him,
 For few will remember aul friens in distress.
 Oh ! pity, what pity, that through ev'ry country,
 Sae monie Tom Lintons may always be foun !
 Dence tek aw weyld nwotions, an whurligig
 fashions—
 Contentment's a kingdom, ay aw the warl roun!

THE HAPPY FAMILY.

TUNE—" *O'er Bogie.*"

The hollow blast blows owre the hill,
 An comin down's the sleet ;
 God help them widout house or haul,
 This dark an angry neet !
 Come, Jobby, gie the fire a prod,
 Then steek the entry duir ;
 It's wise to keep weyld Winter out,
 When we hev't in our pow'r.

Some fuils will oft caw weather bad ;
 They mun be bad thersels !
 It comes frae Him wheas warks owre earth,
 His guidness hourly tells.
 O, bairns ! aye leyke yer mother pruve,
 Let virtue be your preyde ;
 'Twill lead ye till a better warl,
 Whate'er in this ye beyde !

Heaste, Jenny ! put the bairns to bed,
 An meynd they say their pray'rs ;
 Sweet innocents ! the heeds yence down,
 They sleep away their cares !
 But gie them furst a butter-shag,
 When young, they munnet want,
 Nor e'er sal wife, or bairn ov meyne,
 Wheyle I've a beyte to grant !

Aa, deame ! that weary rheumatis,
 E'en gars thee luik but thin ;
 I meynd when thoo was fresh and fair,
 An fattest o' thy kin ;
 But yage steals on, dui what we can,
 We munnet think it hard—
 A week at Gilslan thoo sal try
 Neest summer, if we're spar'd.

That stuff I brong thee frae the town,
 Hes duin nee guid at aw ;
 It meks some better, others worse—
 What, physie's just leyke law !
 But aye thou's cheerfu, weel or ill,
 As ilka yen sud be ;
 Thoo toils owre hard day efter day,
 That plays the pleague wi' thee.

Now seated at mey awn fire-nuik,
 Content as onie king,
 Fer hawf an hour afwore we sleep,
 Bess, quit thy wark an sing :
 Try that about the beggar lass,
 'Twill please thy mudder best ;
 For she, we tnow, can fin fer aw,
 Whene'er they pruiwe distrest.

Nay, what it's owre ! thoo cannot sing,
 But weel I guess the cause ;
 Young Wulliam sud hae cawt to-neet—
 Consider, lass, it snaws !
 Anudder neet 'll suin be here,
 Sae divvent fret an wheyne ;
 Co' when he will, he's welcome still
 To onie lass ov meyne !

I'll ne'er forgit when we wer young,
 Thy mudder kens as weel,
 We met but yence a month, an then,
 Out she was fworc'd to steal :
 The happiest day we owther tnew,
 Was when I cawt her meyne,
 But monie a thousan happier days
 We beath hev kent sin-seyne.

THE AUTHOR ON HIMSELF.

TUNE—" *The Campbells are coming.*"

O, Eden ! whenever I range thy green banks.
 An view the sweet scenes ov my infanteyne
 pranks,
 Whoar wid plishure I spworted, ere sorrow be-
 gan,
 I seegh, to trace onward from bwoy to the man !
 To memory dear are aw t'days ov yen's youth,
 When enraptur'd, we luikt at each object, wi'
 truth ;
 An leyke fairies, a thousan weyld frolics we play'd
 But nowther did mischief, nor meade the bairns
 flay'd.

I think o' my play-mates, seave kinsfwok, leykt
 best,
 Now diveyded, leyke larks efter leaving the
 nest !
 How we trimmelt to schuil, an wi' copy an buik,
 Oft read our hard fate in the maister's starn luik ;
 In summer let lowse, how we brush'd thro' the
 wood,
 An meade seevy caps, wheyle we sat nar the flood ;
 Or watch'd the seap-bubbles, or ran wid the
 keyte,
 Or launcht paper navies—how dear the deleyte !

Then Jock Smith, the Boggle, I meynd him reet
weel,
We twee to Bleane's hay-loft together wad steal ;
An of giants, ghosts, witches, an fairies oft read,
Till sae freetent we harleys durst creep off to bed :
Then in winter we'd caw out the lassies to play,
An sing how the muin shone as breet as the day ;
An scamper like weyld things at huntin the hare,
Tig-touch-wood, four corners—aye twenty gams
mair !

When I went to Scott's schuil, my dear mudder I
lost,—
What, aw this weyde warl er by tyrant Deeth
crost ;
A better ne'er tuik bits ov bairns on her tnee—
When I luik at her greave, the tears run frae my
ee !
Then at thurteen, my fadder, God bliss him, oft
said,
“ Mey lad ; I mun git the' a bit ov a trade ;
Oh ! cud I affword it, mair larnin thou'd get ! ”
But, peer was mey fadder, an I's unlarned ye !

An then mey furst sweetheart, an angel was she,
But I nobbet meade luive thro' the tail ov mey ee ;
I meynd, when we met, how I pantet to speak,
But oft cuddent, for blushes wer spread owre my
cheek,
When holidays com, fain to see her I'd gang,
But dreemt nit sec teymes wad be neam'd in a
sang ;
Leyke a rrose-bud she fell to the yerth, ere her
preyme,
An left this weyld warl for a better, in teyme,

At last, aw the play-things of youth thrown
aseyde,
Now luive, whope, an fear, still the days did
diveyde,
An wi' restless ambition leyfe's troubles began ;
I seegh to trace onward, frae bwoy to the man !
It's sweet to reflect on the days o' yen's youth,
If rear'd to religion, industry, an truth ;
We spworts cud enjoy, but nae harm did to yen,
Sec innocent teymes fwok can scaree see agen !

PEACE.

TUNE—" *Up, Wull! an war them a' "*

Now God be prais'd ! we've peace at last,
For Nichol hes been down,
Aa ! sec a durdem, Nichol says,
They've hed in ev'ry town !
The King thowt war wad ruin aw,
An Bonnyprat the seame ;
What, some say teane, an some say beath,
Hae mickle been to bleame.

Now, monie a weyfe 'll weep fer joy,
An monie a bairn be fain,
To see the fadders they'd forgot,
Come seafe an soun agean ;
An monie a yen mun luik in vain,
Wi' painfu whopes and fears,
An oft thur guilty wretches bleame,
That set fwok by the ears.

Mey cousin Tom went off to sea,
An lost his left-han thum ;
He tells sec teales about the feghts,
They mek us aw sit dum ;
He says, it is reet fearfu wark
To aw that's fworct to sec't—
The bullets whuzzin past yen's lugs,
An droppen down leyke sleet.

Young Peter, our peer sarvent lad,
Was far owre proud to work ;
A captain suin he whopt to be,
Wid our girt Duke of York,
Wi' poudert heed away he marcht,
Brong heame a wooden leg ;
But monie a time he's rued, sin seyne,
For now he's fworct to beg.

Aa ! our rrose Sally, wull be fain,
Sud Lanty but com back !
Then owre the fire, in winter neets,
We wull hev monie a crack :

He'll tell us aw the ins an outs—
 What, he can wreyte an read ;
 But Sally's heart for suir mun brek,
 If he's amang the deed.

Wer dang'rous wars aw flung aseyde,
 How happy fwok wad be !
 But ruin's monie a Ruler's preyde,
 Throughout the warl, we see !
 To fratch an feght's aye their deleyte,
 They leyke to crush the peer !
 Wad they dui guid, as aw fwok sud—
 Hut !—Ills the warl mun bear !

Oh ! but I us'd to wonder much,
 An think what thousans fell ;
 Now, what they've aw been feghtin for,
 Wey, deil a yen can tell !
 But, God be prais'd ! we've peace at last,
 The news hev spread afar ;
 May Englan leyke the weyde warl, hear
 Nae mair ov murd'rous wars !

THE CUMMERLAN FARMER.

TUNE—" *The lads o' Dunse.*"

I've thowt an I've thowt, ay, agean an agean,
 Sin I was peet-heet, now I see it's queyte plain,
 We farmers er happier by far, tho' we're peer,
 Than thur they caw gentlefwok, wid aw their gear ;
 Then, why about riches, aye meake sec a fuss ?
 Gie us meat, drink, an cleedin ; it's plenty fer
 us—
 Frae prince to the plewman, ilk hes but his day ;
 An when Deeth gie's a beckon, we aw mun obey !

Our darrick's hawf-duin, ere the gentlefwok
 rise ;
 We see monie a lark dartin up to the skies ;
 An blithe as the burd sud aw honest fwok be—
 Girt men hae their troubles, as often as we !
 Our weyves an our dowters, we wish to leeve
 weel ;
 They tnit, darn, an kurn, or they turn rock an
 reel :
 Our sons niver grummel to toil by our seyde—
 May happiness aye the industrious beteyde ;

Our youngest lad, Dick, I yence tuik to the town,
 He keek'd at shop-windows, an sauntert aw roun,
 " Aa, Fadder," says he, " sec a bussle an noise
 May flay sair eneugh, aw us peer country bwoys !"
 But seebem year aul, yet he daily wad work ;
 He'll sing owre to schuil, or he'll run to the kurk ;
 He lissens the parson, an brings heame the text,
 I han him the beyble, but Dick's niver vext.

In storms, the peer beggars creep up to the fire,
 To help sec as thur sud be ilk yen's desire ;
 They'll smuik a bit peype, an compleen ov hard
 teymes,
 Or tell teales of deevils that glory in creymes ;
 Expwos'd till aw weathers, they wheyles laugh
 an jwoke,
 Breed, tateys, or wot-meal, we put in the pwoke ;
 Tho' some are impostors, an daily to bleame,
 Frae princes to starvelins, we oft fin the seame.

Our 'squire wid his thousans, keeps jauntin
 about,
 What, he'd give aw his gear, to get shot o' the
 gout—
 Nowther heart-ache nor gout, e'er wi' rakin hed I,
 For labour brings that aw his gowd cannot buy !
 Then, he'll say to me, " Jacep, thou whissels an
 sings,
 Believe me, you've ten teymes mair plishure nor
 kings ;
 I mean honest simplicity, freedom, an health ;
 Far dearer to man, than the trappings o' wealth ! "

Can owt be mair sweet, than leyke larks in a
 mworn,
 To rise wi' the sunsheyne, an luik at the cworn ?
 Tho' in winter, it's true, dull an lang er the neets,
 Yet thro' leyfe, fwok mun aye tek the bitters wi'
 sweets.
 When God grants us plenty, an hous'd are the
 crops,
 How we feast on cruds, collops, an guid butter-
 sops—
 Let yer feyne fwok in town brag o' denties whee
 will,
 Content an the country fer mey money still !

They may bwoast o' their gardens as much as
 they leyke,
 Don't flow'rs bloom as fair under onie thworn
 deyke ?
 The deil a guid beyte they wad e'er git, I trowe,
 Wer't nit fer the peer man that follows the plough,
 If we nobbet get plenty, to pay the laird's rent,
 An keep the bairns teydey, we aye sleep content ;
 Then ye girt little fwok niver happy in town,
 Blush, blush, when ye laugh at a peer country
 clown !

LUIVE DISAPPOINTED.

TUNE—" *Ettrick Banks*."

The muin shone breet, at nine last neet,
 When Jemmy Sharp com owre the muir ;
 Weel, weel I kent mey lover's fit,
 An soft he tapp'd the entry duir :
 Mey fadder started in the nuik,
 " Rin, Jenny ! see whee's that," he said,
 I whispert, " Jemmy, come to-mworn !"
 An then a bit wheyte lee* suin meade.

* a feigned excuse.

I went to bed, but cudden sleep,
 This luive sae breks a body's rest ;
 The mwornin dawnt, then up I gat,
 An seeght an aye luiht towrt the west ;
 But when far off I seed the wood,
 Whoar he unlockt his heart to me,
 I thowt ov monie a happy hour,
 An then a tear gusht frae my ee.

To-neet mey fadder's far frae heame,
 An wunnet come this three hours yet ;
 But—O, it pours ! an I'd be leath !
 That Jemmy sud for me get wet !
 Yet if he dis, guid heame-brew'd yell
 Will warm his cheerfu honest heart ;
 Wi' him, mey varra leyfe ov leyfe,
 I's fain to meet, but laith to part !

His new girt cwot he meet fling on,
 An mount the meer, and to me reyde ;
 Wer I a lad, an luiv'd a lass,
 For hur I'd weade thro' Eden weyde.
 Hut, shaf ! It's owre ! here fadder comes—
 I hear him coughin in the faul—
 Oh !—Cud I throw this luive ascyde ;
 It meks but slaves o' young an aul !

AUL MARGET.

TUNE—" *Lewie Gordon.*"

Aul Marget in the faul still sits,
 An spins, an sings, an smuiks by fits,
 An weeps ; now lang she's lost her wits—
 O, this weary, weary warl !

Yence Marget was as sweet a lass
 As e'er in summer trod the grass ;
 But fearfu changes come to pass—
 O, this weary, weary warl !

Whene'er she gaz'd at beggars peer,
She gev them brass, or duds to weer ;
Now, she can nobbet give a tear,—
O, this weary, weary warl !

At jwokin, she cud please fwok aw,
But ne'er yence meade a frien turn foe ;
What pity joy e'er leads to woe—
O, this weary, weary warl !

Aye at the murry-neet, or fair,
Her beauty meade the young men stare ;
Now wrinkelt is that feace wi' care—
O, this weary, weary warl !

Yence Marget she hed dowters twee,
An bonnier lasses cudent be ;
Now nowther kith nor kin hes she—
O, this weary, weary warl !

The eldest wid a sowdger gay,
Ran frev her heame, ae luckless day ;
An e'en lies buried far away—
O, this weary, weary warl !

The youngest she did nowt but wheyne,
An for the lads wad fret an peyne,
Till hurried off by a decleyn—
O, this weary, weary warl !

Aul Andrew toil'd owre hard for breed ;
The neet they fan him caul an deed,
Nae wonder that turn'd Marget's heed—
O, this weary, weary warl !

Peer Marget ! oft I pity thee,
Bow'd down by yage an poverty ;
A better warl suin may thou see—
O, this weary, weary warl !

FIRST LOVE.

TUNE—" *Cold and raw.*"

It's just three weeks sin' Carel Fair,
 This sixteent day o' September ;
 Theer the furst lofe ov a sweetheart I gat
 Sae, that day I'll ever remember.
 But luive meks yen stupid, aye sin-seyne
 I's thinkin an thinkin o' Wully ;
 I dung owre the tnop, an scawdert my fit,
 An cut aw mey thoom wi' the gully.

O, how he danct, an smeylt, an talkt !
 For mey life I cannot forget him ;
 He wad hev a kiss—I gev him a slap—
 Now, if he wer here I wad let him ;
 Said he, " Mally Maudlin, my heart is theyne ! "
 An he brong sec a seegh, I believed him ;
 Thowt I, Wully Wintrep, thoo's welcome to meyne,
 But my heed I hung down, to deceive him.

Twee yards o' reed ribbon, to weer for his seake,
 Forbye ledder mittens, he bowt me ;
 But when we wer thinkin o' nowt but luive,
 Mey titty, deil bin ! com an sowt me :
 Deuce tek sec weyld clashes ! off she ran heame,
 An e'en telt my tarn'd aul mudder ;
 Ther's sec a te-dui ! but let them fratch on—
 Miss him ?—I'd ne'er git sec anudder !

Neist Sunday, God wullin ! we promised to meet ;
 I'll hev frae our tweesome a baitin ;
 But a lee mun patch up, be't rang or be't reet,
 For Wully he sha'not stan waitin :
 The days seem lang, an langer the neets,
 An—Waes me ! this is but Monday !
 I seegh an I think, an I say to mysel,
 O, that to-mworn wer but Sunday !

LEYLE STEEBEM.

TUNE—"Hallow Fair."

Leyle Steebem was bworn at Kurkbanton ;
 Just five feet three inches was he ;
 But at plewin, or mowin, or shearin,
 His match you but seldom cud see ;
 Then at dancin, O he was a capper !
 He'd shuffle an lowp till he swet ;
 An fer singin, he ne'er hed a marrow—
 I just think I hear his voice yet.

An then, wid a sleate an a pencil,
 He capp'd aw the far-larnt young lairds ;
 An playt on twee jew-trumps togedder,
 An aye com off winner at cairds :
 At huntin the brock, or the otter,
 At trackin a foumert or hare,
 At pittin a cock or at shootin,
 Nae chap cud wi' Steebem compare.

An then he wad fecht leyke a fury ;
 An count fast as hops aw the stars ;
 An read aw the news i' the paper ;
 An talk about weddins an wars ;
 An then he wad drink leyke a Briton ;
 An give the last penny he had,
 An aw the neyce lasses about him,
 For Steebem wer runnin queyte mad.

Our Jenny she writ him a letter,
 An monie neyce luive things she said ;
 But fadder he just gat a gliff on't,
 An faix a rare durdem he meade ;
 Then Debby, that leeves at Drumleenin,
 She wad hev him aw till hersel,
 Ae neet when he stule owre to see her,
 Wi' sugger she sweetent his keale.

Then Judy, she darnt aw his stockins,
 An Sally, she meade him a sark,
 An Lizzy, the laird's younger dowter,
 Kens weel whea she met efter dark ;
 Aunt Ann, o' the wrang seyde o' fifty,
 E'en thowt him the flow'r o' the flock—
 Aa ! to count ven by yen aw his sweethearts,
 Wad tek a full hour by the clock.

O but I was vext to hear tell on't !
 When Nichol the teydins he browt,
 That Steebem was geane for a sowdger—
 Our Jenny she gowl'd, ay, leyke owt !
 Sin that, we've nea spworts efter supper,
 We nowther get sang or a crack ;
 Our lasses sit beytin their fingers,
 Aw wishin fer Steebem seafe back.

Our Jenny sits spinnin, an wheynin,
 " O, Steebem ! dear Steebem ! " she'll cry,
 " Wer meyne hawf the lan in the parish,
 How happy 'twad meake'thee an I ! "
 —Let's drink to our sowdgers, an sailors ;
 Their duty wi' preyde, may they de !
 Wer aw but as bold as leyle Steebem,
 Mair teghtin we niver need see !

THE BASHFU WOOER.

TUNE—" *Dainty Davie.*"

Whene'er ye come to woo me, Tom,
 Dunnet at the window tap,
 Or cough, or hem, or gie a clap,
 To let mey fadder hear, min ;
 He's aul and feal'd, an wants his sleep,
 Sae, softly by the hallan creep ;
 Ye needn't watch, an glowre, an peep—
 I'll meet ye, niver fear, min :
 If a lassie ye wad win,
 Be chearfui iver, bashfu niver—
 Ilka Jock may get a Jen,
 If he hes sense to try, min

Whene'er we at the market meet,
 Dunnet luik like yen hawf daft,
 Nor talk about the caul, or heat,
 As ye wer weather-wise, min ;
 Hod up yer heed, an bauldly speak,
 An keep the blushes frae yer cheek,
 For, him whea hes his teale to seek,
 We lasses aw despise, min !
 If a lassie, &c.

I met ye leately, aw yer leane,
 Ye seemt leyke yen stown frae the deed,
 Yer teeth e'en chattert in yer heed,
 But ne'er a word o' luive, min ;
 I spak, ye luikt anudder way,
 Then trimmelt as ye'd got a flay,
 An owre yer shoulder, cried " Guid day,"
 Nor yence to win me struive, min !
 If a lassie, &c.

Mey aunty left me fourscore pun,
 But deil a yen ov aw the men,
 Till then wad bare-legg'd Elsy ken,
 Or care a strae for me, min ;
 Now, tiggin at me, suin an leate,
 They're cleekin at the yallow bait ;
 Yet, meynd me, Tom, I needn't wait,
 When I hae choice o' three, min !
 If a lassie, &c.

Theer leeves a lad owre yonder muir,
 He hes nea faut but yan—hes puir,
 Whene'er we meet, wi' kisses sweet,
 He's leyke to be mey deeth, min ;
 An theer's a lad ahint yon trees,
 Wad weade for me abuin the tnees ;
 Now, tell yer meynd ; or if ye please,
 Fareweel, wheyle we draw breath, min !
 If a lassie, &c.

THE AUNTY.

TUNE—*By the Author.*

We've roughness amang hands, we've kye i' the
 byre,
 Come leeve wid us, lassie ! It's aw I desire ;
 I'll lig in the loft, an gie mey bed to thee,
 Nor sal owt else be wantin that guidness can de,
 Sin the last o' thy kin, thy peer aunty we've lost,
 Thou freets aw the day, an e'en luiks leyke a
 ghost.

I meynd when she sat in the nuik at her wheel,
How she'd tweyne the slow threed, an aye counsel
us weel,
Then oft whisper me, thou wad meake a top
weyfe ;
An pray God to see thee weel sattl'd fer leyfe ;
Then what brave funny teales she aye telt the neet
thro',
An wad bliss the peer fwok if the stormy wind
blew.

That teyme when we sauntert owre leate at the
town,
'Twas the day, I weel meynd, when thoo gat thy
chinse gown,
The watters wer up, an pick dark grew the neet,
An she lissen'd an cried, an thowt aw wasn't
reet ;
But, aa ! when you met, sec a luik she did give !—
I can ne'er yence forgit her as lang as I leeve.

Weep nit fer thy Aunty, tho' now she ligs low ;
A woman mair worthy, nae mortal e'er saw ;
She was leyk'd by aw roun, but wad nae yen
begueyle ;
Mey mudder oft says, she met Deeth wid a smeyle
It's painfu when guid fwok frae kindred are
tworn,
But when our turn comes, to the yearth we'll be
bworn !

Keep up thy heart, lassie ! what, we've a guid
farm ,
Let's try to leeve happy, but ne'er to dui harm—
Mey decent aul mudder—Aa ! mess she'll be
faun,
An drop tears ov joy, when I've meade thee my
ain :
Thou's the last o' the flock, an a better ne'er
leev'd—
What a pity guid lasses should e'er be deceived,

How I leyke thee, dear Mary ! thou's oft hard me
 tell ;
 What, I leyke thee far better than I leyke meysel ;
 An when sorrow forseakes thee, to kurk we'll e'en
 gang,
 But thoo munnet sit peynin thy leane, aw day
 lang ;
 Come owre the geate, lassie, mey titty sal be
 A companion to hur that's still dearest to me !

THE VISIT.

TUNE—" *The Sutor's Dowter.*"

I went to see young Susy—
 Bonny, teydey, blithe was she
 I smeylin kist her churry lips,
 An mark'd the magic ov her e'e
 That in my fancy rais'd desire ;
 But purer passion never burn'd
 In onie lover's bwosom ;
 An aye may sorrow wet his cheek,
 Who'd crush sae rare a blossom :

An now, the rwoisy lassie,
 The cleath she laid, the teable spread
 Wi monie a dainty quickly ;
 An monie a welcome thing she said ;
 But nit sae sweet the honey-cwom,
 As Susy's temptin churry lips
 That fir'd at once my bwosom—
 O, may nae rude destroyer dare
 To crop sae fair a blossom !

An now, to greet the stranger,
The wearied aul fwok daunder'd heame,
An village news recounted ;
The guide man bade his sonsy deame
Trim up the fire, an mek the tea :
The gurdle-keakes as Susy turn'd,
I mark'd her heavin bwosom ;
An pleasure beam'd in ilka feace
To see sae sweet a blossom !

An now, in com the neyborgs ;
Roun went the glass, an cheerfu sang ,
I screw'd my flute to please them ;
The merry dance they kept up lang,
For music aul an young can cheer ;
In leetsome reel nin cud compare
Wi' hur that fir'd my bwosom ;
An ne'er may Care oppress the fair,
Who pruiues a virtuous blossom !

An now, to please the aul fwok,
I play'd the tunes ov former days,
Till neet hed drawn her curtain
Some five hours ; proud I heard the praise
Ov Susy, smeylin, wi' consent
To set me out a mevle o' geate—
I press'd her to my bwosom,
An partin, kiss'd, an pray'd kind Heav'n
To bless the beauteous blossom ! •

CROGLIN WATTY.

TUNE—" *The Lads o' Dunse.*"

If you ax whoar I come frae, I'll say the Fell Seyde,
 Whoar fadder an mudder, an honest fwok beyde ;
 An my sweetheart, O bliss her ! she thowt nin
 leyke me
 For when we shuik hans, the tears gush'd frev
 her e'e :
 Says I, " I mun e'en git a spot if I can ;
 But whatever beteyde me, I'll think o' thee,
 Nan ! "

Nan was a parfit beauty, wi' twee cheeks leyke
 oodlin blossoms ; the varra seet on her meade mey
 mouth aw water. " Fares-te-weel, Watty ! " says
 she ; " thoo's a wag amang t'lasses, an I'll see thee
 nea mair ! "—" Nay, divent gowl, Nan ! " says I,

" For mappen, er lang, I's be maister meysel ; "
 Sae, we buss'd, an I tuik a last luik at the Fell.

On I whussel'd, an wonder'd ; my bundle I flang
 Owre my shou'der, when Cwoley he efter me
 sprang
 An howl'd, silly fellow ! an fawn'd at mey fit,
 As if to say—" Watty ! we munnet part yet ! "
 Suin at Carel I stuid wid a strae i' my mouth,
 An they tuik me, nae doubt, for a promisin youth.

Aa ! the weyves com roun me in clusters.
 " What weage dus te ax, canny lad ? " says yen.
 " Wey, three pun an a croun ; an wunnet beate
 a hair o' my beard. " " What can te dui, smart
 chap ? " says anudder.—" Dui ! wey, I can dui
 owt, plew, sow, mow, shear, thresh, deyke, milk,
 kurn, muck a byre, sing a song, mend car-gear,
 dance a whornpeype, nick a naig's tail, hunt a
 brock, or fecht iver a yen o' mey weight in aw
 Croglin parish ! " A stowterin hussy wid a stick
 an' clwoak,

Aul Madgery Jackson, suin cawt me her man ;
 But that day, I may say't, aw mey sorrows began.

Furst Cwoley, peer fellow ! they hang't i' the
 strect,
 An skinn'd, God forgie them ! for shoon to their
 feet !
 I cry'd, an they cawt me peer hawf-wittet clown,
 An oft banter'd, an follow'd me aw up an down :
 Neest my deame she just starv'd me,—she niver
 leev'd weel,—
 Then her hard words an luiks wad hae freetent
 the deil :

She hed a lang beard, fer awt warl leyke a billy-
 goat ; wid a kill-dried frosty feace, an hair just
 leyke stibble on t'neb en. Aa ! what the smaw-
 est leg o' mutton in aw Carel market sartrat the
 cat, me, an hur for a heale week. The bairns
 meade sad gem on us, an thundert at the rapper
 as if to waken a corp ; when I oppent the duir,
 they threw stour i' my een, an cawt me " Daft
 Watty ! "

Sae I packt up my duds when my quarter was
 out,
 An wi' weage i' my pocket kept sauntrin about.

Suin mey reet han breck pocket was picktin a
 fray,
 An wi' fifteen wheyte shillin' they slipt clean
 away,
 Forbye twee lang letters frae mudder an Nan,
 Whoar they sed Carel lasses wad Watty trepan
 What, 'twad tek a lang day just to tell things I
 saw,
 How I scep'd frae the gallows, the sowdgers an
 aw.

Aa ! ther wer some o' thur fworgery chaps
 bade me just seyne my neame. " Nay, nay ! "
 says I, " What, ye've gitten a wrang pig by t' lug,
 fer I cannit wreyte ! " Then a fellow just leyke a
 poudert lobster, aw leac'd an feddert owre, ax't
 me, " Watty, lad, wull te list ? thoo's owther be
 meade a general or a gommrel ! " " weya, nay "

I says, " I wunnet, that's plain. I's content wid
a cwot o' mudder's a wnsinnin, an heed nowt
about fuils an feynery ! "

Now wi' twee groats an tuppence, I'll e'en toddle
heame.
But ne'er be a sowdger wheyle Watty's mey
neame.

How my mudder 'll gowl, an my fadder 'll stare,
When I tell them peer Cwoley they'll niver see
mair,
Then they'll bring me a stuil ;—As fer Nan, she'll
be fain,
When I kiss her (God bliss her) ! agean an agean.

Then the barn, an the byre, an the aul hollow tree,
Will just seem leyke cronies yen's fidgin to see.

The sheep, kye, an meer, nin o' them 'll ken
Watty's voice now ! The peet stack we us'd to
laike roun, ay, neet efter neet, 'll be brunt er
this ! As fer Nan, what she'll owther be weddet
or broken-heartet ; but sud fadder, mudder an
aw be weel at Croglin, we'll hev toilen, talkin,
feastin, fiddlin, dancin, drinkin, singin, smuikin,
laikin an laughin, wuns ! ay, till aw's blue about
us :

Then amang aw our neyborgs sec wonders I'll
tell,
But niver mair leave my aul friens, or the Fell.

JENNY'S COMPLAINT.

TUNE—" *Nancy's to the greenwood gane.*"

O, lass !—I've fearfu news to tell !
What thinks te's come owre Jemmy ?
The sowdgers they've e'en pickt him up,
And sent him far, far frae me ;
To Carel he set off wi' wheat ;
Them ill-cwoated fellows
Suin weyl'd him in an meade him drunk !
—He'd better geane to th' gallows.

The varra seet ov his cockade
Just set us aw a cryin ;
For me, I fairly fentet tweyce—
Thoo may think that was tryin !
Mey fadder wad hac paid the smart,
An shewt a nwote, an guinea,
But, lack-a-day ! he'd kiss't the buik,
Aa ! that 'll e'en kill Jenny.

When Nichol tells about the wars,
It's war nor deeth to hear him ;
I oft steal out to heyde mey tears,
An cannot, cannot bear him ;
For aye he jeybes, an cracks his jwokes,
An bids me nit forsake him ;
A briggadeer, or grandlydeer,
He says they're sure to meake him.

If owre the stibble fiels I gang,
I think I see him ploughin ;
An ev'ry bit ov breed I eat,
It seems o' Jemmy's sowin :
He led the varra cwoals we burn,
An when the fire I's leetin,
To think the peets wer in his hans,
Aye sets my heart a beatin !

Twec neames he cut upo the rail,
Yen's meyne, an his the tudder ;
Twec twok mair keynd nor him an me
Ne'er luikt on yen anudder :

This neyce stamp't gown, he brong frae town,
 This breest-pin tui, he gae me ;
 On Sundays aye I kiss't an wear't—
 Nae king sud coax it frae me !

I went to Carel, tweyce, ay, threyce,
 In whopes to git a letter ;
 I axt an axt, but aw in vain ;
 He's met wi' some lass better :
 The fortune-teller caw'd last week,
 She sed we'd ne'er hear frev him,
 My fadder seegh't, my mudder gowl'd—
 I ne'er dar whop to hev him.

What can I de ? I nowt can de.
 But whinge an think about him !
 For three lang years he follow'd me,
 Now I mun leeve widout him !
 Brek, heart, at yence ; an then it's owre—
 Leyfe's nowt widout yen's dearie !
 I'll suin lig in my caul, caul greave—
 O lass ! ov leyfe I's weary !

CORP'REL GOWDY'S LETTER.

(Answer to Jenny's Complaint).

Same Tune.

O, lass thou'll be queyte fain to see
 This Letter frev thy Jemmy ;
 I meynd reet weel when we shuik hans,
 The partin kiss thou gae me :
 A grandydeer I lang hev been,
 An now I's CORP'REL GOWDY ;
 But keale an poddish weel I leyke,
 An wheyles git swops o' crowdly.

A sowdger's wark's just neest to nowt,
If weel he tnows his duty !
An our reed cwoats, as monie pruiwe,
Oft win beath wealth an beauty ;
What I've hed sweethearts monie a yen,
Rich, weel-donnt, young, an cliver ;
But here's a heart can ne'er be bowt,
It's theyne ! sae keep't for iver !

O, lass, in foreign lans I've fowt,
By Frenchmen wheyles surroundit ;
Then monie a brave chap tummelt down,
For me, I ne'er gat woundit :
At mountains oft I've seegh't an gaz't,
An fancied I seed Skiddaw ;
An ne'er forget when furst we met—
Thoo kens 'twas in your meadow.

When on the march frae town to town,
I've seen neyce lasses shearin ;
I've thowt o' thee, an dropt a tear,
Wheyle comrades oft wer sweerin.
Wi' preyde, I weer thy neyce reed hair,
Upon mey breest it's twistit ;
On duty, in weyld winter neets,
A thousan teymes I've kisst it !

A sowdger wheyles picks up a frien ;
I've yen, our Captain Trueman ;
Aa, lass ! he's free, an keynd to me—
What, he was yence a plewman !
A Miss he keeps, an tudder neet
He whispert me to teake her ;
I neam'd thee tull him, " Sur," says I,
" I niver will forseake her !

To fadder, meynd remember me,
An say, I'll ne'er forget him ;
Tell Nichol some few ins an outs—
To read this, dunnet let' him !
Guid news ! For Carel we're to march,
An tek the rwoard neest Monday ;
I'll meet thee on the market day,
An mek thee meyne on Sunday !

Pwoscrip.

Wuns ! I's Lance Sargin meade to day,
 Reet fain thou'll be to hear on't—
 Our Captain's Miss hes run away
 Wid some rif-raf, we're seer on't—
 Let t'Preest to thee a leycence grant,
 If nae chap else hes won'thee,
 Frae Carel in a shay we'll reyde,
 God's blissin aye leet on thee !

MATTHEW MACREE.

TUNE—" *The wee pickle tow.*"

Sin I furst workt a sampleth at Biddy Forsythe's,
 I ne'er seed the marrow ov Matthew Macree ;
 For down his braid back hing his lang yallow
 locks,
 And he hes sec a kest wid his bonny grey e'e
 Then he meks us aw laugh, on the stuil when he
 stans,
 An acts leyke the players an gangs wid his hans,
 An talks sec hard words as nit yen understans—
 O, what a top scholar is Matthew Macree !

His neame fuils disleyke, but to me it souns
 sweet ;
 Frev Irelan his fadder sail'd owre the saut sea,
 He was nobbet a weaver, but meade up ov fun,
 An wi' Martin's neyce dowter to Gratena ran
 he :
 Mey sweetheart an me wer beath bworn in ae
 year ;
 An at aw maks o' spworts sec a pair ye'll nit
 see :
 He wad e'en starve his sel, just to sarra the peer—
 O, was ev'ry chap but leyke Matthew Macree !

Twas nobbet last Easter his cock wan the main,*
 I stuid in the ring ay rejoicin to see ;
 The bairns they aw shoutet, the lasses wer fain,
 An lads on their shouders bwore Matthew Macree :
 Then at lowpin he'll gang a full yard owre them aw,
 An at russlin, whilk o' them dar try him a faw ?
 Then whea is't that aye carries off the fitbaw ?
 Wey, the King ov aw Cumberlan, Matthew Macree.

That teyme when he fit full twee hours at the fair,
 An lang Jammy Smith gat a famish black e'e ;
 Peer Jammy l yence thowt wad niver paw mair,
 An I was reet sworry fer Matthew Macree :
 Then he wad shlek the bull-ring,† an brag the heale
 town,
 An to fecht, run, or russle, he pat down a crown ;
 Saint Gworge, the girt champion, of fame an re-
 nown,
 Was nobbet a waffler to Matthew Macree.

On Sundays in bonny wheyte weascoat when
 drest,
 He sings i' the kurk ; what a topper is he !
 I hear his strang voice far abuin aw the rest,
 My heart still beats teyme to Matthew Macree.
 Then his feyne eight-page ditties, an garlans sae
 sweet,
 They mek us aw merry the lang winter neet,
 But when he's nit amang us we niver seem reet,
 Sac fond are the lasses ov Matthew Macree.

Mey fadder he left me a house on the hill,
 An I'll get a bit lan sud my aunty dee,
 Then I'll wed canny Matthew whenever he will,
 For gear is bnt trash widout Matthew Macree :

* A cock main was a pitched battle in cock fighting—in which a number of cocks, often 64—were paired off in single combats and "fought it out" until there was only one left surviving, which was said to have "won the main." Any one who wishes to know the "in and outs" of cock fighting will find the matter fully discussed in a learned and exhaustive paper on the subject by the late worshipful Chancellor Ferguson in Transactions of Cumberland and Westmorland Antiquarian Society, vol. IX., page 366, 382.

† "To shake the bull-ring" was, some threescore years ago, to challenge the village or town or fair stead to produce a champion to fight the "Shakker." Similar to an Irishman dragging his coat tail through the mire for another to tread on.

We'll try to shew girt fwok content in a cot,
 An when in our last heame together we've got,
 May our bairns an ther neybors oft point to the spot
 Where lig honest Matthew an Jenny Macree.

CALEP CROSBY.

TUNE—"Auld Rob Marris."

O, Weyfe ! I wad fain see our Sukey dui reet,
 But she's out wi' the fellows, ay neet efter neet ;
 Them that's fasht wi' nae bairns iver happy mun
 be—
 We've but yen, an she's mistress o' beath thee
 an me.

I can't for the leyfe o' me git her to wurk,
 Nor a feyne day or Sunday e'er gang to the
 kurk,
 Nor frae week en to week en ae chapter to read,
 What, the Beyble ligs stoury abuin the dure heed.

She yence wad hae crammelt an writ her awn
 neame,
 An Sunday an warday was teydey at heame ;
 Now to see her whol'd stockings, her brat an her
 gown—
 She's a shem an a *byzen to aw the heale town !

O wad she be gueyded, an stick till her wheel,
 Ther's nin kens how fain we wad see her dui weel ;
 For she's thy varra picture, an aw that we have—
 Her neet-warks 'll bring our grey hairs to the greave !

'Twas nobbet last week in weyld passion I gat,
 An gev her a trouncin, but sair I've rue't that :
 Then I bade her e'en pack up her duds an we'd
 part,—
 To streyke mey awn lassie just brak my aul heart !

* Byzen or Bizen (Icel bigsn *a wonder* and A.S. *bisen an example*). This word, which in the dialect means a warning or example, always goes with "Shem."

Theer's that ill Calep Crosby, he's niver away,
 He's gleymin an watchin her beath neet an day ;
 Sud he come i' mey clutches, a ken-guid he's get—
 Tho' I's aul, leame an feeble, I'll maister him yet.

That hav'rels sud lasses begueyle widout fear,
 Sec thowts daily bring frae yen's e'e monie a tear
 Base Caleps that aye thowtless creatures betray,
 Our king sud transpwort them to Botany Bay !

I'll reyde to the sea-pwort the press-gang to seek ;
 O, wan they but drag him to sea this seame
 week !
 To kurk let him teake her, if luivers they be,
 Yet I'd rather her han to some beggar she'd gie !

FECKLESS WULLY.

TUNE—" *Crowdy*."

Wee Wully wuns on yonder brow,
 An Wully he hes dowters twee ;
 But nowt cud feckless Wully dui,
 To get them sweethearts weel to see.

For Meg She huik'd beath reet an left,
 Her een they bwor'd a body thro' ;
 An Jen was deaf, an dum, an daft,
 An deil a yen com theer to woo.

The neybors winkt, the neybors jeer'd,
 The neybors flyer'd at them wi' scworn,
 An monie a wicked trick they play'd
 Peer Meg an Jen, beath neet an inworn.

As Wully went ae day to wark,
 He kickt a summet wid his shoe ;
 An Wully glowr'd, an Wully gurn'd,
 " Gueyde us " ! quo he, " What hae we now ?

An Wully cunn'd owre six scwore pun,
 An back he ran wi' nimnel heel ;
 An aye he owre his shoulder gleymt,
 An thowt he'd dealins wi' the deil.

An Wully's bowt a reet snug house,
 An Wully's bowt a bit ov lan ;
 An Meg and Jen are trig an crouse,
 Sin' he the yallow pwokie fan.

Nae mair the neybors wink an jeer,
 But aw shek hans wi' them, I trow ;
 An ilk yen talks ov William's gear,
 For Wully's chang'd to William now.

An some come east, an some come west,
 An some come monie a meyle to woo ;
 An Meg luiks streyte, an Jen hes sense,
 An we aw see what gear can dui.

Ye rich fwok aw, ye'll aye dui reet ;
 Ye peer fwok aw, ye'll aye dui wrang ;
 Let wise men aw say what they leyke,
 It's money meks the meer to gang.

THE BLECKELL MURRY-NEET.

To a popular Tune.

Aa, lad ! sec a Murry-neet we've hed at Bleckell,
 The soun o' the fiddle yet rings i' mey ear ;
 Aw reet clipt an heel'd were the lads an the lasses,
 An monie a cliver lish luzzzy was theer :
 The bettermer swort sat snug in the parlour,
 I' th' pantry the sweethearters cutter'd sae soft ;
 The dancers they kickt up a stour i' the kitchen ;
 At lanter the caird-lakers sat i' the loft.

The Clogger o' Dawston's a famish top hero,
 He bangs aw the player fwok twenty to yen ;
 He stampet wid his fit, an he shoutet an roystert,
 Till the sweet it ran off at his varra chin en :

He held up æ han leyke the spout of a teapot
 An danc'd "cross the buckle" an "ledder te
 spatch" *
 When they cried "Bonny Bell" he lap up to the
 ceilin,
 An aye snapt his thouns fer a bit ov a fratch.

The Hivverby lads at fair drinkin are seypers ;
 At cockin the Dawstoners niver were bet ;
 The Buckabank chaps are reet famish sweet-
 hearters,
 Their kisses just sound leyke the sneck ov a yeat ;
 The lasses ov Bleckell are sae moni angels ;
 The Cummerdale beauties aye glory in fun ;
 God help the peer fellow that gleymes at them
 dancin,
 He'll slink away heartless as suir as a gun !

The 'bacco was strang an the yell it was lythey,
 An monie a ven bottomt a whart leyke a kurn ;
 Daft Fred i' the muik, leyke a hawf-rwoasted
 deevil,
 Telt sly smutty stworie, an meade them aw
 gurn ;
 Then yen sang "Tom Linton" anudder "Dick
 Watters"
 The aul farmers bragg'd o' their fillies an fwoats,
 Wi' jeybin an jwokin, an hotchin, an laughin
 Till some thowt it teyme to set off to the cwoals.

But hod ! I forgat—when the clock strack eleebem,
 The dubbler was brong in wi wheyte breed
 an brown ;
 The gully was sharp, the girt cheese was a topper,
 An lumps big as lapsteans the lads gobbl'd down ;
 Ay the douse dapper lanleadly cried "Eat and
 welcome,
 I' God's neame step forret ; nay dunnet be
 bleate !"
 Our guts aw weel pang'd we buckt up fer Blin
 Jenny,
 An neest pay'd the shot on a girt pewter plate.

* "Ledder-te-spatch"—"leather dispatch," is a shuffling
 dance, which wears away or "dispatches" leather.

Now full to the thropple wi' heed warks an heart
 aches
 Some crap to the clock-kease instead o' the duir ;
 Then sleepin an snworin tuik pleace o' their rwoarin ;
 An teane abuin tudder e'en laid on the fluir.
 The last o' December, lang may we remember,
 At five o' the mworn, eighteen hundred an twee :
 Here's health an success to the brave Jwohnnny
 Dawston.*
 An monie sec meetings may we leeve to see.

THE DELIGHTS OF LOVE.

TUNE—" *Guid nicht an joy be wi' ye a'.*"

The summer sun was out o' seet
 His partin beams danc'd on the fluid :
 The fisher watch'd the silver fry
 As i' the stream he bending stuid ;
 The blackburd mourn'd departin day,
 An caw'd his partner to his nest,
 When I up Eden tuik my way,
 An met young Mary I luive best.

I gaz'd upon her matchless feace,
 That fairer than the lily seem'd ;
 I mark'd the magic ov her e'e,
 That wi' love's powerfu leetnin beam'd ;
 I saw her cheek ov breetest red,
 That blushin telt a lover's pain,
 An seiz'd a kiss—if 'twas a creyme.
 Ye Gods ! may I oft sin ageane !

Fast flew the hours : now ruse the muin
 An telt us it was teyme to part ;
 I saw her to her mudder's duir,
 She whisper'd low, " Thou's stown my heart !

* At Blackwell, near Carlisle, on March 3rd, 1844, Mrs. Nancy Dawson died. She was the widow of the brave Jwohnnny Dawson above mentioned. She was the landlady of the village inn for nearly sixty years, and was much respected.—G.C.

I thro' the lettice stule a glance,
 An heard her angry mudder cheyde :
 Then thowt ov aw the parent's cares,
 As frae the cottage heame I hied.

I've teasted pleasures dearly bowt ;
 An read mankeynd in monie a page :
 But woman, woman sweetens leyfe,
 Frae giddy youth to feeble yage !
 Ye warldlings, court coy Fortune's smeyle ;
 Ye rakes, in quest ov pleasure rove :
 Ye drunkards, drown each sense wi' weyne ;
 Be meyne the dear deleytes ol love !

RUTH.

TUNE—" *The auld guidman.*"

The crackets wer chirpin on the harth ;
 Our weyfe reel'd gairn an sat i' the nuik ;
 Queyte weary, I smuikt mey cutty black peype ;
 Leyle Dick, by fire-leet, ply'd his buik ;
 The youngermer bairns, at heeds an cross,
 Sat laikin merrily, in a row ;
 The win clasht tui the entry duir ;
 An down the chimley fell the snow.

" Oh ! " says our weyfe, then heav'd'a seegh,
 " Guidman, we sud reet thenkfu be !
 How monie a scwore this angry neet,
 Wad leyke to sit wi' thee an me ;
 Sae wad our dowter Ruth, I trowe.
 Peer luckless lass !—She deed may lie !
 For her, nae day gangs owre my heed,
 But painfu tears gush frae mey eye !

" She aye was honest, an weel to see—
 I say't, she hed nae faut but yen ;
 She off wid a taistrel sowdger lad,
 An ne'er yence sent the screybe ov a pen :
 O man ! we sud forgit an forgive !
 The burds, beasts, for their awn 'll feel ;
 Wer meyne aw t'warl, ay, ten teymes mair,
 I'd gie't to see her alive an weel.

" Whea kens, peer thing ! what she's endur'd,
 Sin she thy keyndness durst not claim ?
 Thoo turnt her out—it griev'd me sair,
 What, aw our neybors cried out sheame ! "
 Here stopt our weyfe an shuik her heed,
 Wheyle tears ran tricklin down her cheek ;
 I fan the truth ov what she sed,
 But deil a word cud owther speak.

Just then the latch was lifted up,
 " Aa ! that's a boggle ! " rwoart out leyle Ann ;
 In bunc'd our Ruth, fell at mey feet,
 Cried, " O forgie me !—here's mey guidman ! "
 Our dame she shriekt, an dropp'd her wark ;
 I bliss'd the pair—aw sat queyte fain—
 We talkt the stormy neet away,
 Now, God be prais'd, we've met ageane !

THE PECK O' PUNCH.

TUNE—" *O'er Bogie.*"

'Twas Rob an Jock, an Hal an Jack,
 An Tom an Ned forby,
 Wid Archy drank a Peck ov Punch,
 Ae neet when they wer dry ;
 They talkt, an jwok'd, an laught, an smuikt,
 An sang wi' heartfelt glee,
 " To-neet we're yen, to morrow geane,
 Seyne let us merry be ! "

Saint Mary's clock bumm't eight ; the hour
When each popp'd in his heed ;
But ere they ruse, they'd fairly drank
The sheame feace'd muin to bed ;
They talkt, an jwok't, &c.

To monie a guid an weel-shept lass,
The fairest i' the town,
An monie a manly wordy frien,
The noggin glass went roun ;
They talkt, an jwok't, &c.

A neybor's fauts they ne'er turn'd owre,
Nor yence conceal'd ther awn,
Hed Care keek'd in, wi' wae-worn feace,
He'd frae the duir been thrown !
They talkt, an jwok't, &c.

Our statesmen great that sink the state,
An fish for wealth, nit fame ;
They neam'd wi' truth, an luiks o' scorn,
An thowt them Englan's sheame.
They talkt, an jwok't, &c.

The daily toil—the hunter's spoil—
The faithless foreign pow'rs,
The Consul's fate, his owregrown state,
By turns, begueylt the hours ;
They talkt, an jwok't, &c.

Let others cringe, an vainly praise,
A purse-proud sumph to please,
Fate grant to me long liberty,
To mix with men leyke these ;
We'll talk an jwoke, an laugh an smuik,
An sing wi' heartfelt glee,
" To-neet we're yen, to-morrow geane,
Then let us merry be ! "

THE THUIRSBY WITCH.

TUNE—" *John Anderson my Jo.*"

We've Harraby, we've Tarraby,*
 An Wigganby beseyde ;
 We've Outerby, an Souterby,*
 An " bys " beath far an weyde ;
 Ov strappin, sonsy, rwosy queens,
 They aw can brag a few ;
 But Thuirsbys fer a bonny lass,
 Can cap them aw, I trow,
 Her mudder sells a swop o' drink,
 It is beath stout an brown ;
 An Etty is the hinny-fowt
 Ov aw the country roun ;
 Frae east an west, beath rich an peer,
 A-horse, a-fit, caw in ;
 For whea can pass sae rare a lass,
 He's owther daft or blin.
 Her een er leyke twee Cursmess sleeps,
 But tweyce as breet, an clear ;
 The rwose cud niver match her cheek,
 That yet grew on a breer ;
 At toun, kurk, market, dance, or fair,
 She meks their hearts aw stoun,
 An conquers mair nor Bonnyprat,
 Whene'er she peeps aroun.
 Oft graith'd in aw their kurk-gaun gear,
 Leyke nwoble lwords at court,
 Our lads slink in an gaze an grin,
 Nor heed their Sunday spwort ;
 If stranger leets, her een he meets,
 An fins—he can't tell how—
 To touch the glass her han hes touch'd,
 Just sets him in a lowe.
 Yence Thuirsbys lads wer—whea but we
 An cud hae bang't the lave ;
 But now they hing their lugs, an luik,
 Leyke fwok stown frae the greave ;

* Names of Cumberland Villages.

* " By " is very common in some parts of Cumberland and denotes a settlement or dwelling. It is Scandinavian and wherever the Scandinavian tribes went and settled, the name " by " or " bo " went with them. It is very generally found in the place names of Norway. Thuirsbys is perhaps the most expressive name found in this list as signifying " Thor's dwelling," and the remains of a Temple dedicated as supposed to Thor are said to have been found there.

An what they ail, in heed or heart,
 Nae potticary tnows—
 The leytle glancin Thuirsbey Witch,
 Is just the varra cause.

Ov Black-eyed Susan—Mary Scott—
 The Lass o' Peatie's Mill,
 Ov Barb'ry Allan,—Sally Gray—
 The Lass o' Richmond-hill,
 Ov Nancy Dawson—Molly Mog,
 Tho' monie sing wi' glee,
 The Thuirsbey beauty, out an out,
 Just bangs them aw to see.

THE VILLAGE GANG.

TUNE—" *Jenny dang the weaver.*"

Theer's sec a gang in our town,
 The deevil cannot wrang them,
 An cud yen get them put i' print,
 Aw Englan waddent bang them ;
 Our dogs they beyte aw decent fwok,
 Our varra naigs they kick them,
 An if they nobbet ax their way,
 Our lads set on an lick them.

Furst, wi' Dick Wiggem we'll begin,
 The teyney, greasy, wobster ;
 He's got a gob frae lug to lug,
 An neb leyke onie lobster ;
 Dick Weyfe they say was Branton bred,
 Her mudder was a howdey,
 An when puir Dick's thrang on the luim,
 She's off to Jwohnnny Gowdey.

But as fer Jwohnnny, silly man !
 He threeps about the nation,
 An talks ov stocks, an Charley Fox,
 An meakes a blusteration ;
 He reads the paper yence a week,
 The aul fwok geape an wonder—
 Wer Jwohnnny king, we'd aw be rich,
 An France mud e'en tnock under.

Lang Peel the laird's a dispert chap ;
 His weyfe's a famous fratcher,
 She brays the lasses, starves the lams—
 Nae bandy lan can match her ;
 We aw ken how they gat their gear,
 But that's a fearfu stwory,
 An sud he hing on Carel Sans
 Nit yen wad e'er be sworry.

Beanc-brekker J wohn, we weel may neame ;
 He's tir'd o' wark, confound him !
 By manglin lims, an streenin joints,
 He's meade aw cripples roun him :
 Mair hurt he's duin nor onie yen
 That iver sceap'd a helter ;
 When sec like guffs leame decent fwok
 It's teyme some laws sud alter.

The schuilmaister's a conjurer,
 For when our lads are drinkin,
 Aw maks o' tricks he'll dui wi' cairds,
 An tell fwok what they're thinkin ;
 He'll glowre at maps, an spell hard words,
 For hours an hours togedder,
 An i' the muin he kens what's duin—
 Ay, he can coin the wedder.

Then theer's the blacksmith wi' ae e'e,
 An his hawf-wittet mudder,
 'Twad mek a deed man laugh, to see
 Them gleyme at yen anudder ;
 A three-quart piggen fou o' keale,
 He'll sup, the greedy sinner,
 Then eat a cow't-lword, leyke his heed
 Ay, onie day at dinner.

Jack Mar, the hurplin peyper's son,
 Can bang them aw at leein ;
 He'll brek a lock or steal a cock,
 Wi' onie yen in bein :
 He eats guid meat, an drinks strang drink,
 An gangs weel grath'd on Sunday,
 An weel he may—a bonny fray
 Com out last Whussen-Monday.*

* Whit-Monday.

Our bontcher guid fat mutton sells ;
 Some say he niver buys nin ;
 Our lanlword vittrel-whiskey meakes,
 They're hilthiest fwok that tries nin ;
 Nat Ne'er-de-weel, an ill gien Tom,
 Cock-feghtin's aw their study ;
 Black Barney feghts week efter week,
 Ay happiest, when queyte bloody.

The doctor he's a parfet pleague,
 An hawf the parish puzzens ;
 The lawyer sets fwok by the lugs,
 An cheats them neest by duzzens ;
 The parson sweers a bonny stick,
 Amang our sackless asses ;
 The 'Squire's ruin'd scwores an scwores
 Ov canny country lasses.

Theer's twenty mair, coarse as neck-beef,
 If yen hed teyme to neame them ;
 Left handed Sim, slape-finger'd Sam,
 Nae law cud iver teame them ;
 An blue-nebb'd Wat, an ewe-chin'd Dick.
 Weel wordy o' the gallows—
 Oh ! happy is the country seyde
 That's free frae sec leyke fellows !

DICKY GLENDININ.

TUNE—" *As Patie cam up frae the glen.*"

My fadder was down at the mill,
 My mudder was out wid her spinnin,
 When, whea sud slip whietly in,
 But canny lal Dicky Glendinin ;
 He pou'd off his muckle top cwoat,
 An drew in a stuil by the hallan,
 Then fworc'd me to sit on his tnee,
 An suin a sad teale began tellin.

“ O, Jenny ! O Jenny ! ” says he,
 “ My leykin for thee I can’t smudder ;
 It meade me as seeck as a peet,
 To think thoo’d teane up wid anudder :
 What ! theer’s been a bonny te-dui
 About a lang hulk ov a miller !
 He’s weyde-gobb’d, an ill-natur’d, tui,
 But ae word says aw—he hes siller !

“ The lasses ay flyre an mek gam,
 An ax me what’s got Jenny Foster ?
 The lads, when we meet i’ the lwones,
 Cry out, “ Sairy Dick ! what, thoo’s lost her ! ”
 Ill Rowley, the miller, last neet,
 I met, as we com in frae shearin—
 Hed the sickle but been our lang gun,
 I’d shot him ! ay, dead as a herrin !

“ Aa ! hes thoo forgotten the teyme,
 Thoo sed thoo leyk’d me best ov onie ?
 An hes thoo forgotten the teyme,
 Thoo sed luive was better nor money ?
 An hes thoo forgotten the teyme,
 I markt our twee neames on a shillin ?
 Thoo promis’d to weer’t neest thy heart,
 An then—to wed me thoo was willin.

“ The furst teyme you’re cried i’ the kurk,
 I’ll step my ways up, an forbid it ;
 When caul i’ mey coffin, they’ll say,
 ’Twas e’en Jenny Foster that did it !
 My ghost, the lang neet, aw in wheyte,
 Will shek thee, an gar thee aw shiver—
 The tears how they hop owre mey cheeks,
 To think, I sud lwose thee for iver ! ”

“ O, Dicky ! O, Dicky ! ” says I,
 ‘ I nowther heed house, lan, or siller !
 Thoo’s twenty teymes dearer to me,
 Than onie lang hulk ov a miller ! ”
 A match we struck up in a crack,
 An Dicky’s bowt sticks, an guid beddin—
 Mey fadder an mudder are fain,
 Then, ay for a guid merry weddin !

THE INVASION.

TUNE—" *Jack o' Latten.*"

How fens te, Dick ?—Ther's fearfu news—
 Udsbreed ! the French er comin !.
 There's nowt aroun us, but parades,
 An sec a drum-drum drummin !
 The volunteers, leyke warriors neam'd,
 Are aw just mad to meet them ;
 An Englan suin may hing her heed,
 If Britons cannot beat them.

We've here the Rangers donn'd in green,
 Commanded by BRAVE HOWARD ;
 Ov aw his nowble kindred, ueane
 Was e'er yet thowt a coward !
 They'll pop the Frenchmen off, leyke steyste,
 When e'er they meet, I'll bail them ;
 Wi' men leyke HOWARD at their heed,
 True courage cannot fail them.

The French er turn'd a wicked reace
 If aw be true fwok tell us,
 For whoar they've been men curse the day,
 Thev e'er beheld sec fellows ;
 They plant the tree—MOCK LIBERTY,
 An hirelins dance around it ;
 But millions wet it wi' their tears,
 An bid the deil confound it.

Our parson says, we bang them still,
 An may sec still be duin, min,
 For he desarves a coward's deeth,
 That frae them e'er wad run, min :
 What feckless courts, an worn-out states,
 They've conquer'd just by kneav'ry ;
 Then may each volunteer still pruiwe,
 That Britons ken nae slav'ry !

I've sed an thowt, sin I kent owt,
 Content's the greatest blessin !
 An he who seizes mey bit lan
 Desarves a rough soun drissin—
 Aul Englan, tho' we count thy fauts
 Forever we'll defend thee !
 To foreign tyrants sud we bow,
 They'd mar but niver mend thee !

GRIZZY.

TUNE—" *The aul guidman.*"

The witch weyfe begg'd in our backseyde,
 But crap away unsarrad i' th' pet ;
 Our ETTY then kurn'd at e'er she kurn'd,
 But butter, the dence a beyte cud get.
 The pez-stack fell, an fadder was crusht ;
 My mudder cowp't owre, an leam'd hersel ;
 Neest, war an war, what dud we see,
 Wey, Jenny' pet-lam drown'd i' the well.

Aul Grizzy the witch, as some fwok say,
 Meks paddock-rud ointment, for sair een ;
 An cures the tuith-wark wid a charm
 Of hard words, ay i' the Beyble seen :
 She milks the kye, the urchin's bleam'd ;
 She bleets the cworn wi' her bad e'e;
 When cross'd by lasses, they pruiwe wi' bairn,
 An if she grummel, they're sure o' twee.

I yence sweethearted Madge o' th' Mill,
 An nin sae thick as she an I ;
 Aul Whang he promis'd us tweescore pun,
 A weel-theek'd house, a bit ov a styte ;
 Ae neet we met, at our croft heel,
 Whoar Grizzy was daund'rin aw her leane,
 But scarce a week ov days wer owre
 Till Madge to kurk Wull Weir hed taen.

When deaf Dick Mandlin lost his weyfe,
 An sed, 'twas weel it was nae war ;
 When Jerry' black filly pick't the fwoal,
 When hawf-blin Calep fell owre the scar ;
 When Mantin Marget brunt her rock ;
 When smuggler Mat was lost i' the snaw ;
 When Wheezlin Wully was set i' th' stocks ;
 Aul Grizzy ay gat the weyte ov aw.

Her feace is leyke the stump ov a yek,
 She stoops, an stowters, sheks, an walks ;
 Blee-e-ed, an tuithless, wid a beard ;
 She coughs, an greanes, an mumps, an talks ,
 She leeves in a shill-house, burns whins an sticks
 An theer hes dealins wi' the deil—
 O wer she suin but cowpt into the greave,
 For whoar she leeves few can dui weel !

GWORDIE GILL.

JUNE—" *Andrew wi' his cutty gun.*"

Ov aw the lads I see or ken,

Theer's yen I leyke abuin the rest :

He's neycer in his war-day claes,

Than others donn'd in aw their best.

A body's heart's a body's awn,

An they may gie't to whea they will ;

Hed I got ten, whoar I hae neane,

I'd gie them aw to Gwordie Gill !

Whea was't that brak our lanlword's garth.

For me, when young we went to schuil ;

Whea was't durst venture mid-thie deep,

To bring mey clog out o' the puil ?

An when frae horseback I was flung,

An lang, an lang I laid queyte ill,

Whea was't gowlt owre me day an neet,

An wisht ine weel—'Twas Gwordie Gill.

Oft mountet on his lang-tail'd naig,

Wi' feyne new buits up till his knee,

The laird's daft son leets i' the faul,

An keaves as he wad wurry me ;

Tho' fadder, mudder, uncle, aunt,

To wed this maz'lin, teaze me still,

I hear them tell of aw his gear,

But oft steal out to Gwordie Gill.

The strae-hat meaker i' the town,

She sens him letters monie a yen ;

Sec brek-jaw words, an bits o' rheymes—

She mun hae preyde, but sense hes neane !

Her letters, Gworge reads wid a laugh,

An shews them me, an rives them still—

Hed she nine teymes her weyte o' gowd,

It cuddent aw buy Gwordie Gill.^g

Frae Carel, cousin Fanny com,

An brong her whey-feac'd lover down,

Wid sark-neck stuck abuin his lugs,

A puir clipt-dinment frae the town ;

He minct, an talkt, an skipt, an walkt,
 But tir'd wheyle gangin up the hill,
 An luikt just pale as onie corp,
 Compar'd wi' rwozy Gwordie Gill.

Mey Gworge's whussle weel I ken,
 Lang ere we meet, the darkest neet,
 An when he lilt, an sings *Skewball*,*
 Nae playhouse music's hawf sae sweet,
 Owre earth ilk las's heart's her awn,
 An she mav gie't to whea she will ;
 Lang-seyne I'd yen, now I hae neane,
 'Twas gien wi' joy to Gwordie Gill.

A WEYFE FER WULLY MILLER.

TUNE—" *Maggy Lauder*."

Hout ! Wully, lad ! cock up thy heed,
 Nor fash thyself about her ;
 Nowt comes o' nowt, sae tek nae thowt—
 Thoo's better far widout her.
 Peer man ! her fadder weel we ken,
 He's but an ass-buird meaker ;
 But she's town bred—O, silly gowk !
 Thoo'd gi'e thy teeth to teake her.

I'll tell thee ae thing, that's nit twee,
 I hed it frev our cousin ;
 She walks the streets, neet efter neet,
 Wid weyld chaps, monie a dozen :
 Street-walkers, Wully, mun be bad,
 They monie kill, when courtet—
 Afwore I'd link wid sec as hur,
 I'd raider be transpwortet !

I've seen thee flyre an jwoke leyke'mad,
 At monie country fellows ;
 But, now thou seeghs, an luiks leyke deeth,
 Or yen gaun to the gallows—
 Thoo's sous'd owre heed an ears in luive—
 Aa ! nobbet luik at Cwoley !
 He wags his tail, as if to say,
 " Wey, what's the matter, Wully ? "

* To sing *Skewball* is to sing without regular time or tune.—
 Dr. Prevost.

Ther's lads but few in our lang town,
An lasses, wanters, plenty ;
An he that fain wad teake a weyfe
May weale yen out ov twenty :
Theer's Tamer Toppin,—Aggy Sharp—
An Clogger Wilkin' Tibby—
An Greacy Gurvin,—Matty Meer,—
An—thingumbob's lal Debby :

Leyle Peggy sings, an fwok she'll please ;
An Lanty Langkeake' dowter,
A whorn peype dances in her clogs—
How fain the squire wad bowt her !
Ther's rwosy Rachel, parson says,
'Twas mek him fain to catch her ;
An Dinah gives ten pun a year
To peer fwok—few can match her !

Then theer's Wull Guffy's dowter Nan
At thee ay keeks an glances—
What, thou's the apple o' their een
At cairdin neets, an dances ;
Mey titty, tui,ae neeght, asleep,
Cried, " Canny Wully Miller ! "
I pou'd her hair, she blush't rwose reed,
Sae, gang thy ways in, till her.

Tell mudder aw the news tou kens :
'To fadder talk o' the weather ;
Then lilt them up a sang, or twee,
'To please tem aw thegether ;
She'll set the' out, then speak thy meynd—
She'll suit thee till a shevin ;
But town-bred husseys, fwok leyke we
Sud niver think worth hevvin.

THE TWEE AULD MEN.

TUNE—" *To an old Irish Air.*"

MATTHEW.

" What Gabrel ! come swat thy ways down on the
 saddle
 It's lang sin' we join'd in a crack ;
 Thy gran'son I sent owre the geate for some bacco ;
 The varment 'll niver come back.
 Nay, keep on thy hat—I hate aw preyde ov man-
 ners.
 What news about your en' o' th' town ?
 They say the king's badly—thur teymes gang but
 oddly—
 The warl just seems turn'd up seyde down ;
 Aa, what alterations, an out-o' th'-way fashions,
 Sin leyle todlen bodies wer we ! "

GABREL.

" O, Matthew ! they've cutten the yeks, yews, an
 eshes,
 That grew owre anent the kurk waw !
 How oft dud we laik just like weyld things amang
 them,
 But suin we leyke them mun lig low !
 The schuil-house is fawn, whoar we beath larn'd
 our letters—
 For thee, tou cud figure an wreyte ;
 I meynd what a monstrous hard task an a flog-
 gin
 Tou gat, when tou fught wi' " Tom Wheyte,"
 Whoarever yen ranges, the chops an the changes
 Oft meks a tear gush frae the e'e ! "

MATTHEW.

" Then, Gabey, tou meyndl when we brak Dinah'
 worchet—
 Stown apples bairns aw think are sweet—
 Deuce tek this bad 'bacco ! de'il bin ; it'll draw nin,
 Yen mud as weel smuik a wet peet !

What aul Robby Donaldson's got a lang letter,
 An some say it tells ov a peace ;
 Nay that 'll nit happen i' thy teyme or mey
 teyme
 Widout we cann get a new lease
 Nere Nan ! bring some vell in gud drinkin's nae
 faillin—
 Let's moisten our clay or we dee ! ”

GABREL.

“ Aa Matt ! what they buriet aul Glaister last
 Monday—
 Peer Jwosep ! we went to ae schuol—
 He married deef Marget the Gemelsby beauty,
 A silly proud cat-wittet fuil !
 Ae son prui'd a taistrel an brak up at Lunnon
 What Jwosep he gat aw to pay ;
 The tudder they say turn'd out nit queyte owre
 honest
 Sae gat off to Botany Bay—
 O man ! this frost pinches an kills fwok by
 inches
 It's e'en meade a cripple o' me ! ”

MATTHEW.

“ Aa Gabey ! it's now lang sin tou marriet Ann
 Lawson—
 Tou meynds when we off leyke the win
 Frae kurk to the yell-house what I was weel
 mountet
 An left tem aw twee mile behin !
 Young Gabrel thy son then my deame an I stuid
 for
 A brave murry cursnin we hed ;
 We kent nowt ov tea or sec puzzen i' thar days
 But drank tweyce-brew'd yell till hawf mad :
 There was Kitt an Ned Neilson an Wat an Dan
 Wilson
 They've aw geane an left thee an me ! ”

GABREL.

" Ther's ae thing gud Matthew I've lang thowt
 ov axin,
 An that tou mun grant, if tou an ;
 When I's stiff an cauld, see me decently coffin'd,
 An laid down clwose to mey weyfe Ann.
 My peer gran'son Jwosep, is hilthy an grows up
 Oh ; luik tull him, when I's low laid !
 Meynd he gangs to the kurk, an sticks weel to his
 larnin,
 Then git him an easy bit trade ;
 Thy neybons 'll bliss the', it wunnet distress the',
 An still may he thenk thee an me ! "

MATTHEW.

Keep up thy heart, Gabey : nae gud come grievin ;
 Ay laugh at the warl, if tou'd thrive ;
 I've buriet three weyves, an mun suin hev anud-
 der,
 I's queyte young an rash—eighty-five ;
 Then sec a hard drinker, a wussler, a feghter,
 A cocker, I've been i' mey teyme ;
 An as fer a darrak, in barn, muir or meadow,
 Nin matcht me, when just i' my preyme !
 I ne'er thowt ov wheynin or gowlin or pey, nin—
 We're wise when we chearin' can be.

GABREL.

" Nay, but neybor Matthew, when ninety lang
 winters
 Hae bent yen, an poudert the powe ;
 We greane i' the nuik, wi' few friens or acquaint-
 tance,
 An just fin—we cannot tell how :
 For me, I's sair fash'd wi' the cough an the gravel,
 Nit ae single tuith i' mey heed !
 Then sin my guid son they tuik off fer a sowdger,
 I've wisht I war nobbet weel dead !
 The house uncle gae me, the squire's e'en ta'en
 frae me—
 Ther's nowt but the warkhouse fer me ! "

MATTHEW.

'Mey fadder, God rust him ! wi' toilin an sea-
vin.

Screapt up aw the gear he cud git ;
I've been a sad deevil, an spent gowd i' gowpens,
Think God ! I've a hantel left yet :
Come shek hans, peer Gabey ! tous hev a frien's
keyndness.

My purse, an my pantry still share ;
We'll talk ov aul times, an eat, drink, an be merry :
Thy gran'son sall git what we spare :
Here leeght thy peype, Gabey ! tou's welcome as
may be—
They's ne'er mek a beggar o' thee ! "

UNCLE WULLY.

TUNE—" *W'oo'd an married an a'.* "

It's a comical warl this we leeve in,
Says Calep, an Calep says reet ;
For Matty, that's got aw the money,
Hes e'en geane an weddet deyl'd Peet,
He's nobbet a hedder-feac'd mazlin
An disn't ken whusky frae yell ;—
For hur, weel brong up an a scholar
She's just meade a fuil ov hersel !
Deil bin her !—she'd leyle to de
To tek sec a hawilin as he
That nowther kens A B or C—
Aa ! what, sec a pair can ne'er 'gree !

He ne'er hes a teale widout laitin,
An hardley can grease his awn clogs ;
He wed onie decent man's dowter ?
He's fitter to lig amang hogs !
At the clock, for an hour he'll keep gleymin,
But de'il e'er the teyme he can tell ,
An mey meece, for that a word, husban,
Hes e'en geane an run'd hersel.

De'il bin, &c.

Her fadder, God keep him ! mey billy,
 Ay thowt her the flow'r o' them aw ;
 An sed on his deeth-bed, " O, Wully !
 Luik tull her, man when I lig low ! "
 I meade her beath reader an wreyter
 Nin bang't her, the maister can tell ;
 But, speyte o' beath larnin an manners,
 She's e'en meade a guff ov hersel.
De'il bin, &c.

When lasses get past aw adveysin,
 Our's then turns a piteous kease ;
 A gown or a shift yen may shep them,
 But aw cannot gi'e them God's greace :
 For me, I'll e'en deeght meye hans on her,
 An this aw our neybor I'll tell ;
 She's meade a bad bed, let her lig on't,
 An think how she's ruin'd hersel.
De'il bin her ! she's leyle te de
 To tek sec a hawflin as he,
 That nowther kens A, B, or C—
 Aa ! what, sec a pair ne'er can 'greec !

GUID STRANG YELL.

TUNE—" *Farewell to Bamf.* "

Our Ellik leykes fat bacon weel ;
 And havver-bannock pleases Dick ;
 A cowl-word meks leyle Wully fain,
 But cabblish aye turns Philip seeck ;
 Our deame's fer gurdle-keakes, an tea ;
 An Betty's aw fer thick pez-keale,
 Let ilk yen fancy what they wull,
 Still mey deleyte is gud strang yell !

I ne'er hed muckle ne'er kent want,
 Ne'er wrangt a neybor, frien, or kin ;
 Mey deame an bairns, 'buin aw I prize—
 Ther's music i' their varra din !

I labor suin, I labor leate,
 An cheerfu eat my holesome meale ;
 My weage can feed an clead us aw,
 An whelyes affwords me gud strang yell.

Drinkin-meks a coward bold—
 Drinkin changes neet to day—
 Drinkin turns the aul to young—
 Drinkin drives dull care away !
 Wheyle some deleyte in punch or weyne,
 An wicked teales oft leyke te tell :
 I leyke a smuik, a harmless jwoke,
 An hilt h impruive, wi' gud strang yell.

What's aw the warl, widout content ?
 Wi' that an hilt, man can't be peer ;
 We suin slip off frae friens an foes,
 Then whee but fuils wad fecht for gear :
 'Bout kings an consuls gowks may fratch ;
 For me, I sworn to vex mysel ;
 But laughs at courts, an owre-grown kneaves,
 When I've a hush o' gud strang yell.

BRUFF REACES.*

TUNE—" *The Priest an his buits.*"

O, Wully ! hed tou nobbet been at Bruff Reaces !

It seem'd, lad, as if aw the weyde warl wer met,
 Some went to be seen, others off for divarsion,
 An monie went thee: a lock money to bet ;
 The Cup was aw siller, an letter'd reet neycely,
 A feyne naig they'd put on't, forby my Lword's
 neame ;
 It hods nar a quart—Aa ! what, monie drank out
 on't,
 An oppen'd their gills till they cuddent creep
 heame.

* These races took place on the 3rd of May, 1804 at Burgh a village 5 miles from Carlisle. The Prize, given by the Earl of Lonsdale, when he attained to the Earldom, was a Silver Cup value £50. These races were again held 40 years afterwards, in 1845. A Cup of Silver was again given. The event was celebrated in a dialect Song by Rigson.—Editor.

Ther was, "How fens te, Tommy?"—"Wey,
 Jwosey! I's gaily,"
 "What, is there owt unket i' your country
 seyde?"
 "Here, lanlword a noggin!"—"Whea reydes
 the Collector?"
 "What Meason' aul meer can bang aw far an
 weyde!"
 Ther was snaps, yell, nuts, gingerbreed, shwort-
 keakes, an brandy,
 An tents full ov ham, beef, an nowble veal-
 pye;
 An Greenup, wi—"a reet an true list ov the
 horses,
 The neames o' the awners, an reyders, forby."

What, monie fwok tell us, the dissnins wer skif-
 tet,
 The neet afwore startin— that cuddent be fair!
 Queyte flayt ov a naig bein laught at by thou-
 sans—
 Nae guid sec gawvison iver sud share!
 Then others say, cheatry niver comes speatry;
 I wish it wer true, but owre monie think wrang
 Girt Lwords o' the nation cheat aw maks about
 tem—
 Ne'er ak!—I mun stick to mey bit ov a sang.

Ere they saddl'd, the gamlers peep'd sair at the
 horses;
 Sec scrudgin! the fwok wer just ready to brust,
 Wi' swearin, an bettin, they meade a sad hay-
 bay
 "I'll lig six to four!"—"Done! come, down
 wi' the dust!"
 "What think ye ov Lawson?"—"The fel fer a
 guinea!"
 "I'll mention the winner! dar onie yen lay!"
 Jwohn Blaylik's reed hankitcher wav'd at the
 dissnins;
 At startin, he cried, "Yen, twee, three, put away!"

They went off, leyke leetnin—the aul meer's a
topper—

She flew leyke an arrow, an shew'd tem her
tail ;

They hugg'd, whup't, an spurr'd, but cud niver
yence touch her—

The winners they rear'd an lwosers turnt pale ;
Peer Lawson gat dissen'd, an sae sud the tud-
ders !

Furst heat was a chease, an the neist a tek in ;
Then some drank their winnins, but—woefu disas-
ter ;

It rain'd, an the lasses gat wet to the skin.

Leyke pez in a pot, neist at Sansfiel they capert—

The lads did the lasses sae kittle an hug ;

Young Crosset, i' fettle, had got bran new pumps
on,

An brong fisher Jemmy a clink o' the lug :

The lasses they beldert out, " Man thysel, Jemmy "

His cronies they poud off his cwot, weascwot,
an sark ;

They fit, lugg'd, an lurried, aw owre bluid an bat-
ter—

The lanlword com in, an cried, " Shem o' sec
wark ! "

Ther wer smugglers, excisemen, horse-cowpers
an parsons,

Sat higglety-pigglety,—aw far'd aleyke ;

Then mowdy-warp* Jacky—Aa, man ! it was
funny !—

He meade tem aw laugh, when he stuck in a
creyke.

Ther was lasses frae Wigton, an Worton, an Ban-
ton—

Some o' them gat sweethearts, wheyle others
gat neane ;

An bairns yet unbworn 'll oft hear o' Bruff Reaces ,

For ne'er mun we see sec a meetin ageane !

* The title of a Mole catcher.

BIDDY.

TUNE—" *Since love is the plan.*"

'Twas frost an thro' leet, wid a greymín ov snaw,
When I went to see Biddy, the flow'r o' them aw ;
To meet was agreed to, at Seymie' deyke nuik,
Whoar I suntert wi' monie a seegh an lang luik,
But pou'd up my spirits, an off till her heame ;
If fwok ay mean reet, they need niver think
sheame.

I peep'd thro' the window, to see what was
duin ;
Her fadder sat whusslin, an greasin his shoon ;
Her mudder sat darnin, an smuikin the wheyle ;
An Biddy sat spinnin, the neet to begueyle ;
Her threed it ay brak, she seem'd sad as cud
be,
A stranger sat nar her, I vext was to see !

I shekt leyke an esh-leaf, nae wonder, for fear ;
When luive meks yen jilous, it's then hard to
bear ;
He shew'd his bit watch to the aul fwok, wi
preyde,
But Biddy ne'er yence flang her breet e'e aseyde ;
He tuik out his feyfe, an he play'd a leyle tuin,
But Biddy ne'er yence gev a smeyle, when he'd
duin.

He struive for a kiss, then she ruse in a crack,
An frownin, she left him, but niver yence spak
An suin i' the faul, wi' girt plishure we met—
O, that happy ebemin we ne'er can forget !
I, kiss'd her, an bless'd her, at partin, she sed,
"O, God bless the' Jwohnnny ! nae udder I'll
wed."

DINAH DUFTON.

TUNE—" *Fye gae rub her o'er wi' strae.* "

Peer Dinah Dufton's e'en wi' bairn !
 Ilk neybor at the thowt seems hurt,
 A better, bonnier, blither lass,
 Nay niver yet fell in the durt :
 Aul Tim her fadder struck her out,
 At mid-neet, when down com the snow -
 She owre the geate—what cud she de ?
 An sobb'd an gowl'd, an telt us aw.

Mey fadder shuik his head, an seegh'd,
 But spak, an actet leyke a man ;
 " Gud lass ! " says he, " tou sannet want,
 Sae keep thy heart up, if tou can ;
 I've lads an lasses o' mey awn,
 An nin can tell what they may de—
 To turn thee out !—sweet luckless girl !
 Thy fadder e'en mun hardened be ! "

God niver meade a heartier lass,
 Blithe she wad sing for iver mair ;
 Yet, when peer fwok wer in distress,
 To hear on't—O, it hurt her sair !
 This luive, some say, heydes monie fauts—
 This warl dear Dinah, leyle she tnew,
 Hed she but lissent mey adveyce,
 Thro' leyfe sh'd hed nae cause to rue ;

At Rosley Fair, she chanc'd to leet
 O, mangrel Wull, that wicked tuil ;
 He'd larn'd to hannel weel his feet,
 An kept a leyle bit dancin schuil :
 A fortune-teller suin he breyb'd,
 To say the match was meade abuin ;
 But when he'd brong' his ens about,
 He laught, an frown'd, an left her suin.

Now Dinah's apron grows queyte shwort ;
 Peer outcast, du!!l, to luive a slave !
 Aw day she whinges in our loft,
 Ay wishin she wer in her greave :
 Ill mangrel Wull, the tuil, ne'er cawt—
 Mey fadder got him thrown i' th' jail—
 Wheae'er to ruin leads a lass,
 Deil tek the chap that 'twad him bail !

NED CARNAUGHAN.

TUNE—" *The Miller of the Dee.*"

Mey mudder was teakin her nuin's rist,
 Mey fadder was out at the hay ;
 When Ned Carnaughan com bouncin in,
 An luik'd as he'd gotten a flay :
 " O, Sib ! " says he, " I's duin wid thee ;
 Aye ! what, tou blushes an stares !
 I seed the' last neet wi' bow-hought Peat,
 But—Deil tek them that cares ! "

I laught at Ned—" Peer fuil ! " says I,
 " What's aw this fuss about ?
 Jwohn Peat's a guid, wise, cheerfu lad—
 For thee, thou's a parfit lout !
 But whea wer liggin in Barney's croft,
 An laikin leyke twea hares ?
 An whea kiss'd Suke, frae lug to lug ?
 Nay—Deil tek them that cares ! "

Says Ned, says he, " The thimmel gi' me,
 I brong the' frae Branton Fair ;
 An gi' back the broach ; an true-love-tnot ;
 An lock o' mey awn black hair !
 An pay me the tuppens I wan frae thee,
 Ae neet, at " Pops and Pairs "

Then e'en teake on wi' whea thou leykes,
 For—Deil tek them that cares ! "

The broach, an thimmel, I flang at his feace,
 The true-love tnot i' the fire ;
 Say I, " Thou's nobbet a hawflin bworn—
 Fash me nae mair, I desire !
 Here, teake thy tuppens, a reape to buy,
 But gie thysel nae mair airs ;
 Just hing as hee as Gilderoy,*
 An—Deil tek them that cares ! "

Then Ned he trimmelt, an seeght, an gowlt—
 I fan mysel aw wheyte queer :
 " O, Sibby ! " says he, " mey fauts forgie !
 I'll wrang the' nae mair, I swear ! "

He kiss'd an coddelt, an meade me smeyle—
 We meet at markets an fairs,
 His breyde I'll be—sud we neer agree,
 Wey—Deil tek them that cares ! "

* Gilderoy—a famous robber, said to have robbed Cardinal Richelieu. There was a Scotch robber of the same name in the reign of Queen Mary. Both were noted for their handsome persons, and both were hanged.—Editor.

THE COCKER O' CODBECK.

TUNE—"Patrick's day i' th' morning."

Ther was ill meanin Jemmy, the Cocker o' Codbeck,
 He follow'd blin Leethet lass, years twee or
 three ;
 She laid in, hed twins, an was suin broken-hearted,
 For wretch-leyke, he left her ; an neist off went
 he,
 To Heskett ; for money, a weyld yen he weddet—
 Suin peer Greacy Leethet was laid in the greave ;
 The last words she spak wer, "O God, forgie
 Jemmy !
 I may rue the day, when he stule mey heart frae
 me !
 Now I's gaun to leave ye, mey innocents seave !"
 Wi' tears, she then kiss'd them ;
 An neybors aw bliss'd them—
 What pity, sweet lasses sud suffer.

I ne'er can forgit, when the corp cross'd the
 lonnin,
 Amang aul an young, ther was scairce a dry e'e ;
 Aw whop'd she was happy ; but, peer man ! her
 fadder,
 The coffin when cover'd, aw thowt he wad dee !
 He cried, "I've nae comfort sin I've lost dear
 Greacy !
 O, that down aseyde her mey heed I could lay !"
 For Jemmy, de'il bin ! he kens nowt but girt
 crosses,
 He's shunn'd by the lads, an ay hiss'd by the
 lasses—
 What Greacy's ghost haunts him, by neet an by
 day ;
 Nae neybor gans near him,
 The bairns they aw fear him ;
 An may aw sec fellows still suffer !

When liggin in jail he was hated by aw maks,
 An nin iver yence cawt the hav'rel to see,
 He was scworned by Tom Linton an felons aw
 roun him,
 Nor e'er need he whop agean happy to be !

The twins in the peer-house are healthy an bonny ;
 They meynd aw av Greacy, when on them they
 gaze—
 The Cocker's peer weyfe nowther health shares, nor
 money ;
 She nowther gets sarrad nor pitied by onie,
 Queyte sworry she tuik sec a fellow, she says—
 Advyce tek, guid lasses !
 An hate aw sec classes
 That try to mek decent fwok suffer !

CANNY AUL CUMMERLAN.*

TUNE—" *The Humours of Glen.*"

'Twas ae neet last week, wid our wark efter sup-
 per,
 We went owre the geate, cousin Isbel to see ;
 Ther was Sibby frae Curthet, an lal Betty Byers,
 Deef Debby, Greace Gill, Bella Bunton, an
 me ;
 We'd scearce begun spinnin when Sib began singin
 A sang brong frae Carel, by their sarvent man ;
 'Twas aw about Cummerlan fwok an feyne places,
 An, if I can think on't, ye's hear hoo it ran.

Yer buik-larn'd wise gentry, that's seen monie
 a county,
 May wreyte, preach, palaver, an brag as they
 will,
 O' mountains, lakes, vales, rocks, woods, watters,
 rich meedows,
 But canny aul Cummerlan caps them aw still !

* There is probably no Ballad in the whole of this collection that is more varied in the different editions than this. The order of the Stanzas is varied, the words, though synonymous in meaning are very varied, and in most editions Stanzas 5 and 7 are not found.—Editor.

We've nae sheynin palaces thro' this weyde coonty,
 Nor lofty gran towers to catch the weake eye ;
 But monie aul cassles whoar fought our brave fad-
 ders,
 When Cumberlan cud onie Coonty defy.

Furst GRAYSTOCK we'll nwotish, the seat o' greet
 Norfolk,
 A neame true to Freeman an Englishmen dear !
 Ye Cumberlan fwok, may yer sons an yer gran'sons
 Sec rare honest statesmen for iver revere !
 Corruption's a sink that may puzzen the country
 An lead aw to slav'ry, to one its queyte plain ;
 But he that hes courage to stem the black tor-
 rent,
 True Britons sud pray for agean an agean.

We've CORBY for rocks, cells, wood, watters de-
 leytefu,
 That Eden a Paradeyse loudly proclaims ,
 O that aw greet pleaces hed ay sec guid awners,
 Then monie despis'd mud be prood o' their
 neames !
 We've NETHERBY tui, the gran preyde o' the bworder,
 An haws out o' number, hills, valleys, amang :
 We've rivers mair rapid than Tay, Tweed or Yar-
 row,
 An sweet woodbeyne bowers, each wordy a
 sang !

Gelt, Leyne, let us neame, whoar deame Nature's
 seen smeylin,
 An hills, rocks, dales, streams, are beheld wi'
 surprise—
 Whate'er man may suffer variety's charmin'
 An nature's gran scenery let nae yen despise !
 The weyldness ov Winter to aw may pruiwe pleasin ;
 In Spring, the burds welcome wi' monie a sweet
 tuin ;
 An when onie gaze on smaw primrwose or daisy,
 The luik leads the meynd to the Greet Pow'r
 abuin.

Whee that hes climb'd Skiddaw, can neame sec
a prospec,
Whoar fells rise owre fells, an in majesty vie ?
Whee that hes seen Keswick, can count hawf it's
beauties,
May e'en count wid ease, hawf the stars o' the
sky :
We've Ulleswater, Bassenthwet, Westwatter, Der-
went,
That yearly some thoosans aye travel to view ;
The langer they gaze, still the mair they may won-
der,
An wonderin, foriver may fin summet new.

We sing ov aul Cumbria, let's brag ov her farmers,
Mair praise-wordy beins' ne'er trod owre the
lea !
They toil thro' aw seasons yet suffer greet hard-
ships,
For rents just leyke taxes, are noo far owre
hee :
Let's bwoast o' their weyves, clean, industrious
an cheerfu,
Their bairns iver rearin in decency's ways ;
O ne'er may their hands be conceal'd frae peer
beggars,
For guidness is iver desarvin man's praise !

We help yen anudder, we welcome the stranger,
Oorsels, an oor country we'll iver defend ;
We pay debts, tithes, taxes, whenever we're yable,
An pray, leyke true Britons that wars hed an
end,
Than Cumerlan lads, and ye lish rwozy lasses,
Though some caw ye clownish, ye need'nt think
shem,
Be merry and wise ; enjoy innocent pleasures,
An still seek for peace and contentment at yem !

JEFF AND JOB.

TUNE—" *Fye, gae rub her owre wi' strae.*"

JEFF.

" Come Job, let's talk ov weel-kent-pleaces,
 When young tearin chaps wer we :
 Noo nin er nar us, but fremm'd feaces—
 Few to sevde wi' thee an me !
 Years ar by-geane twee an twonty,
 Sin I kent thy curly powe—
 Aye the furst at wark an spwortin,
 Wer Jeff Heyn, an Jwosep Howe ! "

JOB.

" Ay, Jeff ! we've lang kent yen anudder—
 Monie a teyme when chaps wer croose,
 An meade a brulliment an bodder,
 Jeff an Job hae cleart the hoose ;
 Nin leyke thee cud fling the geavelick !
 Nin leyke me laikt at fit-baw ;
 Thoo was wi' pennystens a darter,
 I at trippet bangt tem aw.

JEFF.

" At dancin Job, I've kickt the ceilin,
 An at lowpin aw cud bang ;
 At russlin thoo ne'er hed a marrow,
 Aa ! leyke bairns, the chaps thoo flang,
 I wan't fut-reace, tweyce at Carel ;
 Thoo wan saddles at King-muir ;
 But the best was, when we'd money
 Ne'er unsarrad went the puir ! "

JOB.

" Then Jeff, I meynd at your kurn-supper
 When I furst seed Elsy Greame,
 I cuddent eat, mey heart it fluttert—
 Lang Tom Leytle watch'd us heame,
 We wer younge an beath in fettle,
 He wad feght, we e'en set tui ;
 In the clarty seugh I sent him—
 Elsy skurl'd—what cud she dur : "

JEFF.

“ An Job, when met at Cursmess cairdins,
 Few durst laik wi’ thee an me ;
 When we’d hackt the lads aw roun us,
 Off to th’ lasses’ lot went we ;
 The ass-buird sarrad for a teable,
 Legs anondert claes wer laid ;
 Forby weyld laughin, kissin, jwokin,
 Monie a harmless prank we play’d.”

JOB.

“ Now Jeff, we pay fer youthfu’ follies—
 Aw our happy days ar geane ;
 Too’s turnt grousome, bare an dozent—
 I’s just worn to skin an beane !
 What, maister’s comin in a flurry—
 Sarvents aye sud meyn their wark ;
 I mun off to deeting havver—
 Fares-te-weel, ’till efter dark ! ”

TIB AND HER MAISTER.

To an old Scotch Tune.

MAISTER.

“ I’s tir’d wi’ liggin aw mey leane ;
 This day seems fair an clear ;
 Seek t’ aul grey yad, clap on the pad,
 She’s duin nae wark te year ;
 Furst Tib, git me mey best lin sark,
 Mey wig, an new-greas’d shoon ;
 Mey three-nuikt hat an mittens wheyte ;
 I’ll hev a young weyfe suin !
 A young weyfe fer me, Tib !
 A young weyfe fer me !
 She’ll scart mey back whene’er it yacks,
 Sae, marriest I mun be ! ”

TIB.

" Wey, maister ! ye're hawf blin an deef—
 The rain comes pourin doon :—
 Yer best lin sark wants beath the laps,
 Yer three-nuikt hat the croon ;
 The rattens eat yer clouted shoon ;
 The yad's unshod an leame ;
 Ye're bent wi' yage leyke onie bow,
 Sae sit content at heame !
 A young weyfe fer ye, man ?
 A young weyfe fer ye ?
 They'll rank ye wi' the whorned nowt
 Until the day ye dee."

MAISTER.

" O Tib ! thou aye talks leyke a fuil !
 I's feal'd, but nit sae aul ;
 A young weyfe keeps yen warm i' bed,
 When neets er lang, an caul :
 I've brass far mair nor I can coont,
 An naigs, an sheep an kye—
 A house luiks howe widoot a weyfe—
 Mey luck I'll e'en gae try !
 A young weyfe fer me, Tib !
 A young weyfe fer me !
 I yet can lift twee pecks o' wots,
 Tho turn'd ov eighty-three ! "

TIB.

" Wey maister, ye mun ha'e yer way,
 An sin it sae mun be,
 I's lish an young, an stout an strang—
 Now what think ye ov me ?
 I'll keep ye teydey, warm an clean,
 To wrang ye I wad seworn."

MAISTER.

" Tib ! gi'es thy han ! a bargin be't—
 We'll off to kurk to-mworn !
 A young weyfe fer me, Tib !
 Thoo was meade fer me !
 We'll kiss an coddle aw the neet—
 Aw day we'll happy be !

JWOHNNY AND MARY.

TUNE—" *Come under my plaidie.*"

Young Mary was bonny an cheerfu as onie lass,
 Young Jwohnnny was lusty, an weel to be seen ;
 Young Mary was aye the best dancer at murry-
 neets,
 Young Jwohnnny had won monie a belt on the
 green :
 Some years they wer sweethearts, an nwotish'd
 by neybors ;
 Th' aul fwok wad bwoast o' the pair wi' greet
 glee,
 Still Jwohnnny thowt nin o' the warl leyke young
 Mary,
 An Mary thowt Jwohnnny aw she wish'd to see.

A swop of guid yell pruiues a peer body's com
 fort,
 But woe be to him, that drinks till blin fou ;
 Young Jwohnnny ae day off wi' bigg to the market,
 An drank wid some strangers, but leytle dreemt
 how,
 His aul fadder watch'd till the black hour o' mid-
 neet,
 Widowt his dear Jwohnnny the naig gallop'd
 heame,
 They sought an' they fan him that mwornin i'
 Eden,
 Amang the green busses that nod owre the stream.

Oh ! sad was the fadder, relations an Mary,
 The cwose-house was crowdet by beath aul an
 young ;
 Nowt pass'd at the burryin but sorrow an weepin,
 The greave-digger seeght when the yerth doon
 he flung,
 The parson lukt dull when he read owre the sar-
 vice,
 Fwok aw say he niver was seen sae afwore,
 An ippitaph noo our larn'd schuil-maister's written,
 Yen better nae heed-steane in Englan e'er wore !

Aul Gibby he gowls, an aye talks ov lost Jwohnnny,
 An sits on his greave an oft meks a sad meane;
 Young Mary, the flow'r ov aw flow'rs i' the parish,
 Ne'er hods up her head sin dear Jwohnnny is
 geane.
 The dangerous yell-house kills monie guid fel-
 lows,
 Owre oft lur'd by gamlin, or weyld wicked
 sang—
 At fair or at market, young lads when theer
 seated,
 Remember peer Jwohnnny, whee that day did
 wrang.

THE CLAY DAUBIN.*

TUNE—"Andrew Carr."

We went owre to Deavie's Clay Daubin,
 An faith a rare caper we had
 Wi'd eatin, an drinkin, an dancin,
 An rwoarin, an singin, leyke mad;
 Wi'd laughin, an jwokin, an braggin,
 An fratchin, an feghtin, an aw;
 Sec glorious fun an divarsion
 Was ne'er seen in castle or haw.
 Sing hey fer a snug clay-biggie,
 An lasses that leyke a bit spwort!
 Wi' guid lads an plenty to gi' them,
 We'll laugh at King Gworge an his court.

The waws wer aw finisht er darknin,
 Now, greypes, shouls, an barrows, flung by,
 Aul Deavie rwoart oot wid a hursle,
 "Od-rabbit-it! lads, ye'll be dry—
 Sec deame, if we've got a swop whuskey,
 I's sworry the rum bottle's duin!
 We'll starken oor keytes, I'll upod us—
 Come Adams, rasp up a lal tune!"

Sing hey, &c.

* In the North and East of Cumberland the Cottages were usually built of clay, interspersed with layers of straw. It was necessary for the proper consolidation of the fabric that the whole of it should be built in one day. Hence there was a very general gathering of the neighbours to assist in such erection, and after the edifice was completed the day was concluded with festivities including music and dancing.—Ed. tor.

When Bill kittelt up " CHIPS AN SHEVINS,"
 Aul Philip pou'd oot Matty Meer,
 Then nattelt his heels like a youngen,
 An capert about the clay-fleer ;
 He deeted his gob an he busst her,
 As lish as a lad ov sixteen ;
 Cries Wull, " Od-dy ! fadder's in fettle !
 His marrow 'll niver be seen ! "

Sing hey, &c.

Reet sair dud we miss Jemmy Cowplan,
 Bad crops, silly man, meade him feale !
 Last Sunday fworenuin efter sarvice,
 I' th' kurk-garth the clark caw't his seale.
 Peer Jemmy ! ov aw his bit oddments
 A shettle the bealies hae taen,
 An now he's reet fain ov a darrak,
 Fer pan, dish, or spuinn he hes neane.

Sing hey, &c.

Wi' scones, LEDDER-HUNGRY, an whuskey,
 Aul Aggy cried, " Meake way fer me !
 Ye men fwok eat, drink, an be murry,
 Wheyle we i' the bower git tea ! "
 The whillymer eat tough an teasty,
 Aw ramm'd fou o' grey pez an seeds ;
 They row'd it up teane agean tudder—
 Nee denties the hungry man needs !

Sing hey, &c.

Noo in com the women fwok buncin—
 Widoot them, theer's niver nae fun ;
 Wi' whusky aw weeted their wizzens,
 But suin a sad hay-bay begun ;
 For Jock the young laird, was new-weddet ;
 His aul sweetheart Jenny, luikt wae ;
 Wheyle some wer aw titt'rin an flyrin,
 The lads rubb'd her doon wi' pez-strae.

Sing hey, &c.

Rob Lowson tuik part wi' peer Jenny,
 An brong snift'rin Gwordie a cluff :
 I' th' scuffle they leamt Lowson's mudder,
 An fain they'd ha'e stripp'd into buff :
 Neest Peter caw'd Gibby a rebel,
 An aw rwoart at that was queyte wrang !
 Cried Deavie, " Sheake hans, an nee mair on't—
 I's lilt ye a bit ov a sang."

Sing hey, &c.

He lilted " The King an the Tinker,"
 An Wully strack up " Robin Hood " ,
 Dick Mingins sang " Hooly an Fairly,"
 An Martha " The Babs o' the Wood " ;
 They push't roun a glass leyke a noggin,
 An boddomt the grey-beard complete ;
 Then crack'd till the muin glowr't amang them,
 An wish'd yen anudder guid-neeght.
 Sing hey fer a snug clay-biggin,
 An lasses that leyke a bit spwort !
 Wi' guid lads an plenty to gi' them,
 We'll laugh at King Gworge an his court.

THE FELLOWS ROUN TORKIN.*

TUNE—" *Drops of Brandy.*"

" We're aw feyne fellows roon Torkin ;
 We're aw guid fellows weel met ;
 We're aw wet fellows roon Torkin,
 Sae, faikins, we mun hev a swet !
 Let's drink to the lasses aboot us,
 Till day's braid glare bids us start ,
 We'll sup till the saller be empty—
 Come, Dicky lad, boddom the whart ! "

* A wood covered hill, near Crofton Hall, in Cumberland.

" I'll gie ye " says Dick, " Durty Dinah,
 That's ay big wi bairn, fwok suppose ;
 She thursts out her lip leyke a pentes,
 To kep what may drop frev her nwose :
 Leyke a hay-stack she hoists up ae shouder
 An scarts, fer she's nit varra soun :
 Wi legs thick as mill-pwosts, an greasy—
 The deevil cud nit ding her doon ! "

" We're aw odd fellows roun Torkin ;
 We're aw larn'd fellows weel met ;
 We're aw rich fellows roun Torkin,
 Sae faikins, we mun hev a swet !
 Let's drink to the lasses aboot us,
 Till day's braid glare bids us part :
 We'll sup till the saller be empty—
 Come, Matthew lad, boddom the whart ! "

" I'll gi'e ye," says Mat, " Midden Marget,
 That squints wi' the left-handet e'e
 When at other fellows she's gleymin,
 I's freetent she's luikin at me :
 She smells far stranger nor carion,
 Her cheeks er as dark as hung-beef,
 Her breast is as flat as a back-buird—
 'Mang sluts she's aye countet the chief ! "

" We're aw wise fellows roun Torkin ;
 We're aw neyce fellows weel met ;
 We're aw sad fellows roun Torkin,
 Sae, faikins, we mun hev a swet !
 Let's drink to the lasses aboot us,
 Till day's braid glare bids us start ;
 We'll sup till the saller be empty—
 Come, Gabrel lad, boddom the whart ! "

" I'll gi'e ye," says Gabe, " Gcapi'n Grizzly
 Wi' girt feet an marrowless legs ;
 Her reed neb wad set fire to brunston ;
 Her een er as big as duck eggs,
 She's shept leyk a sweyne i' the middle,
 Her skin's freckl'd aw leyke a gleid ;
 Her mooth's weyde as onie toon yubbem—
 We're aw flay'd she'll swally her heed ! "

" We're aw strang fellows roon Torkin ;
We're aw lish fellows weel met ;
We're aw top fellows roon Torkin,
Sae faikins, we mun hev a swet !
Let's drink to the lasses about us,
Till day's braid glare bids us part ;
We'll sup till the saller be empty—
Come, Wolly lad, boddom the whart !

" I'll gi'e ye," says Wull, " Winkin Winny,
That measures exact three feet eight ;
Wi' roun-shoulder Ruth an Tall Tibby,
She'll scart, an she'll gurn an she'll feght :
She's cruikt as an S, wid ae hip oot,
Her feet flat, an braid as big pluiks ;
Her feace lang as onie bass fiddle
An aw splattert owre wi' red pluiks ! "

" We're aw young fellows roon Torkin ;
We're aw teeght fellows weel met :
We're aw brave fellows roon Torkin,
Sae faikins, we mun hev a swet !
Let's drink to the lasses about us
Till day's braid glare bids us start :
We'll sup till the seller be empty—
Come, Mwosey lad, boddom the whart ! "

" I'll gi'e ye," says Mwose, " Mantin Matty,
That lisps thro her black rotten teeth ;
You can't catch five words in ten minutes :
If gowlin, she'd flay ven to deeth :
Her feace leyke aul Nick's nutmeg-grater,
Her yallow neck bitten wi' fleas ;
She's troubl'd wi' win ay at meale-teymes,
An belshes to give hersel ease ! "

" We're aw cute fellows roon Torkin ;
We're aw sharp fellows weel met ;
We're aw rare fellows, roon Torkin,
Sae, faikins, we mun hev a swet :
Let's drink to the lasses about us,
Till day's braid glare bids us part ;
We'll sup til' the saller be empty—
Come, Nathan lad, boddom the whart ! "

“ I’ll gi’e ye,” says Nat, “ Noisy Nanny,
 Shag-bacco she chews monie a pun ;
 She cocks her belly when walkin,
 An ay luiks doon to the grun ;
 She tawks beath sleepin an wakin,
 An crowks leyke a teade, when she speaks ;
 On her nwose-en the hair grows leyke stibble,
 An gravey drops run owre her cheeks ! ”

“ We’re aw tough fellows roon Torkin ;
 We’re aw rash fellows weel met ;
 We’re aw queer fellows roun Torkin,
 Sae faikins, we mun hev a swet !
 Let’s drink to the lang, leame an lazy,
 Deef, dum, black, brown, bleer-e’ed an blin,
 May they suin be weel weddet an beddet,
 If lads they can onic wheer fin ! ”

THE DAWSTON PLAYER-FWOK.

TUNE—“ *Derry Down.* ”

Come, stur the fire Shadric ! an lissen to me ;
 I went owre to Dawston their Play-fwok to see,
 I paid mey cruikt tizzy an gat a front seat ;
 Leyke three in a bed, they wer just wedg’d that
 neet.

Derry Down, &c.

Furst, the ban on their hoyboys an peyptes, did
 sae cruin,
 Tho’ they blew sair an oft, it aye seem’t the seame
 tuin :
 Aw was famish confusion !—but when they began,
 Lack-a-day ! the Fair Penitent prui’d but a man !
 Derry Down, &c.

When they chinkt a lal bell ther was yen summet
 spak,
 But he hung doon his noddle, an held up his
 back ;
 Then a picture caw'd Garrick, abuin the stage
 stuid,
 I thowt it yence laught ; an, mey faith, weel it
 mud !

Derry Down, &c.

Like a hawf-wheyte-wesht sweep, yen ORASHI*
 bunc'd in,
 An he tweyn'd leyke an edder, an cockt up his
 chin ;
 In his yellow plush breeks an lang black rusty
 sword,
 Wid his square gob weyde oppem—thowt I, what
 a Lword !

Derry Down, &c.

He was drucken, that's sarten ! he cudden't git
 on !
 " Loavins ! " " cried an aul woman ! " Wey, that's
 Rutson' Jwohn !
 Mess, but he's a darter ! " " a topper ! " says I,
 " Was he doon in a meadow he'd flay aw the
 kye ! "

Derry Down, &c.

In bonny flow'r'd weascwot an full-bottomt wig,
 Aul Siholto he squeek'd leyke a stuck guinea
 pig ;
 Then his dowter he fratch'd, an her sweetheart
 forby—
 Aa, man ! it was movin, an meade the bairns
 cry.

Derry Down, &c.

* The manner in which they pronounced the different
 names.

Yen whispert me softly, "That's Clogger Jwohn
 Bell!"
 Says I, "Leyke eneugh! of that chap I've hard
 tell!"
 Noo a tweesome tawk'd lood, bnt nit varra dis-
 creet,
 For they promis' twee whoors afwore uin they
 wad meet.

Derry Down, &c.

Frae tae fit to tudder, LOTHARI neest hopp'd
 Leyke clock-wark; his words tui, how neycely
 he chopp'd—
 Peer body! He waddent lig whiet when deed,
 Sae they e'en luggt him out by the heels an the
 heed.

Derry Down, &c.

Ther was yen wid a weast thick as onie barl-kurn,
 He pou'd up his pettikits, gev a weyld gurn,
 An luikt, as to say, "Weya, what think ye ov
 me?"
 A lass spak the truth, "It was shockin to see."
 Derry Down, &c.

Neest a cliver lish chap wid his feyne reed-leed
 cheeks,
 Blew his nwise wid his fingers, an hotch'd up
 his breeks;
 Then he tuik a fresh chewe an the aul yen flang
 oot,
 An then rwoar'd "Dui be whiet! what's aw this
 about?"

Derry Down, &c.

The schuilmaister, gager, an twee or three mair
 Hed seen Mister Punch play his pranks at a fair;
 Efter fratchin, an threepin, at last, at the Bell
 'Twas agreed nit e'en PUNCH cud thur heroes
 excel!

Derry Down, &c

Sec struttin an wheynin may please dwoatin
 fuils,
 Or rough-headed fellows just driv'n off to schuils ;
 But if e'er thoo hed dreamt o' sec actin, greet
 ROWE ;
 Thoo'd ne'er thowt worth wheyle to hae written
 at aw.

Derry Down, &c.

Stop—Doon i' the parlour when actin was duin,
 I sang " Bleckell Murry Neet " nobbet a cruin ;
 Sae pleas'd was the Clogger, he shuik hans wi'
 me,
 Clapt mey shoulder an cawt in crown-bools, twee
 or three,

Derry Down, &c.

Ye wise men o' Dawston, stick clwose till yer
 wark ;
 Sit at heame wi' yer weyves an yer bairns efter
 dark ;
 To be caw'd kings an heroes is pleasin, indeed ;
 But afwore ye turn Player-twok, furst larn to
 read !

Derry Down, &c.

OUR JWOHNNY.

TUNE—" *Lillibulero*."

Oor Jwohnnny's just chang'd tull a parfit atomy,
 Nowther works, eats, drinks, or sleeps as he
 sud ;
 He seeghs in a nuik, an fins faut wid his poddish,
 An luiks leyke a deyl'd body spoil'd fer aw
 guid :
 He reaves in his sleep, an reads buiks o' luive
 letters,
 Ae turn efter dark, nay, he'll nit dui at aw !
 But nobbet last neet I detarmin'd to watch him,
 An suin wid his sweetheart, oor Jwohnnny I
 saw.

I cow'r'd mey ways doon, just ahint oor young
 eshes,
 An by com the tweesome—he seem'd nit the
 seame ;
 They laught, kist an cuttert, nowt bad pass'd
 atween them ;
 I seed what I wantet an sae crap off heame ;
 Oor lanlword' lass, Letty, his heart hes in keepin,
 To be seer she's a sarvent, but weel to be seen ;
 She's lish, young an bonny ; an honest as onie—
 In hard workin poverty, ther's nowt that's
 mean !

The fadder o' Jwohnnny was mey fellow-sarvent ;
 God rest him ! his marrow I'se neer to see mair !
 Aul Matthew hed gear an he follow'd me daily,
 An cut me a lock ov his grey grizzl'd hair.
 Hed I wedded Matthew, I'd noo been a leady.
 But fourscore, an twonty, can seldom agree—
 Oor Jwohnnny may e'en try his luck an git wed-
 det,
 Stock, crop, aw I's worth, they sal then hae
 frae me !

KING ROGER.

TUNE—" *Hallow Fair.* "

" 'Twas but tudder neet, efter darknin,
 We sat owre a bleezing turf fire ;
 Oor deame she was sturrin a cow-drink,
 Oor Betty milk'd kye in the byre :
 " Aa, fadder ! " cried out oor leyle Roger,
 I wish I wer nobbet a king ! "
 " Wey, what wad te dui says I, Roger ?
 Suppose thoo cud tek thy full swing ? "

“ Furst, you sud be lword judge, an bishop—
 Mey mudder sud hev a gold crutch—
 I’d build fer the peer fwok feyne houses,
 An gie them—ay, iver sae much !
 Oor Betty sud wed Charley Miggins,
 An weer her stamp’t gown iv’ry day ;
 Sec dancin we’d hev i’ the cock-loft*—
 Bill Adams the fiddler sud play.”

“ A posset I’d teake to mey breakfast,
 An sup wid a bonny whorn spin ;
 For dinner, I’d hev a fat crowdy ;
 An strang tea, at mid efternuin ;
 I’d weer neyce wheyte cottinet stockings ;
 An new gambaleery clean shoes,
 Wi’ jimp lively-black fustin breeches—
 Ay ! iv’ry feyne thing I cud choose.

“ I’d build monie thoosans o’ shippin,
 To sail aw the weyde warl about ;
 I’d say to mey sowdgers, “ Gang owre seas !
 An kill the French dogs, oot an oot ! ”
 On oor lang-tail’d naig, I’d keep reydin,
 Mey footmen in silver an green ;
 An when I’d seen aw foreign countries,
 I’d mek Aggy Glaister mey queen.

“ Oor meadow sud be a feyne worchet,
 An grow nowt but churries an plums—
 A schuil-house I’d build—As fer maister,
 We’d oft hing him up by the thumbs !
 Joss Feddon sud be mey heed huntsman ;
 We’d keep tharty couple ov dogs,
 An kills aw the hares i’ the kingdom—
 Mey mudder sud weer siller clogs !

“ Then Cursmas sud last—ay, for iver !
 An Sundays we’d hev tweyce a week ;
 The muin sud gie leet aw the winter ;
 Oor cat and oor cwoley sud speak ;
 Peer fwok sud aw leeve widoot workin,
 An feed on pyes, puddin an beef ;
 Then aw wad be happy fer sarten—
 Ther nowther cud be rwogue or thief !”

* Cock loft. The attics in Cumberland Farm Houses were formerly so called as being out of the way places in which Cocks were trained for battle.—Editor.

Noo, thus ran on leytel King Roger,
 But suin aw his happiness fled ;
 A spark traе the fire brunt his tnocke,
 An off he crap whingin to bed'
 Thus fares it wi' beath young an aul fwok,
 Frae kings to the beggars, we see ;
 Just cross us when in fancied greetness,
 An peer wretched creeters are we !

KITT CRAFTET.

TUNE—" *Come under my plaidie.*"

Isaac Crosset ov Shawk, a feyne heed-stan hes
 cutten,
 An just setten't up owre anent the kurk en ;
 A chubby-feac'd angel o' top on't they've put-
 ten,
 An varses as gud as e'er com frev a pen :
 It's fer aul Kitt Craftet, our wordy wise neybor ;
 God rest him ! a better man ne'er wore a heed !
 He's nit left his marrow thro' aw the heale coon-
 ty,
 An monie peer fwok are in want noo he's deed !

I meynd when at schuil, a top scholar was he ;
 Ov lakin or rampin nae nwotion hed he ;
 But nar the aul thworn he wad sit an keep
 mwosin,
 An caw'd it a sin just to kill a peer flee :
 A penny he ne'er let rest lang in his pocket,
 But gev't to the furst beggar body he met ;
 Then at kurk he cud follow the priest thro' the
 sarvice ;
 An as fer a tribble he niver was bet !

Tho' he wan seebem belts lang afwore he was
twonty,

An i' Scaleby meadow tuk off the fit baw ;
Yet he kent aw the Beyble, Algebra, Josephus :
An cap't the priest, maister, exciseman an aw :
He cud talk aboot battles, balloons, burning-moun-
tains,

An wars, till beath young an aul trimmelt fer
fear,

Then he'd tell hoo they us'd the puir West Indy
neegers,

An stamp wid his fit, ay, an cause monie a tear.

Oor schuilfellow, Downey, that ne'er felt for onie,
Sail'd owre seas to Guinea an dealt in puir
slaves ;

Owre rich he com heame, caw'd on Kit, gat a
lecture—

“ I wish aw leyke thee wer flung into the waves !
I deal in naigs, kye, fer the guid ov my coontry ;
An welcome ilk mortal that freedom hods dear !
I cud thropple aw monsters that sell fellow-creeters !
An suiner the deevil this day hed caw'd here ! ”

When he read aboot parliments, pleaces, an pen-
sions,

He flang by the paper, an cried, “ Silly stuff !
The Oors wad be IN, and the INS rob their coon-
try,

They're nit aw togidder worth ae pinch o' snuff ! ”
His creed was, be statesmen but just, Britons
loyal,

As lang as our sailors reyde maisters at sea,
We'll laugh at the thretnins ov vain Bonny-
party

An suin may he conquer the deevil as we”.

Then when onie neybor was fash'd by base tur-
neys,

It made him aye happy, if he cud be bail !
Twee thurds ov his income he gev away yearly,
An actually tuik peer Tom Linton frae jail.

He was yence cross'd in luive by a guid-fer-nowt
hussy,

But if onie lass by her sweetheart was wrang'd,
He wad gie her guid coonsel, an lecture the fellow,
An oft did he wish aw sec skeybels wer hang'd.

He cud mek pills an plaisters as weel as oor doctor,
An cure cholic, aga, an jaunice forby ;
As fer greece, or the glanders, reed-watter, or
fellen,

Nin o' them was leyke him amang naigs or kye :
What, he talk'd to oor Bishop aboot agriculture ;
An yence went to Plymouth to see the gran
fleet ;

As fer sailors, he sed, when dragg'd off by the
priss-gang,

“ Sec deeds pruiue a curse, an can niver be reet ! ”

He'd lost aw his kinsfowk, exceptin three coosins ;
Noo ilk yen sits doon worth twee hundert a
year—

He built a new schuil-house, ay, just leyke a
chapel,

An larnin noo costs nit ae plack to oor puir :
His tuithless aul sarvent, what he left her plenty,
An whopt some guid fellow wad yet change
her neame,

Frae mwornin to neet he sarved puir helpless
bodies—

O, that ivry rich man wad aye dui the seame !

He ne'er was a drinker, a sweerer, a lear,

A cocker, a gamler, a fop or a fuil ;

He left this sad warl just at three scwore an
seebem,

I' the clay house his granfadder built wi' the
schuil.

Oh ! monie a sad tear wull be shed ivry Sun-
day

When readin the varses they've cut on his
steane !

'Till watters run up-bank an trees aw grow doon-
bank,

We niver can luik on his marrow ageane !

ELIZABETH'S BURTH-DAY.

TUNE—" *Lillibulero*."

JENNY.

"Aa, Wulliam! neest Monday's Elizabeth's burth-day!

She is a neyce lass e'en hed she nit been meyne!
We mun ax the Miss Dowsons, an aul Brodie's
dowters—

I wish I'd but seav'd a swop geuseberry weyne.
She'll be sebenteen—what she's got thro' her
larnin;

She dances as I dud when furst I kent thee—
As fer Tom her cruik't billy, he stumps leyke
a cwoach-horse—

We'll ne'er mek a man on him aw we can dee."

WULLIAM.

"Hut, Jen! hod the tongue o' thee! praise nae
sec varmen!

She won't men' a sark but reads novels, proud
brat!

She dance! what, she turns in her taes, leyke her
mudder—

Caw her Bet, 'twas the neame her aul gran-
mudder ga'.

Young Tommy fer mey money, he reads his beyble,

An hes sec a lovinly squint wid his een;

He sheps as leyke me, as ae bean's leyke anudder;
She snurls up her neb, just a shem to be seen!"

JENNY.

"Shaf! Wull, min, that's fashion; thoo kens
nawt aboot it;

She's streyt as a resh, an as reed as a rwose,
She's sharp as a needle, an smart as a leady—

Thoo talks, min! a lass cannot mek her awn
nwose!

She's dilicate meade, fit fer town or the coountry;
For Tom, he's tnoock-tnee'd, wi' twee girt ass-
buird feet;

God help them he sheps leyke! they've leytle to
brag on;

Tho' oors, I've oft thowt he was nit varra reet."

WULLIAM.

"O, Jen ! thoo's run mad wi' preyde, gossips an
 trump'ry :—
 Oor cattle, house, lan we mun sel, I declare ;
 Thoo yence seemt an angel—thoo's now turnt
 a deevil,
 Keeps teasin me daily, an causes much care ;
 This fashion an feastin brings monie to ruin,
 A room o' mey hoose they sall niver come
 in ;
 As fer Bet, if she dunnet just leeve leyke a sar-
 vent,
 I'll alter mey will an nit leave her a pin ; "

JENNY.

"Stop, Wull ! whee was't brong thee a fortune,
 puir gomas ?
 Just thurteen guid yacres as lig to the sun ;
 When I tuik on wi' thee, I'd lost rich Gwordy
 Glossop—
 I've rued sin the hoor to the kurk when we
 run :
 Wer thoo cauld an coffin'd, I'd suin git a better ;
 Sae creep up to bed, nit ae word let us hear !
 They's come, if God spare us, far mair ner I
 nwotish'd—
 Elizabeth's burth-day but comes yence a-year ! "

BORROWDALE JWohnny.

TUNE—*By the Author.*

I's Borrowdale Jwohnny, just cumt up to Lun-
non—

Nay, girn nit at me, fer fear I laugh at you ;
I've seen kneaves donn'd in silks, an guid men
gang in tatters—

The truth we sud tell, an gie aul Nick his
due.

Nan Watt pruv'd wi' bairn, what ! they cawt
me the fadder ;

Thinks I, *shekkum filthy* ! be off in a treyce !

Nine Carel bank nwotes mudder slipt i' mey poc-
ket,

An fadder neest gae me reet halesome adveyce.

Says he, " Keep frae t' lasses, an ne'er luik ahint
thee ! "

" We're deep as the best o' them, fadder," says I ;
They packt up ae sark, Sunday weascwot, twee
neckleths,

Wot bannick, caud dumplin an top stannin
pie :

I mountet black filly, bade God bliss the aul fwok,

Says fadder, " Thoo's larn'd, Jwohn, an hes
nowt to fear ;

Caw an see coosin Jacep, he's got aw the money ;

He'll git thee some guvverment pleast, to be
seer !

I stopp'd on a fell, tuik a lang luik at Skiddaw,

An neest at the schuil-house amang the esh
trees ;

Last thing saw the smuik risin up frae oor chim-
ley,

An fan aw wheyte queer, wid a heart ill at ease :

But summet widin me cried, " Pou up thy spirits !

Ther's luck, says aul Lizzy, in feacing the sun ;

Thoo's young, lish, an cliver, may wed a feyne
leadly,

An come heame a Nabob, ay sure as a gun ! "

Tnowin manners, what, I doff't my hat to aw
 strangers,
 Wid a spur on ae heel, an yek siplin in han ;
 It tuik me nine days an six hours comin up-bank,
 At the *Whorns*—ay, 'twas *Highget*, a chap bade
 me stan :
 Says he, " How's all friends in the North, honest
 Jwohnny ? "
 " Odswunters ! " I says, " what, ye divvent ken
 me ! "
 I paid twee wheyte shillin', an fain was to see him,
 Nit thinkin on t'rwoad onie 'quaintance to see.

Neest thing, what big kurks, gilded cwoaches,
 hee houses,
 An fwok runnin thro' other, leyke Carel Fair ;
 I axt a smart chap, whoar to fin coosin Jacep
 Says he ! " Clown, go look ! " " Frien," says I,
 " tell me whoar ? "
 Fadder's letter to Jacep hed got nae *subscription*,
 Sae, when I was glowrin an siz'lin aboot,
 A wheyte-feac'd young lass, aw dess'd out leyke
 a leady,
 Cried, " Pray, Sir, step in ! " but I wish I'd
 kept oot.

She pou'd at a bell, leyke oor kurk-bell it soon-
 det,
 In comt sarvent lass, an she wordert some
 weyne :
 Says I, " I's nit dry : sae, pray, Madam, excuse
 me ! "
 Nay what she insisted I sud stop an deyne.
 She meade varra free, 'twas a shem an a byzen !
 I thowt her in luive wi' my parson, for sure !
 An promis'd to caw agean :—as fer black filly,
 Wad onie believ't ?—She was stown frae the
 duir !

Od dang't ! war ner that, when I greapt my breek
 pocket,
 I fan fadder's watch an the nwotes wer aw
 geane.
 'Twas neet, an I luikt lang an sair fer kent feaces,
 But Borrowdale fwok I cud niver see neane :

I slept on the flags just ahint a kurk corner,
 A chap wid a gilt stick an lantern com by,
 He cawt me peace-brekker, says I, " Thoo's a lear "
 In a pleace leyke a saller, he fworc'd me to lie.

Nae caff bed er blankets fer silly pilgarlic—
 Deil a wink cud I sleep, nay ner yet see a steyme ;
 Neest day I was taen to the Narrashen Offish,
 When a man in a wig sed J'd duin a sad creyme !
 Then yen axt my neame, an he pat on his speck-
 ets,
 Says I, " Jwohnnny Cruikdeyke—I's Borrowdale
 bworn ! "
 Whee think ye it prui'd, but mey awn coosin
 Jacep—
 He seav'd me frae t'gallows, ay, that varra
 inwo:n !

He spak to my Lword, some hard words queyte
 ootlandish,
 Then cawt fer his cwoach, an away we ruid
 heame ;
 He axt varra keynd efter fadder an mudder,
 I sed they were bravely, an neest saw his deame :
 She's aw puff an powder ! as fer coosin Jacep,
 He's got owre much gear to teake nwotisho' me.
 Noo if onie amang ye sud want a lish sarvent,
 Just bid me a weage—I'll uphod ye, we's agree !

LANG SEYNE.

TUNE—" *Johnny's grey breeks.*"

The last new shoon oor Betty gat
 They pincht her feet, but deil may care !
 What, she mun hae them leady-leyke
 Tho' she hes cworns fer iverinair :
 Nae black gairn stockins wull she wear,
 They mun be wheyte, an cotton feyne ;
 This meakes me think ov udder teymes,
 The happy days ov aul lang-seyne !

Oor dowter, Jen, a palles* bowt,
 A guid reed clwoak she wunnet wear ;
 An stavs, she says, spoils leadies' sheps
 O, it wad mek a parson sweer ;
 Nit ae han's turn ov wark she'll dui,
 Nay nowther milk, nor sarra t'sweyne—
 Oor coontry's puzzen'd roond wi' preyde,
 For lasses workt reet hard lang-seyne !

We've three guid rooms in oor clay-hoose,
 Just big enough fer sec as we ;
 They'd hev a parlour built ov bricks—
 I mud submit—what cud I dee ?
 The saddle neest was thrown aseyde ;
 It meeght hae sarrad me an meyne !
 Mey mudder thowt it mens'd a house—
 But we think shem ov aul lang-seyne !

We us'd to gang to bed at dark,
 An ruse ageane at fower er five ;
 The mworn's the only teyme fer wark
 If fwok er hilthy an wad thrive ;
 Noo up we rise,—nay, God kens when !
 An nuin's owre suin fer us to deyne ;
 I's hungry or the pot's hawf-boil'd,
 An wish fer teymes leyke aul lang-seyne.

Mev deame hes bowt a green silk veil ;
 When wi' the dowters, seyde by seyde
 To kura they strut, it meks yen laugh—
 Owre monie gang thro' nowt but preyde !
 Oor bcyble noo is seldom seen
 In onie hans exceptin meyne ;
 Thar bits ov novels prood they read,
 That mock the days of aul lang-seyne !

* Palles or palace—pelisse—a furred robe.

We us'd to reyde in oor blue car,
 Then monie a happy day hed I ;
 But fashion flings aseyde content—
 A gig mey deame wants me to buy :
 If e'er a gig* oor meer sal draw,
 Smaw beer mun suin gie way to weyne ;
 I's tir'd ov aw thar useless ways,
 An wish I'd nobbet leev'd lang-seyne ;

I meynd when peer fwok far'd reet weel,
 An scarce a beggar onie saw,
 Noo, thousans wander oot o' wark—
 What, leyfe oft pruives a scene ov woe :
 The tradesmen brek, day efter day,
 Are flung in jail to starve an peyne,
 This preyde brings monie to decay—
 What happier days aw kent lang-seyne !

Deuce tek the fuil-invented tea !
 For tweyce a-day we that mun hev.
 Then taxes run sae monstrous hee,
 The dcil a plack yen noo can seave !
 Ther's been nae luck throughoot the lan,
 Sin fwok wad leyke their betters sheyne :
 French fashions meck us parfet fuils—
 We're caft an san to aul lang-seyne :

THE AUL BEGGAR.

TUNE—*By the Author.*

I met the aul man wid his starv'd grey cur nar
 him,
 The blast owre the mountain blew caul i' the
 vale ;
 Nae heame to receive him, nae kent fwok to hear
 him,
 An thin wer his patch'd duds—he mickle did ail :
 A tear dimm'd his e'e, his feace furrow'd by sor-
 row,
 Seem'd to say, he frae whope nit ae comfort cud
 borrow,
 An sad was the beggarman's teale.

* In one of his essays Carlyle makes "gig"—"gentility," and speaks of humanity and gigmanity.—Editor.

"Behold," he cried, seeghin, "the spwort o' false Fortune !

The puir wretched ootcast, the beggar you see,
Yence boasted o' wealth, but the warl is unsar-
ten,

An friens o' my youth smeyle nae langer on
me ;

I's the last o' the flock ; my weyfe Ann fer Heav'n
left me ;

Ov mey only lad Tim a curs'd war neest bereft me ;
My yeage's suppwort lang was he ! "

"Yence in the prood city I smeyl'd an'ang plenty
Frae east an' frae west monie a vesse! then bwore
To me the rich cargo— to me the feyne dentey ;

An puir hungry bodies still shar'd o' my store :
A storm sunk my shippin, by fause friens sur-
roounded,

The laugh o' the girt fwok suin meade me con-
foounded,

Ilk prospec ov plishure is o'er !

"I creep on the moontains, but maist in the val-
leys,

An wi' my fond dog share a crust at the duir ;

I shun the girt fwok an' ilk house leyke a palace,

Far sweeter to me is the meyte frae the puir !

At neet, when on strae, wi' my faithfu cur lyin,

I think Him who meade me, fer what I's enjoyin ;

His promise, I whope to secure ! "

THE BUCK O' KINGWATTER.*

TUNE—" *The breckans o' Branton.*"

When I was single, I rid a feyne naig
 An was cawt the Buck o' Kingwatter ;
 Noo the cwoat on my back hes got but ae sleeve,
 An my breeks er aw worn till a tatter.

Sing,— Oh ! the lasses !—the lazy lasses !
 Keep frae the lasses o' Branton !
 I ne'er wad hae married, that day I married,
 But I was young, feulish an wanton.

I courtet a lass an angel I thowt—
 She's noo turn'd a picture ov evil ;
 She geapes, yen may coont ivry tuith in her heed,
 An bawls fit to fretten the deevil.

Sing,—Oh ! the lasses, &c.

To-day she slipt oot, some 'bacco to buy,
 An bade me meynd rock the cradle ;
 I cowpt owre asleep, but suin she com in,
 An then brak mev heed wi' the ladle.

Sing,—Oh ! the lasses, &c.

I ne'er hed a heart to hannel a gun,
 Or I'd run away an leave her,
 She pretens to win purns,† but that's aw fun.
 They say she's owre keynd wi' the weaver.

Sing,—Oh ! the lasses, &c.

I dinnerless gang ae hawf o' the week ;
 If we get a bit collop on Sunday,
 She cuts me nee mair ner wad physic a sneype ;
 Then we've tateys an point, on Monday.

Sing,—Oh ! the lasses, &c.

Tho' weary o' leyfe, wid' a guid-fer-nowt weyfe,
 I wish I cud git sec anudder,
 An then I cud give the deevil the teane,
 For teakin away the tudder !

Sing,—Oh ! the lasses, the lazy lasses !

Keep frae the lasses o' Branton !
 I ne'er wad hae married, the day I married,
 But I was young, feulish, an wanton.

* The river King near Gilsland.

† Purn—(1) a Quil or Reed.

(2) the yarn wound on a Reed.

MARGET O' THE MILL.

TUNE—" *Tom Starboard.*"

Her fadder's whope, her mudder's preyde,
 Was blue-ey'd Marget o' the Mill ;
 An summer day, an winter neet,
 Was happy, cheerfu, busv still :
 Aul Raff, her fadder, oft declar'd,
 His darlin forty pund's sud hev.
 The dav a partner tuik her han,
 An mair if lang he sceap'd the greave.

The lily an the deyke-rwose, beath
 Wer mixt in Marget's bonny feace ;
 Her form wud win the cauldest heart,
 An her's was Nature's simple greace ;
 Her luik drew monie a neighb'r'in laird ;
 Her een luive's piercin arrows fir'd ;
 But nae vain man cud gain the han
 O' this fair flow'r, by aw admir'd.

Oh ! luckness hoor ! at town ae day,
 A youth in sowdger's driss, she saw :
 He stule her heart an frae that hoor,
 Peer Marget shar'd a leyfe ov woe !
 Alas ! she shuns aw roon the mill,
 Nae langer to her bwosom dear ;
 An faded is her grief-worn feace,
 An sunk her e'e wi' monie a tear.

Puir Marget ! yence a parent's preyde,
 Is noo widoot a parent left ;
 Desarted aw day lang she roams.
 Luive's victim, ov aw whopes bereft !
 Ye lasses, aw seducers shun,
 An think ov Marget o' the Mill ;
 She crazy, wanders wid her bairn,
 A prey to luive an sorrow still.

MADAM JANE.

TUNE—" *Buy bruin besoms.*"

Money meks yen merry ;
Money meks yen glad ;
Be she aul or ugly,
Money brings a lad !

When I'd ne'er a penny,
Deil a lad hed I ;
Pointin aye at Jenny,
Laughin they flew by.
Money causes flatt'ry ;
Money meks us vain ;
Money changes aw things—
Noo I'm *Madam Jane* !

Sin' aul Robin left me
Hooses, fields, nit few,
Lads thrang roon i' clusters—
I'm a beauty noo !
Money meks yen handsome,
Money meks yen bra' ;
Money gits us sweethearts,
That's the best of aw !

I hev fat an slender ;
I hev shwort an tall ;
I hev rakes an misers ;
I despise them all !
Money they're aw seekin ;
Money they'll git neane ;
Money sens them sneakin
Efter *Madam Jane* !

Ther's ane puir an bashfu
I keep i' mey e'e ;
He's git han an siller,
Gin he fancies me !
Money meks yen merry ;
Money meks yen glad ;
Be she leame an crazy,
Money brings a lad !

YOUNG SUSY.

TUNE—"Dainty Davie."

Young Susy is a bonny lass,
 A canny lass, a teydey lass,
 A mettled lass, a hearty lass,
 As onie yen can see, man!
 A clean-heel'd lass, a weel-spok lass,
 A buik-larn'd lass, a kurk-gaun lass,
 I watna hoo it com to pass,
 She's meade a fuil o' me, man.
 I's tir'd o' workin, plewin, sowin,
 Deetin, deykin, threshin, mowin;
 Secghin, greanin, niver tnowin
 What I's gaun to de, man!

I met her—ay, 'twas this day week;
 Od die! thowt I, I'll try to speak!
 But tried in vain the teale to seek—
 Oh, sec a lass is she, man!
 Her jet-black hair hawf-heydes her broo,
 Her een just thurl* yen thro' an thro'!
 But, O! her cheeks an churry mou
 Are far owre sweet to see, man!
 I's tir'd o' workin, &c.

Oh! cud I put her in a sang!
 To hear her praise the heale day lang,
 She mud consent to kurk to gang;
 There's puirer fwok than me, man!
 But I can nowther rheyne ner reave,
 Luive meks yen sec a coward sleave;
 I'd better far sleep in the greave,
 But yet, that munnet be, man!
 I's tired o' workin, &c.

To Carel market I gang doon,
 An hunt fer Susy, roon an roon;
 Then see the beauties ov the toon,
 But nin sae fair as she, man!
 They're stiff as buckrem, Susy says,
 Thur female dandies widoot stays;
 Toon-fwok leyke oor fwok, hae their ways
 An sae it aye mun be, man!
 I's tired o' workin, &c.

* Thurl or thirl=pierce.

That flay-crow, Robby o' the Faul,
Deef, tuithless, knaggy, leame, an aul—
Whene'er we meet he'll glowr an scaul—

His breyde he says, she's be, man!
He'll sh-k his stick, or cleek a stowre,
An' fain he'd try to knock me owre;
I'll fecht wi' nin that's fifty fower,
What'er may happen me, man!
I's tir'd o' workin, &c.

In summer when fwok work at hay,
I towrts their meedows steal away,
An thro' the deyke gaze hawf the day,
Her witchin feace to see, man!

Tho' Susy be a sarvent puir,
An I's worth threescwore pun a year;
She's niver want thro' leyfe, I sweer,
If she'll to kurk wi' me, man!

I's tir'd o' workin, plewin, sowin,
Deetin, deykin, threshin, mowin,
Secghin, greanin, niver tnowin
What I's gaun to de, man!

REED ROBIN.

TUNE—*To an Old Irish Air.*

Come into mey cabin, Reed Robin!
Threyce welcome blithe warbler, to me!
Noo Skiddaw hes thrown a wheyte cap on,
Agean I'll gie shelter to thee;
Come, freely hop into mey pantrey;
Partake o' mey puir holesome fare;
Tho' seldom I bwoast ov a denty,
Yet meyne, man or burd sal aye share!

Noo five years are by-geane Reed Robin!
Sin' furst tho' com tremlin to me;
Alas! noo I'm changed, leytle Robin,
Sin' furst I bade welcome to thee;
I then hed a bonny young Lissie;
Away wi' anudder she's geane;
Then friens daily caw'd on me, smeeylin,
Noo dowie I seegh aw my leane!

Wi' plishure I view thee, Reed Robin,
 Yet gaze oft wi' pity on thee ;
 Thy luik seems to say like owre monie,
 Ov hunger puir Robin mun dee !
 To think o' thy fate, hooseless neamesake,
 Just brings to meynd what I mun bear ;
 I meet wi' fause friens in ilk corner,
 An bow to the warl in despair !

Tho' sweet are thy weyld nwotes, Reed Robin,
 They draw monie a tear frae my ee ;
 They caw to mey meynd youthfu plishures,
 When Mary sang sweetly to me :
 But plishure aft gies way to sorrow,
 An plishure leads millions to pain ;
 Frae hope nae delights can I borrow,
 Leyfe's comforts I wish for in vain !

O where is thy sweetheart, Reed Robin ?
 Gae bring her frae hoose-top, or tree ;
 I'll bid her be true to sweet Robin,
 For fause was a fav'rite to me !
 You'll share ev'ry crum i' mey cabin—
 We'll sing the weyld winter away—
 I winna deceive ye puir burdies !
 Let mortals use me as they may.

REED ROBIN'S ANSWER.

O thanks for thy keyndness, frien Robin ;
 True friendship yen seldom can see,
 Noo Winter owre moontains is frownin,
 Leyke monie hawf starv'd I mun be !
 Hoo pleas'd I'll hop into thy pantry :
 Hoo prood thy broon crumbs I will share ;
 Nae glutton—I'll covet nae denty—
 But sing away sorrow an care !

I've lost monie partners, frien Robin !
 Sin hunger furst brong me to thee ;
 In men, beasts an burds, we fin tyrants,
 That torture weak warblers leyke me !

Hoo oft on the skirts ov the meadow,
 I've leev'd wi' a sweetheart, queyte blest ;
 We've welcom'd the mworn, but or evenin
 Wer rob'd ov our burds, an the nest !

If sweet are my weyld-notes, frien Robin !
 Ne'er let them a tear draw frae thee ;
 May mortals share health an true plishure,
 Who wish man, beast, burd may leeve free !
 To some leyfe's a lang scene ov sorrow
 Unshelter'd frae caul win or rain ;
 I daily hear beggars queyte helpless,
 Of rich folk ax pity in vain !

Wheyle plenty I'm pickin, frien Robin !
 Thy pen at the paper I see,
 To paint the true Cumberlan manners,
 An aye affword innocent glee ;
 We burds chaunt to please yen anudder,
 An mortals sud aye dui the seame ;
 Gie praise to ilk weel-meanin brother,
 An try to mek monie think sheame ;

O choose a guid partner, frien Robin !
 True luive a sweet comfort mun be ;
 An lang may ye smeyle on ilk udder,
 Till Deeth frae aw care sets ye free !
 I'll sing thee thy keyndness, dear neamesake !
 Till Spring wi' green leaves decks the spray !
 An pray for thee aw the blithe Summer,
 Let Hawks freeten me as they may !

THREESCWARE AND NINETEEN.

TUNE—*By the Author.*

Ay, ay !—I's feeble grown
 An feckless—weel I may !
 I's threescware an nineteen
 Ay just this varra day !
 I hae nae teeth mey meat to chowe,
 But leyle on't sarras me !
 The best thing I e'er eat or drink
 Is—wheyles a cup o' tea !

Ay ay !—The bairns mek gam,
 An pleague me suin an leate ;
 Men-fwok I leyke i' mey heart,
 But bairns an lasses hate !
 This gown o' meyne's lang in the weast
 Aul-fashion'd i' the sleeve ;
 It meakes me luik leyke fourscore
 I varrily believe !

Ay ay !—What I's deaf,
 Mey hearin's queyte geane ;
 I's fasht wi' that sad cough aw neet,
 An sleep I oft git neane :
 I smuik a bit, an cough a bit ;
 An then I try to spin ;
 An then I daddle to the duir,
 An then—I daddle in !

Ay ay !—I wonder much
 How women can git men !
 I've tried for threescore years an mair,
 But never cud git yen—
 Deil tek the cat !—What is she at ?
 Lie whiet on the fluir ;
 I thowt it e'en was Daniel Strang
 Tnock-tnockin at the duir !

Ay ay !—I've bed, an box,
 An kist, an clock, an wheel,
 An tub, an rock, an stuil, an pan,
 An chair, an dish, an reel ;
 An luikin-glass, an coffee-pot,
 An bottles fer smaw beer ;
 A morse-trap, sawt-box, kettle, an—
 That's Danny sure, I hear !

Ay ay !—He's young enough,
 But,—O, a neyce tall man !
 An I wad ne'er be cauld in bed,
 Cud I but marry Dan !
 Deuce tek that cough ! that weary cough !
 It never lets me be !
 I's kilt wi' that an gravel beath—
 Oh !—Daniel, come to me !

SILLY ANDREW.

TUNE—" *Wandering Willy* "

" O, hoo can I git a bit weyfe ? " says lang Andrew,
 " Shadry, come tell me lad, what I mun de ;
 Thoo kens I's just twenty,
 Hae hooses, lans, plenty,
 A partner I want, ay,
 But nin 'll hae me !

.' Twas furst blue-eyed Betty that meade my
 mooth watter,
 She darnt mey aul stockins, my crivet an aw ;
 Last harvest when shearin,
 Wid jeybin an jeerin,
 She fworc't me to swearin—
 Bett, nae mair I saw !

" Neest reed-headed Hannah to me seem'd an
 angel,
 An com to our hoose, monie a neet wid her wark :
 I yence axt to set her ;
 She sed, she kent better !
 Whae thinks-te can git her ?
 Wey, daft Seymie Clark !

.' Then smaw-weastet Winny meade goons fer our
 Jenny ;
 " Andrew, min ! stick tull her ! " mudder oft sed ;
 " She hes feyne sense, an money,
 Young, lish, blithe, an bonny,
 Is a match,—ay fer onie ! " \
 But she's fer Black Ned !

" Then hoo can I git a bit weyfe ?—Tell me, Shad-
 ry !
 Thoo mun be reet happy, they're aw fond o'
 thee !
 Ive follow'd Nan, Tibby,
 Sall, Mall, Fan, an Sibby,
 Ett, Lett, Doll, an Debby ;
 But nin 'll hae me ! ,

AUL ROBBY MILLER.

TUNE—" *Gin I had a wee house.*"

Oh ! cud I but see the blithe days I hae seen,
 When I was a lish laughin lass ov sixteen !
 Then lads lap aroon an sed, nin was leyke me ;
 Noo they're aw flown away, fer I's turnt thurty
 three.

A single leyfe's a comfortless leyfe,
 It souns unco sweet to be caw'd a weyfe ;
 To catch a bit partner I've tried aw I can—
 O pity, some lasses can ne'er git a man !

When day-leet's aw geane, an I sit doon to spin,
 I wish some young fellow wad only step in ;
 At the market I saunter an dress at the fair,
 But nin at peer Keatey a luik'll e'er spare.

A single leyfe's but a weary dull leyfe,
 It souns unco sweet to be caw'd a weyfe ;
 In vain a puir lass may try ivry odd plan—
 Caw her rich, an I'll venture she'll suin git a man !

Theer's aul Robby Miller, wi' his siller hair,
 Bent double, an sauntrin about, to kill care ;
 Tho' steane-deef, an tuithless, an bleer-e'd
 an aw,

He hes gear, an I's thinkin to gie him a caw !

A single leyfe's a heart-brekkin leyfe,
 It souns unco sweet to be caw'd a weyfe ;
 I'll cwom his thin locks, an aye dui what I can—
 Ther's monie young lasses wad tek an aul man !

He leeves aw his leane, but he's seerly to bleame,
 When a wanter leyke me, may be hed sae nar
 heame :

Wer we weddet to-morrow he'd nit be lang here,
 Then I'd buy me a youngen in less nor a year ;

A single leyfe's but a sorrowfu leyfe ;
 It souns unco sweet to be caw'd a weyfe ;
 I'll away to aul Robby !—Ay, that's the best
 plan,
 Kiss, coax him, an wed him, the canny aul man.

NANNY PEAL.

TUNE—*By the Author.*

Eyes there are that niver weep :
 Hearts there are that cannot feel ;
 God keep them that can dui baith ;
 An sec was yence sweet Nanny Peel.
 Tom Feddon was a sailor lad,
 Yen better niver crost the sea ;
 The dang'rous rocks an sans he kent—
 The captain's fav'rite aye was he.

When oot, an cronies drank er sang,
 Er danc'd the whornpeype, jig, er reel,
 Puir Tom wad sit him on the yard,
 An fondly think o' Nanny Peel.
 For, Oh, she was a hartsome lass,
 A sweeter feace man ne'er cud see ;
 An luive lurk'd in her twee breet een,
 An innocence itsel was she !

Oft in the kurk, the neighb'rin lads,
 At her a bashfu luik wad steal ;
 Oft at the market stare, an point,
 An whisper—" See ! that's Nanny Peel ! "
 But Tom was aw her heart's deleyte,
 An efter voy'ges twee or three,
 In which he wad feyne presents bring,
 Beath fondly whop'd they'd married be.

An noo this teyde they quit the pwort ;
 Tom wid a kiss his faith did seal ;
 They wept an scegh'd, whop'd suin to meet—
 'Twas hard to part wid Nanny Peel !
 The sea was cawm, the sky was clear,
 The ship she watch'd wheyle eye cud see ;
 " The voy'ge is shwort ! " she tremlin sed,
 " God sen him seafe an suin to me ! "

Afwore her puir aul mudder's duir,
 She sang an thowt, an turnt her wheel ;
 But when that neet the storm com on,
 Chang'd was the heart ov Nanny Peel !

An sad was she, the next lang day ;
 The thurd day, still, still warse grew she ;
 Alas ! the fowerth day brong the news,
 That ship an crew wer lost at sea !

She heard, she fentet on the fluir ;
 Much did her puir aul mudder feel ;
 The neybors roon beath aul an young,
 Dropt monie a tear fer Nanny Peal.
 Sin that, she wanders aw day lang,
 An gazes weyldly on the sea ;
 Fled is her rwoosy blum of hिल्थ,
 An ragged, wretched, noo is she.

In fancy, on the wheyte-top waves
 She sees puir Tom oft towrts her steal ;
 An then she laughs an caws aloud,
 " O come, O come, to Nanny Peal ! "
 God keep the helpless, luckless lass !
 On earth she ne'er may happy be ;
 Her leyfe seems weerin to a clwose—
 She suin in Heaven her Tom may see

ANDREW'S YOUNGEST DOWTER.

TUNE—*By the Author.*

Wheer Irthing mourns* to Eden's streams,
 Thro' meadows sweetly stealin,
 Owre-hung by rocks, hawf-hid by trees,
 Is seen a lonely dwellin,
 An theer's a lass wi' peerless feace,
 Her luik to aw gies plishure,
 A rwose bud hid frae pryin een,
 The lads' deleyte an treasure ;
 When furst I saw her aw her leane,
 I mair than mortal thowt her,
 An stuid amaz'd, an silent gaz'd
 On Andrew's youngest dowter.

* " Mourns " in some other editions is " rows." I have the original MSS. of this song, and there it is " mourns."—T.E.

Her luik a captive meade my heart,
 How matchless seem'd ilk feature !
 The sun in aw his yearly course,
 Sheynes on nae fairer creature !
 I watch'd her thro' the daisied howmes,
 An pray'd quick her returnin ;
 And trac'd her foot-marks through the wood,
 Mey raptur'd bwosom burnin :
 Luive led me on ; but when at last
 In fancy, meyne I thowt her,
 I saw her lover, happy youth !
 Meet Andrew's youngest dowter.

Sing sweet ye weyld burds i' the glens.
 Where'er young Lizzy wanders ;
 Ye streams ov Irthin please her meynd,
 Ilk day wi' weyld meanders ;
 An thoo, the dearest to her heart,
 Caress this luvely blossom—
 O, niver may the thworn o' care
 Gie pain to sec a bwosom !
 Hed I been king o' this weyde warl,
 An kingdoms cnd hae bowt her,
 I'd freely gien them aw wi preyde,
 For Andrew's youngest dowter ;

SOLDIER YEDDY.

TUNE—" *The widow can bake.*"

Puir Yeddy was brong up a tadderless bairn,
 His jacket blue duffle, his stockins coarse gain ;
 His mudder, sad greaceless ! leev'd nar Talkin
 Tairn,
 But scearce did a turn fer her Yeddy.

Weel-shept an fair feac'd, wid a bonny blue e'e,
 Honest hearted, aye merry, an modest, was he ;
 But nae larnin hed gotten, nor kent A B C—
 Ther's owre monie leyke silly Yeddy.

Suin tir'd o' the cwoal-pit, an drivin the car ;
 Won by fedders, cockades, an the fuil'ries o' War,
 He'd see aw feyne fwok an gran toons far an nar,
 This weyd warl was aw new to leyle Yeddy.

Hoo temptin the lekker, an bonny bank nwote !
 Hoo temptin the pouder, sash, gun, an reed cwoat !
 The Frenchmen, od-die them ! I'll kill the heale
 twote ! "

These, these wer his thowts, honest Yeddy.

A wheyle mid his cronies he'll smuik, laugh, an
 sing,
 Tell ov wonders, an brag ov his country an king,
 An swagger, an larn ov new woathis a sad string,
 These leytle avail simple Yeddy !

For suin may he sing till anudder-guess tuin,
 His billet a bad yen, his kelter aw duin ;
 An faint at his pwost by the pale wintermuin—
 Few comforts await luckless Yeddy.

When Teyme steals his colour, an turns his powe
 grey,
 May he tell merry stwories, nor yence rue the
 day
 When he wandert, puir lad ! frae the fell-seyde
 away ;
 This, this is mey wish fer young Yeddy.

Of lads sec as him, may we ne'er be in want ;
 An the brave sowdger's pocket of brass ne'er be
 scant,
 Nae brags o' prood Frenchmen aul' Englan sud
 daunt,
 When we've plenty leyke guid sowdger Yeddy !

THE DAWTIE.

TUNE—" *I'm owre young to marry yet.*"

JENNY.

" Tho' weel I leyke ye, Jwohnnny lad,
I cannot, munnet marry yet !
Mey puir aul mudder's unco bad,
Sae we a wheyle mun tarry yet ;
For ease or comfort she hes neane—
Leyfe's just a lang, dull day ov pain ;
I munnet leave her aw her leane,
An wunnet, wunnet marry yet ! "

JWOHHNY.

" O Jenny ! dunnet brek this heart
Or say, we munnet marry yet ;
Thoo cannot act a jillet's part—
Why sud we tarry, tarry yet ?
Think, lass, ov aw the pangs I feel ;
I've lui'd thee lang, nin kens hoe weel !
For thee, I'd feight the varra deil—
O say not, we mun tarry yet ! "

JENNY.

" A weddet leyfe's oft dearly bowt—
I cannot, munnet marry yet !
Ye hae but leyle an I hae nowt,
Sae, we a wheyle mun tarry yet !
My heart's yer awn ye needent fear
But let us wait anudder year,
An luive, an toil, an gedder gear—
We're'owre young to marry yet !

Was but last neet, mey mudder sed,
O, Dawtie ! dunnet marry yet !
I'll suin lig in mey last caul bed—
Thoo's aw mey comfort ! tarry yet ! "
Whene'er I steal oot ov her seet,
She seeghs, an sobs, an nowt gans reet—
Hark !—that's her feeble voice—guid neet !
We munnet, munnet marry yet ! "

THE CODBECK WEDDIN.

TUNE—"Andrew Carr."

"True is the song, tho' lowly seems the strain!"

They sing of a Weddin at Worton,
 Whoar aw was feght, fratchin an fun ;
 Feegh ! sec a yen we've hed at Codbeck
 As niver was under the sun ;
 The breydegruim was weaver Joe Bewley,
 He com frev aboot Lowthet Green ;
 The breyde Jwohnnny Dalton's lish dowter,
 An Betty was weel to be seen'

Sec weshin, an bleachin, an starchin,
 An patchin an darnin aul duds ;
 Some lasses thowt lang to the weddin ;
 Unax'd, udders sat i' the suds,
 Ther wer tweescwore an seebem inveytet,
 God speed them ! 'geane Cursenmas day ;
 "Dobson' lads, tui, what they mun come hidder,
 —I think they wer better away.

Furst thing, Oggle Willy, the fiddler
 Cawt in, wid aul Jonathan Strang ;
 Neest stiff an stout, shwort, lang, leame, lazy,
 Frev aw parts com in wid a bang ;
 Frae Brocklebank, Fuilduir's, an Newlans,
 Frae Heskett, Burkheeds, an the Heet,
 Frae Warnell, Starnmire, Nether Welton,
 Ay, aw t'way frev Eytonfield Street.

Furst aul Jwohnnny Dawton we'll nwotish,
 An Mary, his canny douse deame ;
 Son Wully, an Mally his sister ;
 Goffet' weyfe, muckle Nanny by neame ;
 Wully Sinclair, Smith Leytle, Jwohn Atchin,
 Tom Ridley, Joe Sim, Peter Weir,
 Gorge Goffet, Jwohn Bell, Miller Dyer,
 Joe Heed an Ned Bulman wer theer.

We'd hay-cruiks, an hen-tails, an hanniels,
 An nattlers that fuddle fer nowt ;
 We'd sceapecreaces, skeybells, an sruffins,
 An maffs better fed far nor tow ;
 We'd lads that wad eat fer a weager,
 Er feeght, ay, 'till bluid to the tnees ;
 Fell-seydners an Sowerby riff-raffs,
 That deil a bum-bealie dar seize !

The breyde hung her heed an luikt sheepish,
 The breydegruim as wheyte as a clout ;
 The bairns aw glowr't thro' the kurk windows ;
 The parson was varra devout !
 The ring was lost out ov her pocket,
 The breyde made a bonny te-de ;
 Cries Goffet' weyfe " Meyne's meade o' pinch beck
 An—la ye !—It fits till a tee ! "

Noo buckelt, wi' fiddlers afwore them,
 They gev Michael Crosby a caw ;
 Up spak canny Bewley the breydegruim,
 " Git slockent, lads ! fadder pays aw ! "
 We drank till aw seem'd blue aboot us,
 We're aye murry deevils, tho' puir ;
 Michael' weyfe says, " Widoot onie leein,
 A duck mud hae swam on the fluir."

Noo aw 'bacco'd owre, an hawí-drucken,
 The men-fwok wad needs kiss the breyde ;
 Joe Heed, that's aye reckont best spokesman,
 Whop'd " guid wad the couple beteyde."
 Says Michael, " I's reet glad to see ye,
 Suppwosin I git ne'er a plack ! "
 Cries t' weyfe, " That'll nowther pay't brewer,
 Ner git bits ov sarks to yen's back ! "

The breyde wad dance "*Coddle me, Cuady*,"
 A threesome neest capert Scotch reels ;
 Peter Weir cleek't up aul Mary Dalton,
 Leyke a cock roun a hen neest he steals ;
 Jwolin Bell yelpt out " Sowerby Lasses ; "
 Young Jwosep, " a lang country dance,"
 He'd got bran new pumps, Smithson meade him,
 An fain wad shew hoo he cud prance.

To march roun the town and keep swober,
 The women-fwok thowt wad be reet ;
 " Be wise ! dui, for yence," says Jwohn Dyer ;
 The breydegruim mud reyde shoulder-heet ;
 The youngermak lurriet ahint them,
 'Till efter them Bell meade a brek ;
 Tom Ridley was aw baizt wi' drinkin,
 An cowpt off the steps i' the beck.

To Hudless's neest off they sizell'd,
 An theer gat far mair nor eneugh ;
 Miller Hodgson suin brunt the punch ladle,
 An full'd ivry glass wid his leuf ;
 He thowt he was teakin his mouter,
 An deil a bit conscience hes he ;
 They preymt him wi' stiff punch an jollep,
 'Till Sally Scott thowt he wad dee.

Joe Sim rwoart oot, " Bin, we've duin wonders !
 Oor Mally's turn'd howe i' the weame ! "
 Wi' three strings atween them, the fiddlers
 Strack up, an they reel'd towerts heame .
 Meyner Leytle wad noo hoist a standard,
 Puir man ! he cud nit daddle far,
 But stuck in a pant 'buin the middle,
 An yen tuik him heame in a car.

Fer dinner we'd stewart-geuse an haggish,
 Cow't-leady, an het bacon pie,
 Boil'd fluiks, tatey-hash, beastin-puddin,
 Saut salmon, an cabbish, forbye ;
 Pork, pancakes, black-puddins, sheep-trotters,
 An custert, an mustert, an veal ;
 Grey-peaz-keale, an lang apple-dumplings,—
 I wish ivry yen far'd as weel, |

The breyde geavin aw roon aboot her,
 Cried, " Wuns ! we forgat butter sops ! "
 The breydegruim fan nea teyme fer tawkin,
 But wi' standin-pie greas'd his chops ;
 We'd loppert-milk, skimm'd milk, an kurn-milk,
 Well-watter, smaw-beer, aw at yence ;
 " Shaff ; bring yell i' piggens," rwoars Dalton,
 " Deil bin them e'er cares fer expense ! "

Noo aw cut an cleek'd frae their neyborgs,
 'Twas even doon thump, pull an haul ;
 Joe Heed gat a geuse aw tegidder,
 An off he crap into the faul ;
 Muckle Nanny cried " Shem o' sec weastry ! "
 The ladle she brak owre ill Bell—
 Tom Dalton sat thrang in a corner,
 An eat nar the weyte ov his sel !

A hillibuloo was noo started,
 Twas, " Rannigal ! whee cares for tee ? "
 " Stop, Tommy—whee's weyfe was i' th' carras ?
 Thoo'd ne'er been a man, but fer me ! "
 " Od dang the' ! to jail I cud send the' ! "
 " Puir scraffles ! thy lan grows nae gurse ! "
 " Ne'er ak ! it's mey awn, an it's paid fer !
 But whee was't stuil aul Tim Jwohn's purse ? "

Ned Bulman wad feight wi' Gworge Goffet ;
 Puir Gwordy ! he nobbut stript thin,
 An luikt leyke a cock oot ov fedder,
 But suin gat a weel-bleakent skin !
 Neest, Sanderson fratcht wid a hay-stack,
 An Deavison fught wi' the whins ;
 Smith Leytle fell out wi' the cobbles,
 An peel'd aw the bark off his shins.

The hay-bay was noo somewhat seydet,
 An young fwok the music-men misst,
 They'd drucken leyke fiddlers in common,
 An fawn owre ayont an aul kist ;
 Some mair fwok that neet wer a-missin,
 Than Willy, and Jonathan Strang—
 But decency whispers, " " Nae matter !
 Thoo munnet put them i' thy sang."

The fiddlers gat leyle fer hard labour—
 Yen Peg pumpt her ship i' the fire—
 A tweesome poud caps frae ilk udder—
 Neest mworn we fan Bett i' the byre ;
 At Michael's she flang twee an tuppens,
 An bade us nit nwotish her neame—
 What aw maks tek breybes in aw coontries ;
 To lig in a byre is nae shem !

Aul Dalton thowt he was at Carel,
 Says he, " Jacep ! see what's to pay !
 Come, wosler ! heaste, git oot the horses !
 We'll e'en tek the rwoad, an away ! "
 He cowpt off his stuil leyke a san-bag,
 Tom Ridley beel'd oot, " Deil may care ! "
 For a whart o' het yel an a stick in't,
 Dick Simson 'll tell ye far mair.

What ! breyde forgat flingin the stockin,
 An swory she fan the neest day ;
 Let's whop she'll hev *twee twins* i' nae teyme,
 An cursnins, widoot onie fray !
 Sec heed-warks, an heart-aches, an greypins,
 Leam'd hips, an clease cover'd wi' glwore,
 Bluidy-nebs, bleakent-een, brokken-feaces,
 Nin iver hard tell on afwore !

Let's bumper the Cummerlan lasses,
 Their marrows can seldom be seen ;
 An he that won't fecht to defend them,
 I wish he may ne'er want black een !
 May oor murry-neets, clay-daubins, reaces,
 An weddins, aye, finish wi' glee ;
 An when owt's amang us worth nwotish,
 May I wheyles be prizent to see.

While this edition was passing through the Press I have been favoured with the following interesting note from Mr. R. Greenup, Beckstones Farm, Caldbeck.

The Codbeck Wedding.—Joseph and Betty Bewley, maiden name Dalton (she signs Betty) were married after Banns in Caldbeck Church, December 25th, 1804, by Rev. Joseph Rogerson, Curate for Brown Grisedale, D.D., Rector from 1789 to 1814.

The Burials are recorded in the same Register as having taken place, Betty, Feby. 14th, 1865, age 81—and Joe, July 18th, 1869, age 89. "and so," adds my informant, "they both sleep within the shadow of our old grey ivy mantled church, within which their nuptials were celebrated."—T.E.

THE PEET-CADGER.

TUNE—" *Hey tutty tatty.*"

Mey bonny black meer's deed !
 The thowt's e'en leyke to turn my heed ;
 She led the peets, an gat me breed ;
 But what wull I dui noo ?

She was bworn when Jwohn was bworn—
 Just nineteen years last Thuirsday mworn—
 Puir beast ! hed she got locks o' cworn,
 She'd been alive, I trowe !

Ov Eclipse, I've hard monie tell ;
 Aboot Skewball chaps leyke to yell ;
 I seed Dubskelper, yence my-sell,
 When oor gowd cup he wan.

Naigs er leyke men-fwok hee an low ;
 They mun submit, when Deeth sal caw ;
 But what er reacers ?—Nowt at aw,
 Compar'd wi' mey Black Nan !

When young, just leyke the deil she ran ;
 The car-gear at Durdar she wan ;
 That day seed me a happy man,
 Noo tears gush frae my een.

For she's geane !—Mey weyfe's geane,
 Jwohn's a sowdger—I hae neane !
 Brokken !—deylt !—left my leane,
 Theer's nin to comfort me !

When wheyles I moonted on my yad,
 I niver reade leyke yen stark mad ;
 We toddelt on, an beath wer glad
 To see oor sonsie deame !

The weyfe, the neebors weel she tnew,
 An aw the deyke backs whoar gurse grew ;
 Then, when she'd pang'd her belly fou,
 How tow'rtly she com heame !

Nae pampert beasts e'er heeded we,
 Nae win or weet e'er dreeded we ;
 I niver cried woah, hop, or jee,
 She kent, ay, iv'ry turn !

An wheyles I gat her teats ov hay,
 An gev her watter tweyce a day,
 She's deed !—she's deed ! I's wae to say ;
 O, hoo can I but mourn ?

Frae Tindal-fell twelve pecks she'd bring—
 She was a yaud fit for a king !
 I niver strack her, silly thing !
 'Twas hard we twae sud part !

I's aul, an feal'd an ragg'd, an puir,
 An canna raise anudder meer ;
 But canna leave anudder year !
 The loss wull brek my heart !

THE ILL-GIEN WEYFE.

AN OWRE TRUE PICTURE O' MONIE.

TUNE—" *My wife has taen the gee.*"

A toilsome leyfe for tharty year,
 I patiently hev spent,
 As onie yen ov onie rank,
 I' this weyde warl e'er kent ;
 For when at heame, or when away,
 Nae peace ther is for me ;
 I's pestert wid an *Ill-Gien Weyfe*,
 That niver lets me be ;
 Ay teazin,—ne'er ceasin
 Leyke an angry sea—
 Nae kurk-bell e'er hed sec a tongue,
 An oft it deefens me !

When furst I saw her mealy feace,
 'Twas pented up sae fine,
 I thowt her e'en fit for a qucen—
 She wan this heart o' meyne ;
 But sin' that hoor, that sworry hoor,
 We ne'er cud yence agree,
 An oft I curse the luckless day
 I pawn'd my liberty ;
 Care an sorrow, then tomorrow
 Ay the seame mun be ;
 Oh ! hed I coffin'd been, that day
 I lost my liberty !

When young, I wish'd fer weyfe an bairns,
But noo the thowt I scworn ;
Thank Heav'n, a bairn ov owther sex
To me she ne'er hes bworn !
Leyke fuils we wish our youth away,
When happy we mud be—
Aw ye that's pleagued wi' scauldin weyves
I wish ye suin set free !
Grin, grinnin !—din, dinnin !
Toil an misery !
Better feed the kurk-yard wurms,
Than leeve sec slaves as we !

I's past aw wark, it's hard to want,
An aul an peer am I ;
But happiness i' this weyde warl,
Nae gear cud iver buy ;
O wer I on some owre-sea lan,
Nae woman nar to see,
At preyde an grandeur I wad smeyle,
An thanks to Heav'n wad gie :
O, woman !—foe to man !
A blessin thoo sud be ;
But wae to him that wears thy chain,
Peer wretch unblest leyke me !

When wintery blasts blaw lood an keen,
I's fain to slink frae heame !
An raider feace the angry storm,
Than her I hate to neame :
Wheyle she wi' sland'rous cronies met,
Sits hatchin monie a lee ;
The seet wad flay aul Nick away,
Or vex a saint to see.
Puff, puffin !—snuff, snuffin ;
Ne'er frae mischief free ;
How waik is lworldly boastin man
On sec to kest an ee !

If to a neebor's hoose I steal,
To crack a wheyle at neet,
She hurries to me leyke the deil
An flays the fwok to see't ;
Whate'er I dui, whate'er I say,
Wi' her a faut mun be ;

I freet an freet beath neet an day,
 But seldom clwose an e'e :
 Wake, wakin !—shake, shakin !
 Then she teks the gee ;
 He's happy that lives aw his leane,
 Compar'd wi' chaps leyke me.

To stop the never-ceasin storm,
 I brong her cousin here ;
 She aw but brak the wee thing's heart,
 An cost her monie a tear—
 If chance a frien pops in his heed,
 Off to the duir she'll flee
 An snarls leyke onie angry cat,
 Oh ! sair it vexes me !
 Noo fratchin ! neest scratchin !
 Oft wi' bleaken'd e'e,
 I pray aul Nick hed sec a deame,
 I trow he vex'd wad be !

Hoo blithe man meets the keenest ills,
 In this shwort voy'ge o' leyfe,
 An thinks nae palace leyke his heame,
 Blest wi' a keyndly weyfe :
 But sure the greatest curse hard fate
 To onie man can gie,
 Is sec a filthy slut as meyne
 That ne'er yence comforts me !
 Lads jeerin !—lasses sneerin !
 Cuckel, some caw me ;
 I scart an aul grey achin pow,
 But dar not say they lee.

They're happy that hae teydey weyves,
 To keep peer bodies clean ;
 But meyne's a freetfu lump ov filth,
 Her marra ne'er was seen :
 Ilk dud she wears upon her back
 Is puzzen to the e'e ;
 Her shift's leyke aul Nick's nuttin bag—
 The deil a wurd I lee !
 Dour an' durty !—house aw clarty !—
 See her set at tea,
 Her face defies beath scape an san
 To mek't just fit to see !

Ae beyte ov meat I munnet eat,
 Seave what I cuik mysel ;
 Ae patch or clout she'll nit stick on,
 Sae heame's just leyke a hell !
 By day an neet, if oot o' seet.
 Seafe frae this canker'd she,
 I pray, an pray, wid aw my heart,
 Deeth suin tek her, or me !
 Fleyte, fleytin !—feght, feghtin !
 Hoo her luik I dree !
 Come, tyrant, rid me o' this curse,
 Deeth, tek her ! I'll thenk thee !

THE BEGGAR AND KEATE.

TUNE—" *O'er the muir amang the heather.*"

KEATIE

" Whee's rap rappin at the duir,
 Noo, when oor aul fwok are sleepin ?
 Thoo'll git nowt here if thoo's puir—
 Owre the hills thoo'd best be creepin !
 When sec flaysome fuils we see,
 Decent fwok may start, an shudder,
 I'll nit move the duir to thee—
 Vagrant-leyke, thoo's nowt but bodder ! "

BEGGAR.

" Oh ! guid lassie, let me in !
 I've nae money, meat or cleedin ;
 Starv't wi' this caul angry win ;
 Aul an helpless, deeth aye dreedin.
 Let me lig in barn or byre ;
 Ae broon crust 'll pruve a dentey ;—
 Dui, sweet lass ! what I desire,
 If thoo whop'st for peace an plenty ! "

KEATIE.

“ Beggars yen may weel despise—
 To the sweyne-hull hie, an swat the’ ;
 Rap nae mair if thoo be wise—
 Here’s a dog wad fain be at the’ :
 Sec leyke hawf-wits, far an weyde,
 Beggins breed, an meal an money,
 Some may help, to shew their preyde—
 I’ll ne’er lift mey han to onie ! ”

BEGGAR.

“ Move the duir to sec as me,
 Lift thy han to fwok when starvin !
 Meynd, er lang, thoo peer may be ;
 Pity beggars, when desarvin !
 Nobbet lissen to the storm ;
 Think hoo monie noo mun suffer ;
 Let me in, thur lims to warm,
 An wi’ preyde, due thenks I’ll offer ! ”

KEATIE.

“ I’ve a sweetheart, sud he caw,
 Monstrous vex’d I’d be to see him ;
 He helps beggars yen an aw,
 Leyke a fuil ; nae guid ’twill de him !
 He hes gear ; I’ll ne’er be peer—
 Say nowt mair, or Snap sal beyte the’ ;
 Noisy sumph ! what, oor fwok hear
 Thy crazy voice—Be off ! Od-wheyte-the’ ! ”

BEGGAR.

“ Keate, it’s teyme to change my voice—
 Heartless wretch—they weel may caw the’ ;
 Fain I meade the’ aye mey choice,
 Sin that hoor when furst I saw the’ ;
 Lang thy sweetheart I hae been ;
 Thowt thee guid, an lish an cliver—
 Ne’er will I wi’ thee be seen,
 Come what will !—Fareweel for iver ! ”

THE HAPPY COUPLE.

TUNE—" *Eltrick Banks.*"

Come, Mary, let's up Eden seyde,
 An chat the ebenin hours away ;
 Tho' hard we toil leyke millions mair,
 Industrious fwok sud aw be gay !
 Far frae the sland'rous noisy toon,
 It's sweet the murm'rin streams to hear,
 An share the joys o' peace an luive,
 Wheyle some buy plishure far owre dear.

Just mark that peer bit freetent hare,
 Noo neet draws on, frae heame she'll steal ;
 The weyld burds sing, in deyke or wood,
 Noo bid the sinkin sun far'weel ;
 They joyfu sing the sang o' thenks
 On rock, on meadow, bush or tree ;
 Nor try their partners to deceive—
 O that ilk mortal sae wad be !

That savage hawk owre hill an glen,
 Seeks some waik warbler to destroy ,
 True emblem o' the tyrant man,
 To crush the peer oft gies him joy :
 The burds rejoice an hae their toil
 Unshelter'd blithe the blasts they beyde ;
 Wheyte oft, wi' plenty man compleens,
 Snug, seated by his awn fire-seyde.

Oor sons come runnin, Dick an Ned,
 Twee better niver went to schuil ;
 I'd suiner see them coffin'd low
 Than owther turn a fop er fuil ;
 The maister says Dick's fit fer kurk ;
 An Ned in law may monie seave :
 What, judge an bishop, they may sit,
 When tee an me lig i' the greave.

Whene'er I thro' the kurk yard gang,
 Still, Mary, it affects mey meynd,
 Wi' seeghs oor aul fwok aye I see
 In fancy ; nin e'er leev'd mair keynd ;

A rwoisy orphan thoo was left,
 An fadder, muddler, scarce e'er saw ;
 Beath lost at sea !—Nay, dunnet gowl !
 A better warl let's whop they tnaw !

Sweet bloom'd aw roon, that summer mworn,
 I carv'd oor neanies, noo pleas'd we see ;
 Leyke us the tree was in its preyme,
 But noo it withers, sae dui we !
 Sworn foes to streyfe, the joys ov leyfe
 We've shar'd, sin furst I meade thee meyne ;
 Reet cheerfu still we'll bear ilk ill,
 But come what will, let's ne'er repeyne !

CAREL FAIR.

JUNE—" *Woo'd and married and a'* "

Mey neame's Jurry Jurden frae Threlket ;
 Just swat doon an lissen my sang ;
 I'll mappen affword some divarsion,
 An tell ye hoo monie things gang.

Crop's ov aw maks er guid ; tateys lang as
 lapstens, an dry as meal. Teymes er nobbet
 sae-sae now-a-days ; fer the thin-chopp'd, hawf-
 neak'd trimlin beggars aye flock to oor hoose
 leyke bees to t' hive ; an oor Cwoley bit sae
 monie, I just tuck'd him up i' th' worchet. Mud-
 der boils them a tnop ov Lunnen Duns iv'ry
 day ; an fadder gies them t' barn to lig in. If
 onie be yabel to work, wey he pays them reet
 weel. Fwok sud aw dui as they'd be duin tui ;
 an it's naturable to beg raider nor starve or
 steal ; efter aw the rattle !

Some threep et the teymes 'll git better ;
 An laugh to see onie repeyne :
 It's nae pollytishin, that's sarten,
 But Englan seems in a decleyne !

I roose afwore three tudder mwornin,
 An went owre to see Carel Fair ;
 I'd hard monie teales o' thur dandies—
 Odswinge ! hoo they mek the fwok stare !

Thar flay-craws weer lasses' stays ; an buy my
 Lword Wellinten's buits ; cokert but nit snoot-
 bandet.* Mey sartey ! sec a laugh I gat, to see a
 bit ov a tarrier meakin watter on yen o' their legs !
 They're seerly mangrels, hawf-monkey breed ;
 shept for aw t' warl leyke wasps, smaw i' t' middle.
 To see them paut-pautin aboot puts me t' meynd
 ov oor aul gander ; an if they meet a canny lass,
 they darnt turn aboot to luik at her ! Theer's varra
 bonny seynes in aw nuiks o' Carel ; but a Dandy
 wad be far mair comical ; efter aw the rattle !

Hut ! shaff o' sec odd trinkun-trankums !
 Thur hawf-witted varmen bang aw ;
 They'd freeten aul Nick, sud they meet him—
 A dandy's just fit fer a show !

Aa ! Shows, they'd aw maks nar the Court
 Hoose,
 Far mair ner a body can neame ;
 Whorns, hoy-boys, barl-worgens an trumpets,
 Sawt-boxes an thivels—O, sheame !

They'd heaps ov monstrous bonny pictures !
 What, theer was a giant lang as an esh-tree ; an
 twee dwarfs et cuddent reach his breck tnee ! Then
 thar Boxers frae Lunnon, sad chaps ! feghtin wi'
 girt gluives on ; the seet o' them meade ine aw
 trimmel ; I tuik a keek at a wheyte blakky-muir ;
 loavins ! thinks I to meysel, the chap's nobbet
 pentet. Then I seed Punch an Toby singin
 " Twang-a-rang ! twang-a-rang ! " an " Teydey-
 thedy, big-bow wow ! " " Valk in ! ladies and
 shentlemens ! " says yen, " Dere you'll see all de
 vonders of de world ! Vild beastesses from all de
 quarters ! de laughin lion ! de actin elephant !
 de kangarew dat tells all purty girls der fortunes ;

* Snout-ban otherwise neb-plate. The iron plate of the toe
 of a clog.—Page 144—"Cumeatch kickt roun in his snout-ban
 clogs."

an de nameless animal widoot eider body, head,
neck, legs, or tail ! ” Odsbobs ! thinks I to
meysel, what the deuce, this weyld world’s nobbet
a show ; efter aw the rattle !

What, jugglers er noo aw queyte common,
Yen hears o’ them day efter day :
We’ve show-fwok in iv’ry bit Village—
Ay ! laugh at them, faith weel we may !

I neest tuik a glowr’ ’mang the boutchers,
An gleymt at their lumps o’ fat meat ;
They’ve aw maks the gully can dive at—
It meks peer fwok hungry to see’t.

“ What d’ye buy ? what d’ye buy ? ” — “ Weya,
boucher, wult ’ta be oot at oor en o’ t’ coontry,
suin ? we’ve a famish fat bull, nobbet eleebem
year aul ; twee braid-backt tips, an a bonny sew ! ”
— “ Hnt min ! nea bulls, tips er sweyne fer me,
fuil ! ” — “ Hes te gotten onic cawwes heeds to sell,
boutcher,” says anudder ! — “ Wa, nay, nay, Tom-
my ! but thoo hes yen atop o’ thy awn shooders !
Come, what d’ye buy ? what d’ye buy ? here’s
pork fer a prince ! mutton fer a markiss ; veal fer a
vycoont ! lam fer a lword ! an beef fer a barnet !
Let tyrants tek treype ; here’s fat an lean, fit
fer a queen ! aw sworts fer aw maks ; hee an low
nowt et aw : it’s nobbet seebempence-hawpenny
a pun ; efter aw the rattle ! ”

Wheyle peer fwok wer starin aboot them,
Up hobbles an aul chap, an begs—
O wad oor girt heeds o’ the nation,
Just set the peer fwok on their legs !

An odd seet I saw, ’twas naig-market,
Whoar aw wer as busy as bees ;
Sec lurryan, an trottin, an scamprin—
Lord help them ; they’re meade up o’ lees !

“ Try a canter, Deavie.” — “ Whoar gat te t’
powny, Tim ? ” — “ Wey at Stegshe.” — “ That’s a
bluid meer,” says aul Breakshe, “ She was git-
ten by Shrimp, an oot of Madam Wagtail ; what,
she wan t’ King’s plate at Dongkister, tudder
year.” — “ Wan the deevil ! ” says yen tul him

"thoo means t' breydle at Kingmuir, min!"—
 "Here's a naig sur! nobbet just nwotish his een!
 What he can see thro' a nine inch waw! Fuils
 tell o' fortifications; what he hes a breest leyke
 a fiftification! Dud ye iver see yen cock sec a
 tail widoot a peppercorn?"—"What dus te ax
 for him, canny man?"—"Wey he's weel worth
 twonty pun; but I'll teake ae hawf."—"Twonty
 deevils! I'll gie the' twonty shillin, min; efter
 aw the rattle!"

What, aw trades er bad as horse-cowpers;
 They mek the best bargain they can;
 Fwok say it's the seame in aw countries—
 Man leykes to draw kelter frae man!

Neest daunderin doon to the Coo Fair,
 A famish rough rumpess I saw;
 For Rickergeate lwoses her charter,
 Sud theer be nae feghtin at aw.

Aa! what a hay-bay! it 'twas just leyke the
 battle ov Watterlew. Men an women, young
 an aul, ran fiev aw quarters. Theer was sec
 shootin, thrustin, pushin, an squeezin; they
 knockt down staws; an brak shop windows
 aw to flinders! Thur leed-heedet whups dui
 oft muckle mischief, tui! a peer sairy beggar
 gat a bluidy nwose an broken teeth, i' the fray!
 Hill-top Tom, an Low-gill Dick, the twee feght-
 in rapsallions, wer lug't off to my lword May-
 or's offish by twea bealies, an thrussen into the
 black whol. I whop they'll lig theer, for it's
 weel nea leyves wer lost; efter aw the rattle!

Shem o' them! thur peer country hanniels
 That sink into Carel to feght;
 Deil bin them! when free frae hard labour,
 True plishure sud be their deleyte.

Theer was geapin an starin, 'mang aw inaks—
 "Aa! gies the' fist, Elluk!—hoo's thoo!"
 Wey, nobbet greypt, tharsty an queerish,
 "We'll tek a sup gud mountain dew."

"Ay, ay, Ellik ! that's a famish fleem cutter ! Sees te, theer's t' puir-luikin chap et meks aw t' bits o' Cumme'land Ballets !—" The deevil it is ! Fie, Jobby ! lets off, fer fear he scribbles aboot us !"—" Here's yer whillymer cheese ; lank an lean, but cheep an clean ! " says yen. " Buy a pair o' elegant shun, yoong gentleman ! " cries a dandy snob. " they wer meade fer Justice Grunt ; weages er hee, an ledder's dear ; but they're nobbet twelve shillin." Then a fat chap stuid up wid his hammer an selt beds, clocks, kits, drores, cubberts, teables, chairs, stuils, pots an pans fer nowt at aw ! What, I seed mey fadder talkin to t' lawyer, an I gowl'd tul my een wer sair ; but nae mischief was duin ; efter aw the rattle !

Then peer bits o' hawf brokken farmers
In leggins kept struttin aboot ;
Wer teymes gud they'd aw become dandies—
We'il ne'er leeve to see that, I doobt !

Sec screapin, an squeekin 'mang t' fiddlers ;
I crap up the stairs, to be seer ;
But suin trottet doon by the waiter ;
For de'il a bit cap'rin was theer !

Nea, nea ! Lads and lasses er far owre prood to dance noo-a-days ! I stowtert ahint yen des'd oot just leyke a gingerbreed queen, an when I gat a gliff at her, whee sud it be but Jenny Murthet, mey canny bonny sweetheart ! I tried to give her a buss, but cuddent touch her muzzle, fer she wore yen o' thar meal-scowp bonnets ; furst worn by women to heyde their flaysome feaces ! Jenny was a manty-mekker, but hoo some rise i' the warl ! she's noo a driss-meaker ; an ax'd me to buy her a parry-swol ; sae we off till a dandy-shop an I gat her yen. forby a ridiculous ; an a lamberella fer mysel. She'll hev a moontain o' money ; an mey stars, she's a walloper ! just leyke a hoose en ! As fer me, Shaff ! I's nobbet a peer lillyprushen ; but she'll be meyne ; efter aw the rattle !

We linkt, an we laught, an we chattert ;
 Few lasses leyke Jenny, ye'll see ;
 O hed we but geane off to Gratena,
 Nin wad been mair happy than we !

We went thro' the big kurk* an cassel ;
 An neest tuik a rammel thro' t' streets ;
 What Carel's the pleace fer feyne hooses,
 But monie a peer body yen meets !

Ay ! yen in tatters, wi' ae e'e, bawlt oot .
 ' Here's the last speech, confession, an deen
 words ov Martha Mumps ; she was hangt fer
 committin a reape on—" Hut shaff ! I forgit his
 neame ! Anudder tatterdemallion says, " Come
 buy a full chinse Indy muslin ; nobbet sixpence
 hawpenny a yerd ! " I gat yen fer Jenny ; but
 mey stars, it was rotten as muck !—Then ther
 was daft bits o' cheats, wi' powneys an cuddies,
 rwoarin up the lanes, " Bleng-ki-ship cwoals !
 Tawkin-fell cwoals ! " others bawlin, " Peats !
 Peats ! black an lang, guid an strang ! cheap as
 enny, tharty fer a penny ! " an aul chaps cawin
 " Wat-ter ! wat-ter ! " ay, ay ! it mun be that
 meks t' yell sae smaw ! They sel puzzen fer
 whusky noo ; what it hes sec a grip o' the gob,
 it's leyke to set fire to the throoat, an varra
 nar meks fwok shek their heeds off ! They han-
 nel brass an silver, but yen sees leyle gowd i'
 Carel.—Sec cheatin, stealin, leein, whcedlin,
 struttin, squeezin, starin, vexin, rwoarin, sweer-
 in, drinkin an feghtin, meks Fairs nowt-et-dowe ,
 efter aw the rattle !

Thro' leyfe we hev aw maks amang us ;
 Sad changes ilk body mun share :
 To-day we're just puzzen'd wi' plishure ;
 To-morrow bent double wi' care !

* Big Kurk--Carlisle Cathedral.

THE STRANGER.

TUNE—" *Johnny's Grey Brecks.*"

The wintry win blew lood an caul,
 Neet owre the earth her curtain threw ;
 'Twas then a stranger cross'd the muir,
 And tow'rts a clay built cottage drew :
 He saw a helpless worn-oot pair,
 The blazin fire sit bendin nar ;
 He thro' the brokken window star'd,
 And hard what gev his meynd a scar.

" O, deame ! I'll ne'er forgit the day,
 When furst thoo wore that neyce stamp't goon ;
 Now twonty years hae flown away,
 An sworry changes Time brings roon !
 We then cud bwoast a weel stock'd farm,
 An neebors then fan prood to caw ;
 Now leyke owre monie, aul an puir,
 We're thrown aseyde by yen an aw !

" Thro' summer, winter, hard we toil'd,
 Nor struive a neebor e'er to wrang ;
 An when puir beggars cross'd the faul,
 Unsarrad, Jwohn ne'er let them gang ;
 That lad we reart as aw fwok sud,
 We gev him larnin, cled him weel ;
 But noo he wanders—God kens whoar !
 Lets whop, leyke us, he ne'er may feel !

" When won by sowdgers i' the toon,
 'Twas war than deeth to thee an me ;
 Wheyle tears bespak his meynd oppress'd,
 He flang his boonty on thy tree ;
 They shipt him owre to Indy suin—
 O, cud we hear ov Jwohnnny's neame !
 For thee thoo's cheerfu, God be prais'd,
 In whops he'll come a nabob heame.

" His sweetheart caws day efter day ;
 A better lass, he ne'er seed yen ;
 She talks aboot him, then she freets,
 Alas ! she's worn to skin an beane !
 Oor squire wi' aw his wealth an preyde
 The luive o' Jenny ne'er can buy ;
 O, wer she nobbet Jwohnnny's breyde
 Hoo happy 'twad meake thee an I !

"We've hed fower bairns an burried three,
 The fowerth may noo rest in his greave—
 Let's freet nae mair—God's will be duin !
 Nowt frae grim Deeth mankeynd can seave !
 Like thee wert t'lasses : Jwohnnny seem'd
 His fadder's picture, neebors sed ;
 That picture we may leeve to see—
 Dear weyfe ! mair tears let nowther shed !

'Just nwotish Spot, his fav'rite dog,
 He wags his tail, as if to say,
 Tho' we're aw puir, mey maister's near ;
 Let's aw be merry ! weel we may !"
 "Yes ! merry be !" the stranger cried,
 The duir flew open, in he ran ;
 He seizt his mudder, weept for joy,
 His fadder, tremlin, catch'd his han.

"O, parents ! change from woe to joy !
 Tho' forc'd in foreign climes to roam,
 I've serv'd my coountry oft with sighs,
 But health and wealth have noo brought home.
 The farm you held shall suin be yours ;
 And Jane my partner suin shall be ;
 We'll serve the poor, who call each 'oor—
 Deeth shall but part her, you, and me !"

PEGGY PEN.

TUNE—"Miss Forbes' Farewell."

The mair shone breet the tudder neet ;
 The kye were milkt, aw wark was duin ;
 I shav'd mysel, an cwomt my hair,
 Threw off my clogs, pat on greas'd shoon ;
 The clock strack eight as oot I stule ;
 The rwoad I tuik reet weel I ken ;
 I crosst the watter, clam the hill
 In whops to meet wi' Peggy Pen.

When i' the wood I hard some talk ;
 They cutter'd on, but varra low ;
 I hid mysel ahint the yek,
 An Peggy wid a chap suin saw :
 He smackt her lips, she cried, " Give owre !
 We lasses aw er pleagued wi' men ! "
 I tremlin stuid but dursent speak,
 Tho' dearly I luiv'd Peggy Pen !

He cawt her Marget, someteymes Miss ;
 He spak queyte feyne, an kisst her han ;
 He bragt ov aw his fadder hed—
 I seeght : for we've nae hoose or lan :
 Said he, " My dear, I've watch'd you oft,
 And seen you link through wood and glen,
 With one George Moor, a rustic poor,
 Not fit to wait on sweet Miss Pen ! "

She drew her han, an turn'd her roon,
 " Let's hae nae mair sec talk," says she ;
 " Tho' Gwordie Muir be nobbet puir,
 He's dearer nor a prince to me !
 Mey fadder scauls, mworn, nuin, an neet ;
 Mey mudder fratches sair—what then ?
 Aw this warl's gear cud niver buy
 Frae Gworge the luive o' Peggy Pen ! "

" O, Miss ! " says he, " Forget such fools ;
 Nor heed the awkward stupid clown ;
 If such a *creatcher* spoke to me,
 I'd quickly knock the booby down ! "
 " Come on ! " says I, " thy strength e'en try ;
 Ay heed owre heels sec chaps I'd sen ;
 Lug off thy cwoat I'll fecht aw neet,
 Wi' three, leyke thee, fer Peggy Pen ! "

Away he flew ; mey airms I threw
 About her weast, an heame we went ;
 I axt her if she durst be meyne ;
 She squeez'd my han an gev consent :
 We talkt an jwokt, as lovers sud ;
 We parted at their awn barn en ;
 An ere anudder month be owre
 She'll change to Muir, frae Peggy Pen !

CURSMESS EVE.

TUNE—" *The young May Moon.*"

" What, Jwosep ! hoo go ? "—" Wey, bluitert, an
baizt,

We've hed a meast tarrible rig, ye tnow ;
I's thin as a lat, greypt, tharsty, an seeck,

Fer ye, ye're as fat as a pig, ye tnow :
I thowt to mysel this mworn as I ruse,

It's a monstrous warl this we're in, ye tnow ;
For nine out o' ten, beath women an men,

Er peer silly taistrels, we fin, ye tnow !

" Last neet efter dark'nin, 'twas Cursmess
Eve,

I walkt up towert Naig's Heed, ye tnow ;
Theer whee sud I see, but Sweyne Sam an Ruff
Rob,

Treype Tom, Smiddy Dick, an Deef Reid, ve
tnow :

Ther was Limpin Lanty, an Bottlenwos't Jack,
Mug Matthew, an Kursty Cumcatch, ye tnow ;
Aul Wry-gobb'd Squire, an Turn-cwoat Jemmy—
Thowt I, we mun suin hev a fratch, ye tnow.

" What, they'd laik at lanter : the cairds wer
brong in ;

They grew up, drank, crackt, an jwok't, ye
tnow ;

It's best to sit whiet, thinks I to meysel,

Sae I crap nar the chimley, an smuikt, ye
tnow."

" Come ! down wi' yer lanterns ! Ruff Robm wan
last "

" Whee deals ? "—" Prod, shuffle an cut, ye
tnow "

" Tnock roon, I've nowt "—" Here's a dence an
twee trays ! "—

" Wey, that's nobbut a han fer putt, ye tnow ! "

"Mug Matthew just yen an three-hopence lost,
 For Turn-cwoat was aye a big cheat, ye tnow ;
 What, he hid king an queen anonder his tnee—
 Sec gamlin can niver be reet, ye tnow !
 "Buck up ! What's trumps ?"—"That's meyne !"
 —"Nay meyne !"
 Cries Turn-cwoat, "Ye beath tell a lee ye tnow !"
 They seed him lug out the king an the queen—
 Mug Matthew suin bleakent his e'e, ye tnow.

"Sec cleekin at brass !—What, the teable they
 splat,—
 An kickt up a row in a crack, ye tnow ;
 Swayne Sam tnoekt oot puir Treype Tom's teeth,
 Ruff Rob felt Bottlenwos't Jack, ye tnow ;
 Deef Reid an Lanty, leyke twea bull dogs,
 They splattert aboot here an theer, ye tnow ;
 Cumcatch kickt roon in his snoot ban clogs,*
 'Till Smiddy laid him on the fluir, ye tnow !

"Noo weyves an dowters com bouncin in ;
 Bet Bottlenwose brong in a crutch, ye tnow ;
 She aint at Ruff Rob, but the lanleady hat—
 Puir Meable was learnt varra much, ye tnow ;
 The lanlword saw't, an he cleekt up t' por,
 His silly aul deame to seave. ye tnow ;
 An swore, if onie yen clincht a fist,
 "Od-rot him ! he's lig in his greave, ye tnow !"

"Aul Wry-gobb'd Seymie neest meade a lang
 speech,
 Bade them drop aw their fratchin an speyte, ye
 tnow ;
 "What, neebors !" says he, "ye'd far better
 'gree,
 Nor fer lawyers an doctors thus feght, ye tnow !
 It's best to sit whiet, an laugh at ilk riot ;
 Let's whop better teymes 'il suin come, ye tnow !"
 The hay-bay noo ceast, what, he spak leyke a
 priest,
 An cawt fer a bottle ov rum, ye tnow.

* Snoot ban, see page 135.

" They swattet them doon, tuik't weyves on the
tnee—

Treype Tom gev a Cummerlan sang, ye tnow ;
They crackt an jwokt they chowt an smuikt,
An some thowt 'twas teyme fer to gang, ye
tnow :

The clock strack yen or ae hawf wer geane,
What, udders the hoose waddent leave ye tnow :
They drank, they rwoart, they sleept, they snwoart—
Sae muckle fer Cursmess Eve, ye tnow ! "

JACK SPANG.

TUNE—" *Fie, let us a' to the Bridal.*"

Stop. Etty !—Thoo's nit gan nae farder
Till we've a bit crack fer a weyle ;
It's owre suin i' t' inwornin fer milkin,
Sae swat the' ways doon on the steyle :
The summer-floors bonny er bloomin ;
The burds sing a cheerfu' sweet sang ;
An I cud sing yen. tui, foriver,
About whee ? —Wey canny Jack Spang !

His teeth er as weyte as peerl buttons ;
Nae rwose wid his cheek can compare ;
His een er as black as a reaven—
Nae wonder the lasses aw stare ;
At plewin, at mowin, at shearin,
He caps aw ; he's lusty an strang ;
At runnin, at russlin, at lowpin,
They're nobbut leyke bairns to Jack Spang !

At readin, at wreytin, at coontin,
He's just fit to oppem a schuil ;
Aa, lass ! I ne'er answer his letters
For fear he sud think me a fual :

His fadder hed yence heaps ov money,
 But bon'ship throws monie fwok wrang ;
 Ne'er ak ! mey aul fadder hes plenty,
 An hawf on't he'll gie to Jack Spang.

When duin wid his darrik in winter,
 He weades thro' the snaw owre the muir ;
 I aye ken his fit an his whussle,
 Lang, lang or he gits to oor duir :
 He jwokes, an oor aul fwok er merry ;
 He lilts monie a Cunmerlan sang ;
 In clogs he can dance leyke a maister,
 A whornpeype we've hed frae Jack Spang.

Theer's Luke the lang laird o' Drumleenin,
 Aye brags ov his sel an his gear !
 But ne'er sal he caw me his Nanny,
 Nay, nit fer five hundert a year !
 Wi' yen widoot twee groats an tuppens,
 To kurk I this mwornin wad gang ;
 What, money to mis'ry leads monie ;
 Mey fav'rite thoo kens is Jack Spang.

Oor Ellik caws Jack a rapscallion,
 We meynd they'd a bit ov a fecht ;
 But fadder an mudder scaul Ellik,
 An bid him drop aw sec puir speyte ;
 Come owre an teake tea agean Sunday,
 Neest mworn to the fair we'll aw gang ;
 Thoo's seer ov a treat frev oor Ellik,
 As I's ov a kiss frae Jack Spang.

Thur luivers owre oft pruiwe pretenders,
 An that decent lasses aye feynd ;
 In Ellik thoo's got a true sweetheart,
 An tudder's the lad to mey meynd.
 O, wer we but weddet ! if beggars,
 I'd daut on him aw the day lang—
 Odsbreed, lass ! be off to thy milkin !
 Just luik—whee comes laughin ?—Jack Spang !

CALEP AN WATTY.

TUNE—" *Aul lang seyne.* "

CALEP.

" What, Watty ? It's lang sin we met ;
 Come swat doon i' the nuik ;
 An gies thy cracks aboot this warl—
 Furst fou that peype an smuik.
 When thee an me were bwoys at schuil,
 E'en winter days seemt lang ;
 An scwores o' teymes I gat the taws ;
 For thee, thoo ne'er did wrang ! "

WATTY.

" When thy weyfe Debby furst we saw,
 The storm in meade us steal ;
 She sineylt an spnn, but when thoo spak,
 She scarce cud turn the wheel :
 Thoo mov'd thy hat an smackt her lips—
 Aa ! fain was I to see't,
 An monie a glass an jwoke we hed,
 Afwore we bade guid-neet. "

CALEP.

" O, Watty ! when she left this warl,
 It cost me monie a tear ;
 What, she wad sarra neebors roon,
 An aye to aw was dear !
 I see her greave day efter day,
 An turn me roon an cry ;
 An whop in Heebem suin we'll meet,
 For aul thoo kens am I. "

WATTY.

" What Calep ! thoo sud reyde to Shawk,
 An Isaac Crosset see ;
 A heed-steane git fer yen sae guid,
 A lesson it may be :
 A churreb hev, wi' weyde-spread wings
 Just pleac'd o' top o' t' steane,
 A bonnier lass, a better weyfe
 The sun ne'er sheyn'd on neane ! "

CALEP.

“ Ay, Watty ! I’ll t’ rwoan filly moont,
 An off to Shawk to-mworn ;
 I’ll pay him weel—A steane thoo’s git
 For hur that pruiiv’d thy sworn—
 Here, teake a glass ov stiff strang punch,
 Wi’ me be merry still ;
 Caw when thoo may, day efter day,
 To sarra thee’s mey will ! ”

WATTY.

“ O, Calep ! luive an gear thoo won,
 Wi’ mey weyfe neane I gat,
 But tuik a brumsten gien to drink,
 An offen I’ve rued that ;
 When young, when aul, we plishure seek,
 An whop fer joys thro’ leyfe ;
 But efter aw, man’s greatest curse,
 Is aye an ill-gien weyfe ! ”

CALEP.

“ Aul cronie ! I hev monie farms,
 An yen thoo’s welcome tui ;
 Theer’s fifty yacre o’ guid lan,
 An mair ner that I’ll dui ;
 I’ll hire the’ sarvents, naigs I’ll buy,
 An coos, an sheep, an sweyne ;
 For ne’er till deeth can I forgit
 The days ov aul lang-seyne ! ”

WATTY.

“ Nay, Calep ! keyndness gangs owre far,
 But here’s mey han to thee !
 I canna manish farms or owt—
 I’s mair ner eighty twee !
 I hear the Beyble read queyte fain,
 But niver see the muin ;
 I’s tuithless, puir, hawf-blin an leame ;
 Ne’er ak ! God’s will be duin ! ”

CALEP.

“ Here, Watty ! teake a purse queyte fou ;
 Thy leyfe it lang may seave ;
 Thoo ne’er sal want, sud I nit leeve
 To see thee in the greave !
 Thoo’s aul, hawf-blin, an double bent,
 Be wise an dunnet freet ;
 Let’s whop that in a better warl,
 Sec twee aul freens may meet ! ”

WATTY.

“ Thenks, Calep !—Sec a hivvy purse !
 What I mun hobble heame ;
 For thee I’ll pray beath neet an day,
 Ner e’er forgit thy neame !
 God bliss aw fwok, be thee they will,
 Sac fain to help the puir !
 Leyfe’s comforts aw mey they enjoy
 ‘Til Deeth taps at the duir ! ”

THE FLOW’R O’ THE VILLAGE.

TUNE—“ *Hallow Fair.* ”

The Flow’r o’ the Village is Mary ;
 A rrose-bud surroounded by thworns ;
 She nowther kens preyde or ambition ;
 Aw gandy donnt creatures she scworns :
 She’s sweet as the breeze o’ the mwornin,
 An blithe as the lam on the lea ;
 She causes nae care but gies plishure—
 A better nae mortal can see.

The miser may worship his money,
 An swap his contentment for wealth ;
 Be poverty welcom’d for iver,
 If blest but wi’ Mary an health !
 Tho’ j uir is my heart’s dearest treasure,
 Her form hovers roon me aw day ;
 An lang is the neet, for nae slumbers
 Can chase the sweet flow’ret away !

On Pett'ril's green banks oft we wander,
 Whoar nature blooms sweetly to view ;
 A neebor we ne'er wish to slander,
 Aye prood to gie aw fwok their due :
 Let aul an young wish fer true plishure,
 But mortals ne'er try to deceive ;
 Whea seeks to betray man or woman,
 Mun sorrow endure ere life's eve !

When wintry wins howl owre the valleys,
 We meet, the dull hours to begueyle ;
 I sing a luive sang to my dearie,
 An Mary thanks me with a smeyle ;
 But ere the weyld winter's returnin,
 A ring on her finger sal be ;
 Leyfe free frae veyce, discord, or sorrow,
 A summer sal pruive to the twee !

KIT CAPSTICK.

TUNE—" *Jack o' Latten.*"

Aa, Greace ! I's sworry thy leame leg
 Kept thee frae last neet's party ;
 Just seebem cawt on me, wi' wark,
 Weel donn'd, young, neyce, an hearty ;
 Kit Capstick suin com bouncin in—
 What, thoo'd hev Sam aseyde the' ;
 Tek mey adveyce, wed in a treyce,
 Then guid luck will beteyde the' ;

Noo heaps o' treagle chaps brong in,*
 An taffey suin they meade us ;
 Wi' speyce an juice 'twas mixt reet weel,
 An ilk yen's share they laid us ;
 Kit Capstick carv't a famish feace,
 Nin e'er sced ow't sae cliver ;
 He stule a kiss, then gev't to me—
 Aa, lass ! I'll keep't fer iver !

* The description is of what in the last century used to be called in Cumberland "a taffy join."

We'd sangs an guesses monie a yen,
 What, nin can e'er forget them ;
 The kiss o' luive they wad gie roon,
 Nowt cud we dui but let them ;
 Kit mockt the sweyne, an cats, an dogs,
 Till Cwoley ran to beyte him ;
 He cleek'd the thyvel, strack owre hard
 An leam'd him sair—Od-weyte him ;

Kit telt oor fortunes, ncest, wi' cairds,
 Nae chap was e'er seen leyke him ;
 He sed bad luck wad niek him meyne,
 The lasses bade me streyke him ;
 He meade some laugh, some heyde the feace,
 An monie fain to hear on't ;
 He luikt queyte serous : aw we hard
 Will suir be true, nae fear on't !

At blin-man's buff aw scamper'd roon,
 Tom's feace wi' bluid gat pentet ;
 Phir Mally fell an crush'd hersel,
 Then in Dick's airms she fentet :
 I catcht Kit Capstick roon the weast,
 An set them aw a flyrin :
 Jack twore his sweetheart Dolly's goon,
 He'd been sae oft admirin.

Kit Capstick noo his feyfe lugg'd oot ;
 Aw Englan cannot match him !
 He play'd an dance't a jig wi' me—
 I'd gie the warl to catch him !
 Ben caper'd ncest in stockin feet,
 An Jenny's bonnet pat on ;
 But Kit suin meade aw fit to brust,
 My pattens when he gat on.

I brong a bowster in at last,
 An monie laugh'd an cheated ,
 The drop went roon ; on sweethearts' tnees.
 The lasses snug wer seated,
 The cock suin craw't ; away they flew,
 Aw linkt wid yen anudder .
 Fuils brag o' murry-neets—sae stuff !
 They're nowt but preyde an bodder !

OUR LANLWORD AN LANLEADY.

TUNE—" *The Campbells are coming.*"

Our Lanlword worth thoosans, hes lower'd ilk
 rent ;
 God bless aw that try to meake others content !
 In vain farmers toil, noo the grain gits sae low—
 War teymes honest farmers or lab'ers ne'er saw !
 What, monie yence happy are whopeless an puir,
 Widoot owther furniture, stock, crop, or gear ;
 Wheyle deames an the bairns the sad changes
 bewail,
 The weal-meanin plewman's oft flung into jail.

Oor lanlword's a pattern queyte free frev aw preyde,
 He'll crack wid his tenants an walk seyde by seyde ;
 He sits in oor kitchens—still merry is he ;
 An dantels the bairns monie an 'oor on his tnee ;
 Then yen reads a lesson to others at wurk ;
 He'll ax what the priest sed last Sunday at kurk :
 Widoot liv'ry sarvents, aroon aw he'll gang,
 But sair it aye grieves him if tenants dui wrang.

Oor lanlword oft joins in a plain humble meal,
 An wheyles, efter preezin, he'll teaste a swop yell,
 The paper he reads, an oft seeghs when he says,
 His niem'ry but meynds him ov far better days !
 If a weddin teks please, nar the breyde he'll aye
 sit,
 An leykes fwok when merry, but hates wicked
 wit ;
 Then if onie lad a young lass sud deceive,
 He lectures him freely an oft meks him grieve !

Oor lanlword aw day ne'er yence clwoses his duir,
 But if they be honest he helps weel the puir ;
 To ax efter seeek fwok he reydes roon an roon,
 An sens fer the docter awt way frae the toon ;
 His leady fins cleedin, buiks, physic, forby
 She teakes to the labourin puir that are nigh ;
 Then bids them be merry, an keep the hoose clean—
 Thro' aw the heale coonty her marra's scarce
 seen !

Oor lanleady gev puir aul Isbel a coo,
An gurse, hay in plenty she gits the year thro' ;
When Laidley gat leam'd she e'en tuik him a
nwote,
Hoo monie far richer, wad nit give a grwoat !
Then Primmers an Spellin-buiks, day efter day,
She gies to lal scholars that trowin ne'er play ;
If onie amang them e'er feght, sweer, or lee,
Sec varmen in that schuil nae langer mun be.

At Cursmess, they beath aw their tenant inveyte
To spen the neet wi' them, an share ilk deleyte ;
The parson, his weyfe, an twee dowters attend,
They're guid an hev pruv'd monie a puir body's
friend ;
We eat an we drink, till the clock it streykes fower,
An that's seerly teyme fer aw spwort to give owre ;
We've sweetheartin, dancin, an singin, leyke owt ;
Sec famish divarsion can seldom be bowt !

Ye lwords, knights, an squires, that can leeve at
yer ease ;
Remember yer duty, guid tenants to please ;
To comfort the puir an the worthy to seave,
Will mek men wi' happiness bow to the greave,
To copy oor lanlword, an lanleady, tui,
May gain ye true plishure that preyde canna dui !
He's wisest that gives what he aye can affword—
To give to the puir, is to len to the lword !

JWHONNY AN JENNY.

TUNE—" *Haud awa' frae me, Donald.* "

JWHONNY.

" What ! Nichol says, Dick Mossdrop noo,
 Can lead the' whoar he will, Jenny,
 Ye women fwok er leyke the win,
 Aye changin, changin still, Jenny !
 Whate'er Nick says we mun believe,
 He ne'er yence tells a lee, Jenny ;
 Sin me thy sweetheart, thoo'll deceive,
 Nae mair I'll follow thee, Jenny ! "

JENNY.

" Thoo's young an hiltly, fit fer wark,
 An nowt thro' leyfe need fear, Jwhonny ;
 I wish thou suin may teake a weyfe,
 That iver will be dear, Jwhonny !
 If yen I luive, nae harm I dui ;
 That yen I's fain to see, Jwhonny :
 I'll think o' teymes we twec hae spent,
 An daily pray fer thee, Jwhonny ! "

JWHONNY.

" Last week a paintet valenteyne,
 For thee in town I bowt, Jenny ;
 But, when I hard I'd lost thy luive
 I seeght an sobb't, leyke owt, Jenny !
 The win an weat, the snaw an sleet,
 Cud niver yence stop me, Jenny
 Thro' mud an mire, owre bog an brier,
 I've flown at neets to thee, Jenny ! "

JENNY.

" The last teyme I aul Nichol met,
 He stonisht me, nae fear, Jwhonny :
 Sed wood-leggt Debby was thy choice,
 Cause she hes heaps o' gear, Jwhonny :
 He sed thoo met her in the faul,
 An gev her kisses three, Jwhonny ;
 To kiss an crack wi' young or aul,
 If guid nae harm can de, Jwhonny ! "

JWHONNY.

“ The last teyme Nichol swol’d mey shoon ;
 He telt what caus’d surprise, Jenny ;
 Dick Mossdrop at the Fair, for thee,
 By feghtin gat black eyes, Jenny ;
 I ne’er hard wood-leggt Debby’s voice ;
 Her gear cud nit win me, Jenny ;
 If black-ee’d Dick mun pruiue thy choice,
 Mey greave suin may thoo see, Jenny ! ”

JENNY.

“ What we hev hard, wer telt as jwokes ;
 Why sud we meynd aul Nick, Jwhonny,
 The rwose hes left thy cheek queyte pale—
 I ne’er yence spak to Dick, Jwhonny !
 Sud women dui what guid they can,
 Thur wicked tuils ’ll lee, Jwhonny,
 Tho’ monie a man wad tek this han,
 I’ll gie’t to nin but thee, Jwohnnny ! ”

JWHONNY.

‘ O try dear lass ! this feyne gowd ring,
 I browt for thee frae toon, Jenny ;
 Tho’ furst he axt a guinea preyce,
 I gat it fer a crown, Jenny.
 Thoo sees the kurk on yonder hill,
 Theer weddet suin we’ll be, Jenny !
 Ther’s Nichols in aw pleaces still—
 I’ll luive the’ till I dee, Jenny ! ”

THE SAILOR.

TUNE—“ *Miss Forbes’ farewell to Banf.* ”

Oh ! Betty !—Hoo thoo’s chang’d of leate,
 Reet blithe thoo lunk’d the tudder day ;
 But noo, thoo seeghs an hings thy heed,
 An aw the colour’s flown away ;
 Mey only burn, keep up thy heart !
 That varra lunk gies pain to me ;
 Thoo’s ristless grown beath day an neet,
 An aw fer Jeminy, far at sea.

Last week, queyte murry leyke a lark,
 Thoo sang ; the weather then was clear ;
 Noo when the angry win blaws lood.
 Ae single word I seldom hear ;
 Think, think fer storms as well as cawms,
 Aw guid fwok sud reet thenkfu be :
 The howlin wins nae sailors flay,
 When on the deep far, far at sea.

Thy puir aul fadder, forty years
 Crosst monie a rollin moontain wave,
 Aye leetsome ; weel thoo meynds the teyme,
 A fever tuik him to the greave ;
 At partin ne'er shed he a tear,
 But bade us ever cheerfu be—
 I'd worn this day anuddler luik,
 If he'd been leevin far at sea !

Thy Jemmy's guid an murry still ;
 His mudder fifty years I've tnown,
 She's rich an hes nae mair nor him,
 An leykes thee as thoo' been her awn ;
 The win hes fawn ! just mark the sun,
 Hoo sweet he sheynes on hill an tree—
 O change that luik ! an whop guid news
 We'll hear ov Jemmy, far at sea !

The ship that nar oor ceilin hings,
 Thy een er fixt on day an neet ;
 'Twas meade by Jemmy when at schuil,
 An for his seake I's fain to see't.
 Thur bonny pictures roun our room
 He drew when young, an aw fer thee—
 I seed him i' mey dream last neet,
 An heard him sing fareweel to sea !

He pleac'd a rrose-bud i' thy breest ;
 Just luik hoo sweet it bluims an grows !
 He kiss'd thee threyce ; shuik hans wi' me !
 An thus he spack wi' manly vows ;
 " Oor voy'ge is shwort, nae mair I'll try,
 But monie a present brings to thee ;
 God bliss thee, Bess ! thoo'll suin be meyne ;
 I'll view thee still when far at sea ! "

Just thro' the window teake a keek ;
 Yen daily sees the shippin sail—
 Aa, lass ! I's fain to see thee smeyle ;
 What, Jemmy's comin, I'll be bail ;
 You lasses ne'er sud weep or wheyne,
 But whop an pray, an murry be—
 The Pow'r that claims oor thenks on lan,
 Can seave yer sweethearts, far at sea !

JEAN.

TUNE—" *Gin a body meet a body* "

Ye wardly bodies, screape up wealth
 An aye gean peer fwok rail ;
 Leyke them, yer bloomin rwose o' health
 Suin turns a lily pale ;
 Can riches gie content to ye ?
 O, that's owre seldom seen !
 Tho' my lot's humble poverty,
 I'm aye content wi' Jean !

Ye that on frienship oft depend,
 Nor dream o' man's base art ;
 Know, int'rest meks pretended friend
 Oft play deceiver's part :
 If Fortune's shy, they'll frae ye fly
 As keynd ye ne'er hed been :
 False friens an fortune I defy—
 Leyfe's comfort's aye my Jean !

Ye, that in flowin bowls deleyte,
 An swober chaps aye scworn ;
 Know he that drinks till fou at neet,
 Mun sorrow sup neest mworn ;
 Tek ye yer glass, gie me mey lass
 To crack an 'oor at e'en ;
 For sweet an fleet the minutes pass
 When teyme's begueyl'd by Jean !

I've lang toil'd hard to gedder gear,
 That oft disturb'd my meynd ;
 I've thowt him wheyles a frien sincere,
 That oft hes pruv'd unkeynd ;
 I've drank till fou, owre oft I trowe,
 An blush it sae hes been ;
 For happiness I only knew,
 When teyme was spent wi' Jean !

AW THE WARL'S A STAGE.

TUNE—" *Lang-seyne.*"

Hoo fen ye aw ?—Nay, what ye stare !
 Let's whop I've nit duin wrang ;
 Leyke monie mair just fling by care,
 An hear a leyle bit sang !

I's nee singer ; nobbet yen o' th' player-fwok ;
 yer feyne silk-donn'd leadies an puir bits o'
 lasses wi' worn-out duds, er just the seame.
 What ! oor girt parliment men owre offen pruve
 thersels impudent actors ; sae are lawyers in
 goons an poodert wigs ; then some parsons
 weer lang feaces, an prey leyke wolves in sheep's
 cleeden—Ay, ay ! in aw coontries !—Just so !

A sang can vex, a sang can charm ;
 Wheyle hard, nit understuid,
 Sangs just leyke plays, owre oft dui harm—
 What pity owther sud !

Dukes, beggars, tradesmen, gypsies, lwords,
 Ay aw maks fwok e'er saw,
 We act, wi' dress, wi' deeds, an words,
 In scenes of fun an woe !

Wey, leyfe's nobbet a play, ye ken ! Leyke us
 far owre monie, aul an young, er fworc't at aw
 teymes to act fer brass ; but wheyles they git
 nin ! What yen cannot treed the streets ov onie
 toon or village, widoot seein wad-be heroes,

gentry, madmen, cloons an slaves ; in tragedies, comedies, farces an pantemeynes. Hut, shaff ! I's warn ye, it's just the seame in aw coontries ! Just so !

We censure veyce, we virtue praise,
An lash the sons ov preyde—
Guid lessons fwok may larn frae plays.
Yet fuils the best dereyde.

Aul fwok an young, the rich an puir,
Ilk mortal plays a part ;
Some act, to screape up heaps o' gear,
An some to win a heart :

Aa ! kings an cobblers, fops an fuils, er famish actors in luive scenes ; then theer's duchesses, dulcineys, douce deames an deylt donnets ; the girt swort er monstrous cliver at masqueradins. an caper away at ball room waltzes—the lower mak gi' whornpeyps, jigs, an reels at murry-neets. Sec leyfe oft sarras to steal hearts fra yen anudder—Ay ! in aw coontries !—Just so !

Some, decent parts can play wi' ease,
Wheyle monie niver can ;
It's best'to act thro' leyfe to please—
That aye sal be mey plan !

Some fain wad act the wedding day,
An honey-muin, nae doot ;
Aw in the wrang, but thoosans play,
An Much-a-duit 'boot nowt ;

What iv'ry yen hes his faut ! ye've aw seen Hee leyfe below stairs—The warl in a village—The agreeable surprise—The schuil fer scandal—an The rwoad to ruin ? As fer Peer Gentlemen—Peer sowdgers—Mock doctors—Murry mourners—Busy bodies—Desarters—Leeers—Rivals—an Romps—thur are queyte common as durt, I's warn ye !—Ay ! in aw coontries !—Just so !

Nae matter, Aw the world's a stage,
Ther's strowlers in ilk toon—
Hooe'er thro' leyfe I may engage,
Your keyndness let me own !

SARVENT NED.

TUNE—"Hallow Fair."

The lassie wi' plenty ov siller
 May aye git a man, we aw see ;
 East, west, north an sooth 'll run till her,
 Tho' leame, cross an ugly she be ;
 They'll bliss her, caress her and priss her,
 An sweer her the bonniest she ;
 But yence fairly buckelt, he's wearied—
 Deil keep sec pretenders frae me !

Lang Hannah hed yence heaps ov money,
 Noo into the puir-loose, she's geane ;
 Tho' nowther weel-shept, wise or bonny,
 Yet sweethearts she gat monie a yen :
 Dick tuik her, oft struck her, forsuik her ;
 Away wi' her money ran he—
 Oh ! hed he been taen to the gallows !
 —Sec rif-rafs sal niver catch me !

I meynd weel oor awn sarvent, Jenny,
 When I was a leyle todlin bairn ;
 A better lass, few hev seen enny,
 An guidness she aye sowt to larn ;
 Rich Burthet ; Laird Murthet, of Curthet,
 They fit for her—shemfu to see !
 She tuik a puir lad ; they leeve happy,
 An guid adveyce daily gie me.

Tho' I's nit a puir coountry lassie,
 I keep a puir lad i' mey e'e ;
 Tho' decency suddent be saucy,
 To the Bishop a weyfe I'd nit be !
 Base wooers—pursuers—undoers,
 Frae sec I's resolv'd to keep free ;
 Wer ilk hair o' mey heed a gowd guinea,
 Oor puir sarvent Ned sud hae me !

JURRY'S CURSNIN.

TUNE—" *Up an war them a'.* "

" Luik Dinah, if the keake's eneuf,
 They'll suin come back frae kurk,
 Deil bin the' ! turn't, girt lazy guff !
 Thoo's far owre prood to work !
 Mek heaste, set cups an saucers oot ;
 I's sworry we've got nae trays ;
 Gar kettles beath boil, an wesh thysel,
 But furst come leace mey stays."

" It's just six month, ay this varra day,
 Sin I was brong to bed ;
 Lal Jurry mun hae the cow-pox suin—
 Thenk God, he's varra weel cled !
 What they're aw comin ! aa, doon the broo !
 Wi' t' ill-gien priest a-heed ;
 A neycer party i' the aul kurk,
 I's seer he niver yence seed !

" What Mistress Creake hes on silk goon,
 But nae sec cleedin hev I ;
 An Martha Miredrum's leady leyke—
 Oor Squire them claes mud buy ;
 The ear-rings, palles, umbrell, fwok say
 He bowt, an bade her to weer ;
 Ther's bairns in Lunnon, nit married bred,
 Som o' them er hurs I'd sweer !

" Come parson, teake the airmin-chair "—
 " Here, give thy Jurry a souk "—
 " Guidman, han ev'ry yen a glass—
 What meks mey darlin puke ? "
 " Here's health to all ; "—" Thenks thenks,
 guid sur ! "
 " Hoo's your neyce sonsy deame ? "
 " She's purty well ! "—" Pow'r oot the tea ;
 Meynd fwok, yer aw at heame ! "

" Reet weel carvt, them neyce siller spuin "—
 " Slap-bason han fere this way "—
 " The lasses gat kisses ahint kurk duir "—
 " Ther's nec harm i' that, fwok say ; "

- " Dick, git thy clogs an sarra the pigs ;
 Frien Gworge, ye eat nowt et dowe !
 " Frank Wood gat weddet last week at Bruff "
 " Wey, Frank's but gitten a frowe ! "
- " Paul Burthem they've laid up i' the jail "—
 " Ay !—he'll be hangt, I's warn ! "
- " Aa Meggy ! mess, thoos grown monstrous fat "
 " To carry twee twins she mun larn "—
 " Tell Tim his fortune in his cup "—
 " I wull, but lees I sworn ;
 Tim's efter Elsy, but nobbet aw luik,
 She'll git a far better to-mworn ! "
- " I teake nee cream "—" Hoo Jurry he gowlt
 When parson but wet his feace ;
 Peer bairn it laughs ! "—" Cap's far owre big "—
 " That's famish bonny neyce leace ! "
- " O, Mistress Creak ! some trouble teake ;
 Han roon the twoast an cheese !
 Put in mair tea !—fer guidness de !
 Leace't roon wi' rum, if ye please ! "
- " When Ephrem, *I* christened, three years old,
 Queyte vex'd he struck *me*, the priest ;
 Turn'd roond to fadder, " aa deddy ! " says he,
 " I ken it's thy awn turn neest ! "
- " Mess, Parson, that's a reet guid jwoke ;
 It's meade them aw laugh roon ;
 A better man ne'er in pulpot stuid ;
 Nay, dunnet turn tea-cup doon ! "
- " No more, no more ! I've drank twee cups "—
 " That's nowt, what I've tean fower ! "
- " Just luik, hoo Jurry his boilies sups ;
 At goddy he leykes to glowre ! "
- " Nay, parson, sit ! fie, Dinah, heaste ;
 The bowl an glasses bring in ;
 Theer's what fwok caw West-indy rum,
 An guid strang Irish gin ! "
- " Leyle Anthony hed a feght last neet,
 He whackt lang Roger Bell ;
 He hed a steane in ilka neef ;
 Oor Parson's mebbly hard tell "—
 " Yes, fools will fight : it's their delight ! "
 " Han parson owre a snuff "—
 " What, trade's queyte brisk i' Carel grown "—
 " Hut. shaff ! that's aw silly stuff ! "

"Come here's good health, long life to the king!"

"Aa parson! that's just queyte reet:"

"I wish you peace, and all good-night!"

"Guid neet!"—"Guid sur, guid-night!"

"He's off!"—"Humph! prood hard-hearted fuil,
He nowther can preach nur pray!

Whene'er the beggars gang nar his duir.

He'll scaul, an push them away!"

"Let's drink lal Jurry, lang mey he thrive,

When we're cowpt into t' greave;

Whee kens but he lword-bishop may be,

An peer fwok try to seave"—

"What's cumt o' Nichol?"—"He's better away,

At leein he caps the warl!"

"Aa, Archy! Suke an thee seem keynd'—

"Nay! she'il dui nowt but narl!"

"What's got Bill Adams, that hawf-blin guff?"

"O hed we the Carel ban!

A shillin a-piece I's suir, they'd git

An punch, wheyle onie cud stan!"

"Theer's Peter Proudfit plays the feyfe"—

"Wey, nay! I play nin noo;

Mey weyfe last week brak't owre mey heed

Cause I'd gitten far owre fou."

"We'll hev a bit sang"—"Thoo sant git a kiss!

Od wheyte te! I'll box thy lug!"

"Aboot wid a smack leyke a waggoner's crack,

Young chaps the lasses may hug"—

"Fou Mistress Tnowles a clean wheyte peype,

Ay, pig-tail bacco smuiks best;

Han owre the barra-cwot for mey bairn"—

"Aye we mun aw heame an to rest."

"Nay! nee mair punch! what I's blin drunk!"

"Spring up an I'll whussle a jig"—

"Weel dum! noo buss her; furst weype thy
gob"—

"Aul Abrem hes lost his wig!"

"The clock stans still"—"It's far owre leate!"

"The Muin's just risen, I see!"

They kisst an coldelt, pat on their clwoaks;

A coountry cursnin fer me!

TO JWOHNNY.

TUNE—" *Hey howe.*"

" Hey howe !—Jwohnnny lad,
 Ye're nit sae keynd', ye sud hae been !
 Oft did ye praise mey sense an worth,
 An caw me fit to be a queen ;
 But noo ye've stown this gueyless heart.
 An monie a tear faws frae mey ee.
 The ling'rin day I peyne an think,
 Ye're nit what ilka yen sud be !

You coort Daft Nan ov Howket Hill,
 But ne'er a thowt o' me ye ware ;
 She's ill-gien, petted, fou ov preyde—
 Ye thowt me leately guid an fair,
 But she hes gear an I hae neane ;
 E'en fuils may ken what gear can de ;
 Think, glowrin on her freetfu' feace,
 Ye're nit what ilka yen sud be !

Hoo monie a teyme by Cauda seyde.
 Queyte pleased ye sang aboot mey neame ;
 An monie a letter oft I've read
 Ye sent wi' praise when far frae heame ;
 An here's the diamont ring ye brong,
 An swore a breyde 'twad suin mek me ;
 I'll weer't when coffint—Think ! O, think
 Ye're nit what ilka yen sud be !

Mey fadder cries, " Keep up thy heart ! "
 Mey mudder wonders what I ail ;
 When robb'd o' that we lang hae priz'd
 The rwozy cheek may weel grow pale ;
 Fause luive hes mcade me tir'd o' leyre.
 The greave's a wish-d-for heame to me—
 O, think if e'er to kurk you gang,
 Ye're nit what ilka yen sud be !

LEYLE DEAVIE.

TUNE—" *Lock Erroch seyde* "

O, mudder hear a leyke bit sang,
 Frae yen ye're sworrie e'er dis wrang ;
 But oft yer airms aboot'him flang,
 Aye wishin weel for Deavie !

Leyke larks I rise, an welcome day,
 An in the garden work or play ;
 An sing aw treyflin cares away—
 Ther's few sae blithe as Deavie !

Hoo monie seem on mischief bent,
 An catch at aw, widoot content ;
 But when owre leate they may repent,
 An wish they'd duin leyke Deavie !

I seldom frae oor cottage stray,
 But feast an plenty, neet an day ;
 An oft I hear oor neebors say,
 " My blissin on thee, Deavie ! "

When breakfast's owre I trot to schuil,
 An ply the beyble on mey stuil ;
 Let's whop I ne'er may play the fud,
 Whate'er may happen, Deavie !

The trowin some oft leyke to play,
 An then git floggt wi' tasks to say ;
 Oor maister froons on some aw day
 But aye he's foud o' Deavie !

Then when let lowse, rect weel I know
 Their luive fer gamlin, see an low ;
 Cairds, pitch an toss, aw leyke to shew,
 Exceptin your leyke Deavie !

Oft at fit-baw they weylily play,
 At russlin some git leam'd they say—
 I'd raider ply mey buik aw day,
 " I will dui mair guid for Deavie !

O, mudder ! just ae wish I hev ;
 When you are tott'rin 'o the greave,
 'Then may the thowts o' what you gev.
 Aye warm the heart o' Deavie !

But far, far distant be that day !
 Lang may ye leeve, in health an gay !
 But sud misfortune cross yer way,
 Ne'er may ye blush fer Deavie !

ADVEYCE TO NANNY.

TUNE—"Crowdy."

Hut, Nanny ! sworn this selfish warl,
 For praise aw maks er laith to gie ;
 They mun be e'en a wicked reace,
 That e'er cud censure yen leyke thee !
 For thoo art cheerfu', guid an fair,
 Industrious as the hinny bee ;
 O Nanny ! sworn this selfish warl,
 True praise aw maks er laith to gie !

Few joys the wale o' peer fwok ken,
 Efter they quit the mudder's tnee ;
 We've gleams o' comfort noo an then,
 But want meks monie a wat'ry e'e ;
 Noo fortune smeyles, we've fawning friens ;
 She froons, they tire, away they flee ;
 Sae Nanny sworn this selfish warl,
 True praise aw maks er laith to gie !

Hed we been bworn in lux'ry's lap
 Mankeynd hed boo'd to thee an me—
 Whee dar caw poverty a creyme ?
 Let's aye dui reet an merry be ;
 An seek content in leyfe's low glen,
 Sin wealth an puirtith ne'er agree ;
 Then Nanny, sworn this selfish warl,
 True praise aw maks er laith to gie !

I've hard thee read the best o' buiks,
 That monie ne'er yence wish'd to see ;
 I've seen thee sarra aul an young—
 Wae to them aw that slander thee !
 Keep up thy heart, it adds to hilt ;
 It's wise to leeve in peace an glee—
 O Nanny ! scorn this selfish warl,
 True praise aw maks er laith to gie !

GILSDEN SPAW.

TUNE—" *I am a Young Fellow*"

Fuils brag o' their nonsense, an bits o' weyld wrey-
 tins ;
 Whativer may happem, I'll ne'er bwoast o'
 meyne ;
 I wheyles try a ballad to cheer fwok aroon me,
 But ne'er yence will whop amang Poets to sheyne :
 In toon, or in coontry, wid aw maks about us,
 I'll aye wish frae Nature a picture to draw ;
 Fairs, Clay-daubins, Murry-neets, Weddins an
 Reaces.
 I've gien to the warl ; noo I'll try Gilsden Spaw.

Thur rocks, woods, walks, wutters, hills, valleys
 er bonny ;
 They here draw some thoosans, what pleace
 can dui mair ?
 Lang, lang may, the Spring pruive a blissin to
 monie,
 For Health and Contentment aye welcome
 them here :
 Lwords, squires, doctors, priests, lawyers, far-
 mers an beggars,
 Aul, young, cloons, fuils, beauties, ay dandies
 an aw ;
 Pale, heart-brokken, peer-things that caw forth
 yen's pity,
 Are daily seen stowterin doon to the spaw.

We've here fortune-hunters, aye glowrin at leadies ;
 Wae wait on sec hypocreytes, be whee they
 may !
 Guid lasses ! be cowshious an shun aw sec
 creeters ;
 They lead but to sorrow, till leyfe's clowsin
 day !
 Ay study man's meynd, yer reet han ne'er gi'
 tremlin,
 Ner heed his palaver, luik, cleedin, or shew ;
 Sec fellows just bring varteous lasses to ruin—
 O pity ! what pity, they're seen at a Spaw !

Ov aw I've experienc'd nowt yields me sec plis-
 hure
 As lasses to praise when they're what they sud
 be ;
 To wed yen o' thur aye pruives leyfe's dearest
 treasure,
 An better nor English nae mortal can see !
 Yet weyldness in woman drives peace an whops
 frae man,
 A glance hes owre offen led thoosans to woe ;
 They shworten his days an grim deeth caws, queyte
 welcome—
 Think God, sec as thur I ne'er seed at the
 Spaw !

A famish feyne Librey is here ever oppem,
 Wi' warks o' thur wreyters aw gud fwok ad-
 mire ;
 Religion, Wars, Hist'ry, Plays, Inceclopeedy,
 Pomes, Sarmens, Romantics ;* whee mair can
 desire ?
 O wer't ilk yen's study to read when they're
 yaebe,
 An choose the good subjects that aw fwok sud
 tnow ;
 O wert ilk yen's study that spens teyme at Gils-
 den,
 To read but the buiks that er kept nar the
 Spaw !

The Billear-room's oppem, fer strangers frev aw
spots,
Nee gamlin teks pleast; it's amusement, nowt
mair;
May rich, peer, aul, young, honest, happy, an
hiltly,
Sec pleasin divarsions thro' leyfe ever share!
The Spaws afford plenty ov ev'ry rich denty,
A hoose neycely fittet for hee an for low,
Sec sarvents as mud be, whoar decent fwok sud
be—
Think, think o' the plishure enjoy'd at the Spaw!

Here's music for ever—Aa, loavins! they're cliver!
On t' worgan, peanny, musicianers play;
Walses, Minnywhits, Reels, Jigs, Cotillons, Whad-
reels,
Sweet music drives aw care an sorrow away:
A *Currier* frae Lunnon, a *Patril* frae Carel,
Aye tell o' peace, plenty, lwords, commons an
aw;
Now ye that hae gear, if ye're nobbet peer miserts,
Just think what ye'll hear, see an git at the
Spaw!

Here's dancin, mang t' quality; wuns but it's
wondrous!
I step up an gleyme at them neet efter neet;
They pass yen anudder leyke bees in het sum-
mer,
To see fwok sae hearty, aftwords yen a treat:
Then sarvents, queyte merry, lish, cliver an bonny,
Will wheyles teake a caper, an please yen an
aw;
Whoare'er I mun wander, still, still wull I ponder,
An think, wi' deleyte, on the joys o' the Spaw.

Here wretched git plenty, er tret as they sud be;
Wi' tears the gud fwok they er oft heard to
bliss;
They'll aye be regarded an weel be rewarded,
That fin daily plishure in soothin distress!

What pity sae monie sud ne'er nwtish onie,
 But strut thro' the warl, preyde an folly to
 shew !
 Let hawf-wits cariss them and bad yens aye bliss
 them,
 Sec unfeelin brutes sud be driv'n frae ilk Spaw !

Here's lasses frae Cumbria, Durham, Northum-
 bria,
 On neycer nae chap iver yet kest an e'e ;
 Here's lads hilthy, cheerfu', ov nowt iver fear-
 fu',
 An blithe as the larks in a mworn owre the lea ;
 Ye strangers to Robin that sneer at his rheymin,
 Ne'er, ne'er will ye fin him to mortal a foe ;
 Lang, lang may the fwok that aye sarra ilk udder,
 Health, peace, an contentment ay meet at the
 Spaw !

ON PARTING.

TUNE—" *Joy be wi' you a.*"

O thoo art bonny, guid an young,
 An aw are pleas'd whae gaze on thee ;
 Sweet as a buddin rwose in June,
 Industrious as the toilin bee :
 But dreams nit, mid' youth's flatterin joys,
 Ov wardly ills sae monie pruve—
 Niver yence may cares disturb thy mind,
 Save the soft cares that spring frae luive !

Furst Envy, wid a ranc'rous sting,
 Will puzzen monie a heart-felt joy ;
 An Scandal, Virtue's jaundic'd foe,
 The foul fause teale will oft employ ;
 Sweet lass ! just what thy sex sud be,
 When Teyme thy beauty sal remove,
 Then may reflection yield new joys,
 An leyfe be spent in peace an luive !

Methinks I see thee bworne afar,
 Frae luive an friendship, fond an true ;
 But when frae Cumbria's dearest scenes,
 The tears will oft thy een bedew :
 Where'er thro' leyfe tho' fworc'd to stray,
 The warlds truc keyndness may thoo pruiue ;
 When fades that rrose, an locks grow grey.
 Be theyne the joys ov peace an luive.

THE RWOSE IN JUNE.

TUNE—"Roy's Wife."

I luive a lass I maunna neame,
 Nae mortal e'er admir'd yeu sweeter ;
 Her shep, her guidness, winnin luik,
 Meakes me for ever pray to meet her.
 Tho' bonny is the rrose in June,
 An fair in May the hawthorn blossom ;
 Yet neane can e'er a flower compare
 Wi' her that's dearest to mey bwosem.

For her, I'd toil the longest day,
 Nor e'er compleen tho' faint an weary,
 Happy aye when neet steals on,
 Widin mey airns to press my dearie !
 Tho' bonny is the rrose, &c.

Thro' stibble fields the spsportsman roves,
 Rejoic'd, his harmless prey pursuin ;
 The lass I luive but munnet chase,
 Sun, suin, alas ! may pruiue mey ruin !
 Tho' bonny is the rrose, &c.

Blaw lood thoo angry winter blast,
 An wear thy gloomy luik, December ;
 I seeghin wish for spring's return,
 An leyfe's luive-scenes mun aye remember,
 Tho' bonny is the rrose, &c.

Tis hard to leeve a slave to luive,
 When wealth, a younthfu pair can sunder—
 Heav'n grant me her I darna neame,
 Or let me rest the green turf under !
 Tho' bonny is the rwose in June,
 An fair in May the hawthorn blossom,
 Yet neane can e'er a flower compare
 Wi' her that's dearest to mey bwosom.

BE MERRY TO-DAY.

To an old and nameless Tune.

Hey for merriment, sang, jwoked, an jollity !
 Sorrow dis nae yen gud—Why sal we payne ?
 Aul Care's a deceiver,
 Meks leyfe but a fever—
 We've bumper'd thy rwosey lass ; I'll twoast
 meyne.
 Luive, true luive, is leyfes dearest blessin ;
 Its sweets let's pruiwe, nor think them distressin ;
 Sin' Teyme steals away,
 An health we enjoy, what owre monie destroy
 Let's be merry to day !

Here's to mey Mary, wi' dimpl'd chin, churry
 cheeks,
 Magic e'en, iv'ry teeth, lips ox dew ;
 Her luik is deleytin—
 Her voice is inveytin—
 Nae mortal I envy when she's in view.
 Luive, true luive, &c.

Needy lank misers may worship a money-bag ;
 Statesmen may hunt fer the shadow caw'd fame,
 Be gudness our riches,
 The heart it betwiches—
 Whate'er pruiwes our study, the warl will blame.
 Luive, true luive, &c.

We'll bottom a glass to the true friends ov liberty
 Freedom's a blessin ilk mortal sud prize ;
 By wealth, preyde, an kneav'ry,
 Baith sexes to slavry
 Are boo'd doon—Oppressors let aw despise.
 Luive, true luive, &c,

Let's pray fer the virtuous, an help the puir
 beggar-fowk,
 Nor heed the crazy-grown cuifs we oft see ;
 Ay scworn melancholy,
 Nor e'er stoop to folly ;
 Then ne'er can grim Deeth freeten thee or me.
 Luive, true luive, &c.

YOUTH.

TUNE—"The humours o' Glen."

Shut up leyke a pris'ner, pain'd, waak, seeck an
 crippelt,
 Noo teymes mek peer bodies hawf hungert an
 bare ;
 On youth I reflect, aw is sports, joys an troubles
 Thro' leyfe, young an aul fwok mun aw boo to
 care ;
 E'en then we luik ferret, but Whop oft deceives
 us ;
 We dream o' the plishures that ne'er yence
 appear ;
 We're led by weyld Folly to pale Melancholy—
 In aw scenes o' leyfe we buy plishure owre
 dear.

O, whoa! are mey crones I fond was to spwort
 wid,
 Or creep off to schuil wi the bunk an the pen ?
 I yet mark their frolics ; I yet ken their feaces
 An think o' them daily, but seldom see yen.

On Eden's green banks as in summer I wander,
 A tear will oft faw, at the thowts o' the past—
 Leyke monie peer comrades I siun may lig
 coffin'd;
 This hour o' reflection may e'en priuve mey
 last!

In spring we'd seek nests, oft the peer burds
 pursuin'
 I ne'er seed yen harryt, but sair it vext me;
 In summer, noo doukin; noo catchin Tom-
 Beagles*—
 O, sheame, that young creeters thus cruel sud
 be!
 In harvest we'd brummel-keytes, when it grew
 frosty
 Crabs, choupes, haws, nuts, bleaberries, sleas
 forby;
 In winter the spwort daily wish'd for, was sley-
 din,
 Tho', shiv'rin' we oft gat a sad penny-pie.

Neest, caught by a blossom, luive oft fires the
 bwosom,
 An seeghs, dreams an valenteynes rest oft
 destroys;
 "What, she's got a none-such! an he's tean an
 angel!"
 "Aye! luive's the foundation o' leyfe's purest
 joys!"
 Tho' plishure noo greets them, yet luive offen
 cheats them
 An leads some to mis'ry, ambition, an preyde;
 Mey dear! an, mey darlin! oft changes to snar-
 lin—
 Queyte happy if Deeth wad the couple diveyde.

Oh! lasses, be merry!—But iver be wary!
 Think weel ere ye venture to haud oot a han!
 Oh! lads, aye be cheerfu'! but noo and then
 fearfu',
 For reed checks an feyn'ry a heart can tra-
 pan!

* Tom-Beagle=The Cockchafer.

By gudness or beauty, if won dui yer duty;
 Aye seek to gain mortals by feelin an truth,
 If wealthy an healthy; bent duple by truble,
 We aw mun reflect on the sweet days o' youth!

THE NONE-SUCH.

TUNE—"The colliers bonny dowter."

Ther com a Lass to oor toon,
 Yung, cheerfu, lsh an bonny;
 The lads they aw thrang roun' her--
 She hes her choice ov onie:
 Whea knows her mun adore her,
 This maisterpiece o' nature;
 Wi' sec a feace an sec a greace,
 She seems nae mortal creature.

Her lips aye cry, "Come, kiss me!"
 Her cheeks ne'er hed marrows;
 Her dimpl'd chin a saint meeght win,
 Her een are Cupid's arrows:
 Haud up a rush-leeght to the sun;
 Sae seems our greatest beauty,
 Compar'd wi' her that meks us aw
 Forgetfu ov oor duty.

Her voice is harmony complete:
 Her sangs aye nail the senses;
 The envy ov aw lasses roun,
 She prives whene'er she dances;
 To sing the praise o' yen unmatch'd,
 Is spwortin wi' Jove's thunder,
 For Nature swere at Kitty's birth
 She'd shew the world a wonder.

Ye lasses feyne thro' Cumbria,
 Gae heyde yer common feaces!
 It's oft your art that wins a heart,
 Wi' monie wanton greaces,
 Ye merry chaps thro' Cumbria,
 If here ye come be wary,
 A single luik will thirl ye thro;
 A single word ensnare yel

THE CRAM; OR, NICHOL AN CUDDY.

TUNE—" *The night before Larry was stretch'd.*"

"Come, Cuddy! swat doon, teake a whiff;
 I seed thee creep up the geate, hobblin;
 Thoo's rich tho' bent double wi' yage;
 I's peer, day an neet mun sit cobblin;
 Ye aul fwok ay leyke to hear news—
 They've hed a gran Ball, fer peer bodies;
 'Twas held at Lword Bultrout's new Lodge,
 Ther was *Blues*, *Yellows*, wise-men an noddies.

"Aa Cuddy! It beggars aw description! The barn (I mean the spacious salloon) was worne-mented leyke a palace; hung roun wi' picters ov dandies, feghtin, russlin, lowpin, an this that an tudder; wi' she-dandies, leyke a string ov pokers weerin ass-buird bonnets an heaps o' flow'rs, sec as niver grew on the weyde lap ov aul nature. Pentet by heelanmen, welshmen, an manksmen; oor far-fam'd, silly-brated daubers o' the canvass. Fer fear feyne nebs sud be sufficated wi't smell o' vulgar tallow, the shandelorios wer stuck wid the scented luminarios; forby festoons o' blue, purple, and yellow lamps, big as fuz-baws. The silk an velvet carpet was duin by an engenivus chap, efter studdyin fower-teen years at Bot'ny Bay. Teables, chairs an furms wer aw meade ov pattent-kest-metal-mahogany: as fer fenders, tengs an pors, they wer aw gran gowd an siller, brong frae—Naebody kens whoar!"—

"Aye, aye, Nick! Monstrous gran wark! It wad be a famish doui!—Gang on! trot on! gallop on!"

"Hut, Cuddy! this warl's but a show
 Whoar hawf-wits er wheedelt by kneav'ry—
 What's grandeur an preyde?—Nowt at aw!
 Just meent to fling fuils into slavery!"
 Peer bodies hev often queer neames;
 Kings, yerls, bishops, nit mickle better;
 Nee wonder they change them sae oft.

An noo an then · leek in a letter !
 We're cawt efter men, beasts and burds,
 Fish, insecs, toons, streets, woods an watters,
 Rocks, mountains, hills, meadows an glens,
 Barns, byres—Fwok may laugh at sec matters !

“Aa, Cuddy ! Beseydes aw maks ov nowbles,
 theer was reet an left honorables. Nobbet lissen.
 Judge Sumph and the twee Miss Judges ; Guverner
 Gobblemuck an Leady Killgrief ; General Gossip
 an Madam Brekshins ; Cornel Wagstaff an Mistress
 Maypowl ; Major Meyte an Miss Shrimp ; Captain
 Flaycrow an Miss Wasp ; Comodore Collop an
 Miss Jollop ; Alderman Turtle an Miss Pancake ;
 then theer was Lawyer Botherum, Doctor Duineegud,
 Parson Tytheaw ; Justice Muckworm, Squire
 Brainless, Obadiah Breadebrim, the whaker ; Ben-
 jymmin Backsleyder the methody, Mistress Hogsflesh,
 the mountain o' fat ; Widow Thunderbum, the
 she-giant ; Mis Nettle wid her gimlick e'e ;
 Miss Dockin, nobbet fourscore an seebem ; Mister
 Walloper an Miss Hedgehog ; Maister Bucktuith
 an Teadeater ; Miss Cowscairn, Miss Miredrum,
 Miss Durtygutter and Miss Catoninetails :—hoo
 monie mair—Nay what—neabody kens !”

“Aye, aye, Nick ! Monstrous girt fwok, an
 bonny sweet neames !—Gang on ! trot on ! gal-
 lop on !”

“Shaff, Cuddy ! this warl's but a show ! &c.”

Aye music this weyde warl can please ;
 Leyke talkin foriver it varies ;
 Scotch Bullocks, weyld beasts it can charin,
 Peer hawf-wits an larn'd flegmagaries ;
 It meakes monie laugh, others cry ;
 It's music some say, when yen's gowling ;
 Queyte sweet to hear fellows' sharp saws ;
 Deleytful to lissen storms howlin !

“Aa, Cuddy ! what they'd nae scartin ont'
 Scotch fiddle : nea, nea ! it's owre common, weel
 thee kens. Theer was cow-whorns an jew-trumps,

narrow-beanes an cleavers ; keale pots an ladders ; saut-boxes an thivels ; powder-plates an trenchers ; burd-cage an fork ; tengs an sallerkey ; forby barrel an mellet.—They played, Frev a craddle tull a craddle ; Priscilla wid her speckets on ; Cuckol, come oot o' the amrie ; Archy let the lasses aleane ; Whor mun oor gudman lie ; Shins about the fire-seyde ; Cleanin oot the back-seyde ; Be whiet else I'll bray thee ; Judy git thee beard shav'd ; Absalem hingin by his hair ; The left-handet sleater ; The priest an his buits ; The wheyte blackmuir ; Salmon an dumplin ; Pow'rs o' buttermilk ; Lumps o' puddin ; Brandy poddish ; Teane abuin tudder ; Heytey teytey ; Wallop away ; Habbermenab ; Durty gully ; an—Nay what—neabody kens ! ”

“ Aye, aye, Nick ! monstrous neyce music ! Carel Ban niver cud play sec ! Gang on ! trot on ! gallop on ! ”

Wey, Cuddy ; this warl's but a show, &c.

Now dancin's the hick-shew ov preyde
That havrels are iver pursuin ;

'Twer wise just to set it aseyde
It's brong monie thoosans to ruin ;

The warl's but a weyl country dance,
Whoar aw caper teane ageane tudder—

Girt Newton an chaps gud as him,
Nae wonder they laugh at sec bodder !

“ Aa, Cuddy ! They'd jigs, reels, flings, strathspeys, whorn-pepes, cwotilons, minnywhits, country dances, dandy-walses, an whadreels. Sec steps, min ! ycn-twee-three, habbety-nabbety, ledder-te-patch, heel an tae, cross the buckle, gie me thy daddle, roun-roun-roun, seydlin-seydlin, an kiss an coddle. Aul Squire Gout an a wood-leggt statesman led off the ball in imitation of Catty baw Indians, to the tune o' “ The Savage Dance. Wuns ! sec a caper ne'er was seen, sin fadder Adam shekt his cleuts wid his owre-bearin rib in the garden. Our clod-powls, on kitchen an barn fleers, move leyke

tips in tedders, or houns at faut; wheyle pantin husseys scamper an put yen i' meynd ov scared coos in a meadow. Sairy things! owre muckle wark in byres an sweyne-hulls, peet mosses an muck middens. Girt grandees, reart on het-beds ov fashion can lowp leyke larks; whur roun leyke Tom Tully's an dui owt; what they're aw Donises, Hebys, Venuses—Nay what neabody kens whee!"

"Aye, aye! Monstrous feyne fidgin! nimbnel as fleas! I'll hod a penny Wully Haw cuddent hop leyke them!—Gang on! trot on! gallop on!"

"Shaf, Cuddy! this warl's but a show," &c.

Neest, singin leyke monie things else,
Frae hee an low, care it oft cheases;

True pictures aw sangsters sud pent—
Owre monie pur scribblers disgreaces;

Thro' preyde, luive, gain, ignorance, meade,
They cause a laugh, fun an vexation;

Wer sangs but leyke weather, still gud,
How happy 'twad pruve to the nation!

"Aa, Cuddy! What they'd recitativos, cranzinnettos, fandangios, allegrettos, affettuosos, duettos, roratorios, uprorios, rondos, trios, solos, airios an polackios; then ther was sangs, glees, catches, ditties, rigmarowls, lamentations, burleskews, volenteynes, ippitaphs, 'nigmas, rebuses, an riddles; but nin o' thur aul eight-page ditties et hugger-muggerers sec as us er fworc'd to lissen tui. When upstart pinks o' fashion wi pentet chops an far fetch'd cleedin, sing noo-a days, fwok hear the crunin; but deil a word! Yen sang sae low he cuddent be heard. Anudder rwoar'd sae hee he splat the ceilin! Senior Rockatoo wid his famish fire-works brunt the heale onset, but did nea mischief.—Mynheer Van Seyper the dutch juggler, luggt out the sword worn by Bonny when he left Egypt; he danct on't an cut a squire's hed off. Squire laught an bade him clap't on ageane; wey, he did sae in far less nor nae teyme! Sec things et duin—Nay what—neabody kens hoo!"

"Aye, aye, Nick! Monstrous feyne tricks an sangs.—Sec wonders wad draw girt flocks to the Carel Play hoose!—Gang on! trot on! gallop on!"

"Aye, Cuddy! the warl's but a show," &c.

Nae glowrin or grumblin was theer;
 Nae dunchin or fratchin or feghtin,
 Nae nasty sangs, codlen an stuff,
 Owre monie teake daily deleyte in:
 Stamp't rules wer hung up at the duir;
 Our lanlwords 'll hae them, nae fear on't!
 How muckle they geddert for't puir
 Just caw to-mworn-neet an thoo's hear on't!

Aa, Cuddy! Rule the 1st says, Nowther dogs or Liv'rey Sarvents wer to be admittit into Lword Bultrout's Lodge!—2nd Ladies smuikin or chowin owther pig-tail or shag-'bacco, wer to be sent off to Coventry!—3rd Gentlemen wer to boo the heed, widin hawf a fit o' the carpet, an to meynd an screape wi' beath feet togidder!—4th Ladies curcheyin, wer just to lowp a yard hee, or else hae their gayters poud off!—5th to prevent wickedness, aw wer to leave their sweerrin tackle at heame, or be feyn'd a soveriegn an kickt out!—6th Onie yen givin annuder the lee nine teymes in a minute, to hev just as monie knock-doon blows!—7th Onie yen yawnin wi' t' jaws nine inches asunder or mair, to be doukt in the horse pon, an lig theer nine hours!—8th Onie yen stealin weyne, cordials, piggin bottoms or owt else, to be advertised, as queyte unfit fer poleyte society!—9th Onie yen talkin about politics (except he wer nobbet dum), to be expwosed to guverment!—10th Onie yen eatin the weyte ov his sel or drinking far mair than eneugh, to abeyde by the consequences!—11th Aw Leadies to com bewashed—be-cwom'd—be-ringleted—be-beaded—be-scented—an be-locked; feaces to be be-smuir'd wi' cream o' violets, an knockles be-plaister'd wid oil ov marcury!—Noo, Cuddy, ther may be monie mair sec Balls; but nay what—neabody kens when!"

"Aye, aye Nick! Monstrous gud rules! what they wad gedder a sheaf o' nwotes big as a hay stack, fer the puir fwok I whop!—Gang on! trot on! gallop on!"

"Nay, Cuddy! this warl's but a show;
Whoa! hawf-wits are wheedelt by kneav'ry;
What's grandeur an preyde?—Nowt at aw,
Just meent to fling fuils into slav'ry!

LUIVE-LWORN BESS.

TUNE—" *Ettrick Banks.* "

O, Jenny! partner ov ilk joy,
Thoo ne'er did yence my trust betray;
On thee, sweet lass! I can rely,
Then lissen mey sad teale o' wae;
An share the grief o' luive-lworn Bess—
The tears noo frae my een oft start;
But friendship soon may sooth distress,
An pity heal the painfu' heart.

Oft thee an me, sae fond and true,
Hae join'd in spworts beath far an near;
When lads and lasses met, nae few,
An to the lave we aye wer dear;
I happy leev'd in o'ur low cot,
Mey puir aul mudder fain to please;
But noo, O lass! false luive's mey lot,
Nae mair I whop fer joy or ease.

'Twas nit young Jemmy's hoose an lan
That wan this queytle's heart o' meyne;
His smeylin luik nin cud withstan—
To luive, owre monie we micleyne!
'Twas here, we monie toymes wad meet,
To see me, O, he seem'd queyte fain!
Sweet flew the hours by day or neet,
But yen mair rich he now hes taen!

Nae mair will I be heard to sing ;
 Nae mair thro' leyfe e'er cheerfu' pruiue ;
 For whop to me nae joys can bring,
 Tir'd o' this warl sin cross'd in luive ;
 I daily leeve mey mudder's cot,
 An weepin sit aneath this tree ;
 Ilk fawin' leaf aye paints mey lot—
 Ilk seegh forbodes ; I'll follow thee !

ANNE.

TUNE—"Hollow Fair."

Wheyle numbers hunt roun fer neyce lasses,
 What numbers hed better see neane ;
 Shut oot frae friens and forgotten,
 I daily can gaze upo' yen ;
 Her feace beams wi' gudness an beauty,
 Her heart let nae mortal trapan ;
 To gie worth its praise is oor duty,
 Then let me dui justice to Anne.

She's fair as the flowers i' the meadow ;
 She's blithe as the lamb on the lea ;
 To toil away teyme is her phishure,
 Nae mortal frae preyde is mair free.
 She laughs at the playthings o' folly ;
 To dui as aw sud, is her plan ;
 A squire wid a keynd heart and plenty,
 May gain a true partner in Anne.

Luive leads monie thoosands to greatness,
 To comfort, the wealthy an low ;
 Luive sinks monie thoosans to ruin,
 An meks leyfe a dull scene o' woe :
 O' pity gud lasses sud suffer,
 Won by the foul flatt' ty o' man !
 Be sorrow his lot whea wad offer
 To torture the feeling ov Anne !

Wheyle virtue sal gueyde ev'ry action,
 Ne'er yence may she boo to dull care!
 When Luive throws the ring on her finger,
 The sweets o' this warl may she share!
 When yage on her feace plants a wrinkle,
 An rwoes o' beauty turn wan,
 May Happiness be her companion,
 Nor Poverty e'er frown on Anne!

MISTRESS CREAKE'S TEA PARTY,

TUNE—"Jack o' Latten."

"Sin we're aw met a reet neyce set,
 Fie, Dolly bring in t' kettle!
 Set oot caul lam; broil bits ov ham;
 Heaste! shew thoo's meade o' mettle!"
 "Here's butter-sops, an curran-keakes;"
 "Aa! better niver crost us!"
 "What, cheese as sweet as e'er was eat"—
 A groat a pun that cost us!"

That's famish tea!"—"It 'grees wi' me"—
 "I's fasht wi' win fer iver!"
 Aa, Mistress Creak, that's monstrous ham;
 What, sarvent Dolly's cliver!"
 Ay, Greace, she is; but dunnet neame't;
 She's far owre fon o' men-fowk!"
 "Ne'er ak! puir thing, she'll tire o' that"—
 "Hut! she's owre young to ken fwok!"

"Nay, dunnet fratch!"—"Wey, Mistress
 Creak,
 It's nobbet lees they're tellin;
 The purson's always fair an true,
 Some fwok disarve a fellin!"
 "Be duin! Shok hans an murry be
 Sec weyl wark puives prövwoikin,
 What, if ye'd fught, I'd felt the twee—
 Aye laugh—I's nobbet jwokin!"

" Here, Dicky darlin ! sugger teake ;
 Hut, shaf ! he luik : queyte shy on't ! "
 " Whee iver seed sec legs an thies ?
 Wey, Dick 'll pruiwe a giant ! "
 " Theer's fadder nwise, an mudder' mooth ! "
 " Nay, divvent gowl lal pritty !
 Thoo's torn mey apron !—Mudder, here,
 Let Richard hev some titty ! "

" We've sent lal Wuliam off to schuil ;
 What, he kens aw his letters ;
 An doffs his cap as fwok sud dui,
 Whene'er they meet their betters. "
 " That cream's owre rich "—" A room sae neyce,
 Nae decent fwok can sit in ! "
 " Ay, luik at' clock an kist o' drores "—
 " What, theer's a box to spit in ! "

" Sec tengs an por, nin iver seed,
 They sheyne as breet as siller ! "
 " They cost us eight-pence ; they wer bowt
 O' deef aul Keatie Miller. "
 " Here's Whuttinton ! Aa, Lunnon May'r,
 Sec picters theer's nit menny "—
 " What Robin Huid, an leytle Jwohn "—
 " That cost us nar a penny ! "

" Aa ! paper's fou ov famish news ;
 The king's thrown by aw taxes "—
 " Then cworn, the preyce 'll suin be threyce,
 What noo-a-days yen axes "—
 " Is that queyte true ? "—" Sae Nichol says "—
 " O, Marget ne'er believe him ;
 Twee glasses meks him lee aw neet,
 But nin can e'er deceive him ! "

" Our girt dog bit lal Judy' leg,
 I' t' croft as bairds wer laikin "—
 " Aa, sairy thing ! she mun be bad ! "
 " Ay, aw her beanes er aikin ! "
 " Ann, git cow-scairn, an chammerley,
 Nowt meks a pultess better ;
 Then reesty bacon she mun eat,
 But owt else divvent let her ! "

“ Wey, Mistress Creak we’ve hed rare tea ;
The best yen e’er sat down tui ! ”
“ Aye ! what four shillin mun be gud ;
I gat it i’ the town tui ! ”
“ Come, ah-ah, Tommy ! that’s mey man !
Here Dolly ! bring some san in—
Hut ! fidgin thing ! at muddy’s breest,
Him wants to hev his han in ! ”

“ Now sin’ we’ve aw got fou wi’ tea,
Heaste, Dolly clear the teable—
That whusky nar three shillin cost ;
Let’s cowpt off wheyle we’re yeable ! ”
“ Here’s husbands comin, yen an aw ”—
“ We’re yet at tea they’re thinkin ”—
Whup roun the glass ! they ne’er sud know
That weyves er fon o’ drinkin ! ”

O, weyves, an lasses ! teake adveyce,
If neybors wheyles inveyte ye,
Let fratchin, drinkin, noise, an preyde,
Ne’er yence thro’ leyfe deleyte ye.
Teaste holsome liquor, decent yell,
Wish health to yen anudder ;
But leein, sland’rin, ne’er can feale
Aw happiness to smudder !

THE LILY O' THE VALLEY.

TUNE—"Sally in our Alley."

Her neybor's joy, her fadder's preyde,
 Her mudder's greatest blessin :
 In yon smaw cottage leev'd a lass,
 Ilk winnin greace possessin :
 How monie a lad wad sing the praise
 Ov bloomin fair-hair'd Sally !
 For she was caw'd by aul an young,
 The Lily o' the Valley.

Young Wulliam pruiv'd the envied youth,
 Her heart's true preyde an treasure ;
 Amang his flocks whene'er he stray'd,
 Queyte fain beyond aw measure,
 He'd frae the hill-top seegh an gaze,
 An watch an pray for Sally,
 An gedder flow'rs, sec as wad please
 His "Lily o' the Valley."

Her fav'rite lam ae mworn he saw,
 Entangelt i' the river ;
 To seave the charge he ventur'd deep,
 But beath wer lost forever :
 She watch'd aw day, an on the hill
 In vain ran seeghin Sally—
 At neet some neybors weepin brong—
 His corp along the Valley.

She saw, she shriek'd but cuddent weep ;
 She fell queyte robb'd ov reason ;
 Sin that hawf-clad, wi' crazy luik,
 She heeds nae stormy season ;
 She laughs, she sings, her ditties weyld,
 An when fwok luik at Sally,
 The aul an young will sighin say,
 "Peer Lily ov the Valley "

THE APPROACH O' WINTER.

TUNE—" *Loch Errock side.*"

The blust'rin breeze, the leafless trees ;
 The flow'rless gardens, meadows, leas :
 The reedbreests hoppin, crums to seize,
 Now tell th' approach o' Winter !

Tho' sweet the rwoisy smeyles o' Spring,
 When weyld burds wanton on the wing ;
 The will o' God aye gud can bring,
 Then welcome ! welcome, Winter !

The low'rin clouds, the fell's dark frown ;
 The flocks frae hills to glen driv'n down :
 The tremlin peer, throughout the town,
 Now tell the approach o' Winter !
 Tho' sweet the rwoisy, &c.

The shworten'd day ; the bleezin fire ;
 The turnpeykes deep, wi' wet an mire ;
 The glitt'rin gas ; top-cwoated squire,
 Now tell th' approach o' Winter !
 Tho' sweet the rwoisy, &c.

The nestless throssle, lennet, lark ;
 The watters spreadin, deep an dark ;
 The whey-feac'd lab'ers, out o' wark,
 Now tell th' approach o' Winter !
 Tho' sweet the rwoisy, &c.

The bees confeyn'd ; the hares oft taen,
 The cwoorn-creakes, cuckoos, swallows geane ;
 The cwoals, peets, selt by some a yen,
 Now tell th' approach o' Winter !
 Tho' sweet the rwoisy &c.

The pourin rains, sae oft we hear ;
 The clwoaks an clogs, on rich an peer ;
 The dresses seen some fain wail weer,
 Now tell th' approach o' Winter !
 Tho' sweet the rwoisy, &c.

Leyfe's varyin seasons aw mun share ;
 Some rapt in joy, some sunk in care ;
 His suff'rins man sud patient bear,
 An hail th' approach o' Winter !
 Tho' sweet the rwoisy, &c.

In youth we're won by luive an preyde ;
 In manhood folly's oft our gueyde ;
 It's wise to fling sec cares aseyde,
 An hail th' approach o' Winter !

Tho' sweet the rwoisy smeyles o' Spring,
 When weyld burds wanton on the wing ;
 The will ov God aye gud can bring,
 Then welcome, welcome, Winter.

WHEN SHALL WE MEET AGEANE.

TUNE—*By the Author.*

O, sec a kiss I gat yestreen,
 Frae yen I darna neame !
 An sec a luik frae twee black een
 As set me in a flame !
 For sec a luik, an sec a kiss
 A saint meeght quit his cell ;
 An on sec happy hours ov bliss,
 Ay mem'ry pleas'd mun dwell.

The partridge wail'd his absent mate :
 The owllet sowt his prey ;
 The Eden murmur'd at our feet,
 When by mey seyde she lay ;
 The siller muin a witness shone ;
 Nowt nar us scave the kye ;
 But, O, nae man the muin shone on,
 Mair happy was than I !

We talkt o' monie a joyfu hour,
 Sin furst her feace I tnew ;
 A feace as fair as onie flow'r,
 That e'er in garden grew ;

I prais'd her shape, she sang o' luive,
 A sang to me aye dear ;
 If leyfe a scene ov woe may pruiwe,
 Aye luive the meynd may cheer !

Thou lazy hated day, flee fast ;
 Luive shuns thy leet an thee ;
 Heaste, welcome eve ! gie labour rest,
 An bring the lass to me !
 For when she tore hersel away,
 I fan her heart mey ain :
 An wi' a luik she seemt to say,
 When shall we meet ageaue ?

JACK AN TOM.

TUNE—" *Since love is the plan.*"

O, Tom, to sup sorrow will dui nae yen gud,
 An care when we teaste it, pruiwes poisonous food ;
 Thou hes plenty, an I's but a peer sarvent man,
 Then why sud thoo freet at the froun o' lal Nan ?

" O Jack, hod thy bodder ! I can't sleep a wink ;
 I tummel in bed an I wheyne, an I think ;
 Theer's twee o' ye keynd as a cock an a hen—
 I'd gie aw I's worth fer a lass leyke thy Jen ! "

" O Tom, nobbet gie me a fiel an twee kye,
 An a hantel o' siller some cleedin to buy ;
 Thoo's hev yan, that's weel shept, larn'd, bonny
 an aw,
 Wi' twee rwozy cheeks, an a skin wheyte as snaw ! "

" O Jack ! it's a bargain—come tell me her neame ;
 Can she sing ? can she dance ? will she mek a
 gud deame,
 I'll teake her to kurk, if I leeve ere ten days—
 I's marry, an Nan sal nae mair hae mey praise ! "

"O, Tom ! thy awn Nancy's the neyce lass I
 sell,
 She leyke's thec far better nor tongue e'er can
 tell :
 It's nobbet her schemin, thy fondness to pruiue,
 Say anudder thoo's won, an she'll then shew her
 luive."

"O, Jack !—Here's a hantel o' siller for thee—
 I'll try her to neet—Aa ! how sulky I'll be !
 An bwoast o' some udder, an say aw I can—
 See, yonder she comes, lad !—Fareweel ! I'll to
 Nan !"

TO CRITO.

TUNE—" *W'oo'd an married an a'.*"

Come, Crito ! dear frien o' my bwosom,
 An crack wi' peer Robby a wheyle ;
 Wer I at Deeth's duir, broken hearted,
 Thy visit wad caw forth a smeyle :
 Let's luik, think, read, talk about aw maks,
 But ne'er to ambition yence bow ;
 Let's scribble to please monie roun us—
 The warl's turn'd a wilderness now !

I meynd when we furst met, dear Crito !
 Fwok welcom'd wi' smeyles, thee an me,
 But O, what sad changes man suffers,
 Sec days we can ne'er whop to see !
 Then Plenty led monie to plishure,
 That Poverty now hes laid low ;
 O, wer but content ilk yen's treasure,
 'Till welcome deeth gies him a caw !

Aul Englan's bow'd down by Oppression ;
 Trade's left us scairce e'er to return ;
 Ov aw that can comfort the wretched,
 Owre few fer distress e'er will mourn !



THE BANKS O' THE LEYNE.

Luik roun amang neyborin farmers,
 Base tyranny monie mun bear ;
 The reets o' puir fwok are but laught at,
 An bwoasted laws pruve owre severe !

O, Crito ! if whopes they mud cherish,
 'Twad mek millions merry to day ;
 But frae the peer hard-workin bodies,
 Leyfe's comforts er aw swept away !
 It's painfu to think ov our country,
 An turn to the yence happy teymes ;
 Industry bade decent fwok flourish—
 Starvation now leads them to creymes !

Some lawyers cheat peer fwok for ever ;
 Some doctors mek puzzen fer pay ;
 Some priests get owre mickle fer readin,
 An fuil'ry oft shew when they pray ;
 Some squires think, ay bwoast o' seduction,
 But leyle wi' peer suff'ers will share—
 Dear lasses !—They hurl to destruction ;
 Ov sec wheedlin sinners beware !

Dear Crito ! We'll turn frae thur pictures,
 An praise aw that wish to dui gud ;
 Ay, thousans seave thousans frae ruin,
 An fin fer the peer, as aw sud !
 Cud we rammel the weyde warl, we'd daily,
 Wi' sorrow hear Poverty's cry—
 Aye blest be the fwok in ilk country
 That mis'ry's sad tear fain wad dry ;

Thou charms the larn'd fwok in aw quarters
 I wreyte a bit Cummerlan Sang
 To crush veyce an gie praise to virtue,
 Nae mortal can say is e'er wrang !
 Thy preyde is, to gaze on woods, watters ;
 I's boxt up a slave i' the town ;
 Frae swinlin base neyborgs, thou's suffer'd
 I's peer, an scairce frienship can own.

How oft by sweet scenery surrounded,
 We've met on the Banks o' the Leyne ;
 When sangsters wad carrol their welcome,
 Sec led to thy plishure an ineyme ;

O, dear are her works when deame Nature
 Puts on ev'ry heart-wiunnin greace !
 We've spent merry hours wi'—dence tek them !
 Fause frienship suin weers a new feace !

Then, Crito, dear frien o' my bwosom !
 Come crack wi' peer Robby a wheyle ;
 Wer meyne hawf the wealth o' the county,
 Thy visit wad draw monie a smeyle !
 If bow'd down by pain, want an sorrow
 Gud mortal's wi' plishure I'd see ;
 But sin the weyl warl I furst studiet,
 Aye dearest was Crito to me !

HARD-HEARTED HANNAH.

TUNE—*By the Author.*

Leyke a weyld rwose was Hannah, wi' bonny
 blue een,
 Brong up in a cottage close to Cauda-seyde ;
 Young Harry her neybor, thowt sec was ne'er
 seen ;
 When labour was duin, he wad watch her wi'
 preyde !
 The wish he enjoy'd was to mek her a breyde,
 His heart-warm affection to pruiwe—
 Her heart beat a stranger lo luive.

She frown'd if wi' luiks o' true fondness he'd
 gaze ;
 She laught at the letters he writ her wi' care ;
 She lissen'd nae sangs he hed meade in her praise ;
 She sneer'd at the presents he browt frae the
 fair ;
 An vow'd nae peer mortal her luive e'er sud share :
 Sec beauties how thowtless they pruiwe,
 That scworn the true plishures o' luive.

To murry-neets, kurn-winnins, Hannah ne'er went,
But weekly at market wad strut thro' the toon ;
An theer fer mock-feyn'ry, her money was spent ;
An novels she read that nae wreyter sud own :
But a word frev a beggar aye cawt forth her froon—
What pity a mortal sud pruve,
Her hatred to gudness and luive.

A squire tho' a stranger, sowt Hannah to gain,
An won by preyde, wealth, she suin off wid him
flew ;
Sec flatt'ers owre oft will cause sorrow an pain—
Desarted, in mis'ry thro' leyfe may she rue ;
Leyke a hawf-wither'd lily lads luik on her now :
Thus, man a base tyrant may pruve ;
Thus, women are won by false luive !

Her mudder lang happy, suin laid in her greave,
When telt by the neybors, what e'en brak her
heart,
How the squire, fer a parson hed breyb'd a base
kneave
That married the tweesome ; weel pay'd for sec
art ;
Ere deeth he mun suffer that plays sec a part,
An wealthy owre offen will pruve
Their ruin, by preyde an false luive !

Gud lasses ! be wary !—Sec preyde ever shun ;
It's nobbet a trap, just to catch hee an low
By dress, flatt'ry, folly, if onie be won.
She suin sinks a pittiless victim to woe !
Whate'er I endure, frae mey pen sal aye flow
The verse, that sec follies may pruve,
An praise the deleytes o' true luive.

WULLY AN MARY.

TUNE—" *Andrew wi' his cutty gun.* "

WULLY.

" Hey, Mary ! mey sweet Mary !
 Dunnet gow, an wheyne an freet !
 Changes peer fwok daily suffer—
 Thoo'll be laughin lang ere neet !
 Some are lucky ; some get brokken ;
 Some owre greedy ; some owre gud ;
 Some aye drink, but ne'er git slockent ;
 Some dui wrang, when reet they mud ! "

MARY.

" O, Wully ! gud keynd Wully !
 What, Tim Teaylear's taen thee in ;
 Bonships brek men ; bealies tek men
 Fwok to int'rest oft pruiue blin ;
 Twee-swore pun a serous loss is,
 When yen labors to dui weel ;
 It's sae vext, what—I can darn nin !
 Nea I cuddent turn a wheel ! "

WULLY.

" Hut Mary, shaf, dear Mary !
 Let's be cheerfu wheyle we leeve
 Tho' it's shemfu fwok sud rob us,
 Better far nit yence to grieve !
 Aw the money they've taen frae me,
 Hard I yernt it, weel thoo kens ;
 It wad stowt a house ; nae matter,
 Let's nit mourn, when ther's nee mens. "

MARY.

" O, Wully ! reet blithe Wully !
 Auntie's starvin—peer am I ;
 Gud rich lasses theer's aw roun thee
 Court an git yen—prythee try !
 Wer I rich as our laird's dowter ;
 Wer thoo but a beggar peer ;
 Here's a han thoo'd git, wi' thousans—
 Oft I'll bless thee, wid a tear ! "

WULLY.

"O, Mary ! wish't for Mary !
 Promise thy wheyte han to me ;
 Let's be axt to kurk, on Sunday—
 Fwore-scwore pun I've here fer thee !
 Uncle Arthur hobbelt owre wi't ;
 "Wull !" says he, "keep up thy heart !"
 Fadder's fain an mudder's merry—
 Gie's a buss, afwore we part !"

THE COCKFEGHT.

TUNE—" *Jenny's bawbee*."

"Our young gam cock the main hes won ;
 He gar't them aw leyke cowards run ;
 Sec bettin !—"Ten to yen !"—"Done, done !"
 Gae joy to me.

Wheyle others set a kettle on,
 Heaste, Martha ! set a bottle on ;
 Thoo's hear the famish feghtin fun,
 I ruid to see.

"Suin as'the Pitter doft his hat,
 Ours crow't, queyte fain to lig aw flat ;
 He e'en cud feght a Bonnyprat,
 Nor e'er wad flee.

Now Martha, we've a bottle on,
 We'll drink, an smuik, the saddle on ;
 Leyfe's nowt widout cock-feghtin fun,
 To sec as we l

"Kit Craffet," our feyne cock I caw'd ;
 He fught "Tom Linton" on the sod,
 An laid him deed as onie clod,
 Wi' bluid stain'd e'e.

Now, Martha, we've a bottle on ;
 In silk an sattin, thee I'll don ;
 Beath nwotes an siller I hae won,
 Sae rich are we !

" We rwoarin, arguin, vaprin hed ;
 Some raggt ; an some leyke dandies cled ;
 Lang Lanty tnockt down aul daft Ned,
 An strack at three.

Matt, bring anudder bottle on ;
 Theer it sal stan, neet, mworn an nuin ;
 We'll drink an jwoke an rattle on,
 An aye we'll gree.

" Our Bess sal dance beath day an neet ;
 Our Wull sal fecht on muir or street ;
 At russlin, sarvent Jack can beat
 Aw roun, we see.

Now, Martha, set the kettle on,
 For hunger meks yen dour an dun ;
 We'll always hae the bottle on,
 An leace our tea.

" Waak fuils may leyke to read, an wreyte ;
 I's fond ov fun, an fratch an fecht ;
 But cockin's still be mey deleyte,
 'Till Deeth bangs me !

Now Matty, set mair bottles on ;
 Bring aw the neybors in, fie, run !
 Till we gloure at the risin sun,
 We'll drink wi' glee ! "

O, Cumrians ! fling sec gams aseyde !*
 Let virtuous plishures be yer gueyde ;
 Then you may welcome Deeth wi' preyde,
 An happy be :

Bid Jenny set a kettle on,
 Gud meet, an wheyles a bottle on ;
 An to puir fwok, yer sattel on,
 Aye comfort gie !

* It will be noticed that Anderson describes such scenes only to condemn them—and they stand here as relics of a bygone age.—Ed.

Still may Kit Craffets Lintons bang ;
 But glory nit in what is wrang ;
 Or may ilk yen that wreytes a sang,
 Aye feght wi' ye !

Bid Jenny set the kettle on,
 Then talk o' happy deeds ye've duin ;
 An larn yer Sarvent, Dowter, Son,
 Aye gud to de !

THE LENNET.

TUNE—*By the Author.*

'Twas nuin, an owie the fields I stray'd,
 A wheyle to shun leyfe's noisy crowd ;
 When frae the hawthorn's wheyten'd shade
 A Lennet sang, blithe, sweet, an loud !
 Rejoic'd, I stuid his voice to hear,
 Foi dear are weyld burds' nwotes to me ;
 Whene'er we meet,
 They gie a treat ;
 An aye, his meanin seem'd queyte clear,
 That sweet, sweet, sweet is liberty !

Blithe Dick, I seeghin thowt, ilk grove,
 Wood, muir, or flow'ry field is theyne,
 Thy teyme is spent in peace an luive—
 O, cud I say sec days are meyne !
 Shall tyrant man yer reace enslave,
 When Nature, keynd, proclaims you free ?
 Rejoic'd to meet
 An hear your treat,
 Aw mortals, still sud sarve an seave,
 Foi sweet, sweet, sweet is liberty !

In youth, by fancy forward led
 Leyke thee, I sang the hours away ;
 But now true luive an frienship's fled,
 I cheerless spen leyfe's ling'rin day—
 He warbl'd on :—I nearer drew,

The feather'd treybe aye fain to see ;
 His mate to meet,
 Wi' luive to greet,
 He ceas'd, an flutt'rin frae me flew—
 Hoo sweet, sweet, sweet is liberty !

Whee that on beast or burd can gaze,
 Mun see what mortals aye sud please ;
 What's formed for man desarves his praise,
 Yet oft his plishure is to seize :
 Hoo leyke the Lennet on the spray
 Or lark that soars aloft wi' glee,
 Tho' coy we meet,
 Wi' Nature's treat,
 Each cheerfu sangster seems to say,
 O, sweet, sweet, sweet is liberty !

Puir burds leyke men oft meet their foes,
 An leyfe is robb'd ov peace an joy ;
 His heart unfeelin ilk yen shows,
 That harmless warblers wad destroy !
 To view their nest, to hear their sang,
 To aul an young deleyte sud gie ;
 If foes they meet,
 The heart will beat ;
 They flee when nar a deyke we gang—
 Still sweet, sweet, sweet is liberty !

CORBY.

TUNE—" *The Lads o' Dunse.*"

I wander'd round Corby in friendship, ae day,
 Whoar Nature deleyteth the grave an the gay ;
 In friendship, it's pleasing, the tyme to begueyle,
 Forgettin the cares of this leyfe for a wheyle :
 Owre monie in quest o' false plishure will run,
 By what leads to ruin some daily are won ;
 Wer I yen o' the greet, an aw countries cud
 see,
 The gran scenes o' Corby wad meast deleyte
 me !

We gaz'd on woods, watters, rocks, caves, hills,
 an vales,
An fan the enjoyment of health's fav'ring gales :
We mark'd distant villages spread far an weyde,
The haunts ov industry an oft that ov preyde :
Then canny aul Carel appear'd fair in view,
Whoar Scotlan's brave sons oft oor fworefadders
 slew ;
Amang oor wish'd blessings are plenty an
 peace,
But guvvern'd by tyranny cares mun increase !

The burds sang their welcome an gev us a treat,
Nae musical ban was to me e'er sae sweet :
Their voices sud charm on mead, mountain, or
 plain,
They share what in towns monie wish for in
 vain ;
Noo wand'rin by Eden or snug in a bow'r,
The pictures o' mortals we saw in ilk flow'r ;
Or markt the peer fishermen weadin the stream,
To lure leevin creatures—leyke monie they
 seem.

Rejoic'd wi' the walks that nit yen can think
 rude,
Aul Nature's weyld scenery wi' plishure we
 view'd,
The herb that we treed on, the yek on the brow,
Leads the meynd to that Pow'r to whom aw maks
 mun bow !
Neest, donn'd oot in feynr'y what numbers we
 saw,
Some linkin in luive, others struttin for shew ;
Admirers of Nature ! enjoyers of wealth ;
An monie desarted by plenty an health.

At length in the castle, the fam'd works of art,
To us, leyke aw others, did plishure impart ;
Here scenes of antiquity caw forth yen's praise ;
On earth's greatest patriots, here anxious fwok
 gaze :
Sec ever the thanks ov aul Englau may claim,

But foes o' true freedom pruiwe ilk country's
 sheame;
 Their neames will for ever be thowt on wi'
 scworn—
 What loads ov oppression by Britons are bworn!

May the awners of Corby leyfe's blissins enjoy!
 Wheyle feelins of gudness puir brethren employ;
 Here true hospitality succors distress;
 They comfort the helpless, nor seek to oppress!
 To the Howards whose pride is, each mortal to
 serve,
 Who niver from freedom or justice would swerve,
 Oor country's indebted; and still may the name
 Live highly enroll'd in the annals of Fame!

LAIRD JWOHNNY.

TUNE—*By the Author.*

Comin owre the muir ae neet,
 Whee met me, but young laird Jwohnnny!
 "Bess!" says he, "I's fain we meet;
 Lang I've thowt thee gud and bonny!"
 Sweet he boo'd, kiss'd an woo'd
 Seeght an sed, "Lass will ye hae me?"
 "No" slipt oot, sinseyne I've rued,
 That sec a word sud keep him frae me.
 O, wad he but come to me!
 Day an neet I think aboot him—
 Mudder says I's gaun to dee—
 Lang may I nit leeve widoot him!

Leyke a dandy, Arthur com
 Thro' the wood last week, to woo me;
 Weyde-gobb'd Wully, Watt an Tom,
 Fain wad aw hae buckelt to me!
 Chaps leyke these leyke butter-flees,
 Win owre oft wi' preyde an blether;
 Thowtless lasses fain to seize—

Jwohnny's weel worth aw thegether,
 O, wad he but come to me !
 Nowt I de but think aboot him ;
 He's the apple o' mey e'e—
 Faith, I cannot leeve widoot him.

Monday neest at Heskett Fair,
 He shall see me leyke a leady ;
 Skeybels ne'er my luive will share—
 Jwohnny's rich an lish an steady !
 Weel I tnow, he caps them aw ;
 Singin, dancin, nin can match him ;
 Fuil was I to mutter no !
 This weyde warl I'd gie to catch him !
 What !—I see he comes to me,
 Mountet feyne wi' dogs aboot him ;
 Luiks ov luive I noo mun gie—
 Happy I'd ne'er be widoot him ;

A FADDER'S LECTURE.

TUNE—"Joy be wi' ye a'."

Come Gworge, let's saunter thro' the wood,
 Owre this bit steyle I scarce can creep ;
 Fwok say, a walk dis monie gud ;
 For me last neet I gat nea sleep ;
 Thoo's hilthy, weer's a rwosy luik,
 Just twonty years hes seen to-day ;
 I wish thoo'd worn a tunic now—
 Thoo seeghs an stares, and weel thoo may ;

A frien hes brok thy fadder's heart ;
 His neame thoo ne'er need whop to tnow ;
 A twelvemonth seyne, thoo'd ilk yen's praise,
 But now, thoo's turnt a parfit beau !
 Cock-feghtin, russlin's thy deleyte ;
 Of leate thoo's grown owre prood to work ;
 I buy thee buiks thoo'll never read,
 An seldom can be seen at kurk !

What, thoo's taen on wi' Squire's feyne Miss,
 An oft the neybors watch ye meet ;
 Her reckless ways are tnown aw roun,
 O, Gworge ! can sec leyke wark be reet ?
 Just coort a modest decent lass ;
 Nae matter whedder rich or puir ;
 Teake mey adveyce, thoo'll happy be,
 An wheyle ye leeve ye've nowt to fear.

At King-muir reaces, leyle I dreemt
 That our rwoan filly thoo durst run ;
 She fell, gat leamt an suin laid deed—
 That day cost me just tharty pun !
 Thy mudder spoilt the' when a bairn,
 But noo, leyke monie, sair she rues ;
 Last neet she fentet i' mey airms—
 Its hard gud fwok sud hear bad news !

Some doctor sent a box ov pills :
 "What" says mey deame, "Oor Gworge is
 weel!"
 A hawf-wit dandy neest caw'd in—
 We'd just as leeve hae seen the deil !
 Thoo fought three teymes on Rosley Hill,
 When I was buyin kye an sweyne ;
 Aw bluid an batter heame thoo rid—
 Fwok weel may think ov aul lang-seyne !

See sister Marget hard at wark,
 A better lass ne'er wore a goon ;
 She monie a neet the beyble reads,
 When thoo's wi eydlers scamperin 'roun !
 I' ne'er be sworry, dud she wed
 A sarvent puir, if nobbet gud ;
 She'll happy be, when low l's laid ;
 Thoo'll suffer what sec taistrels sud !

We hae but twee ; as feyne a lass
 As e'er claimt a fadder's praise ;
 A gamblin son, a lump ov preyde
 That glories in aw wicked ways !
 I fan silk stockings i' thy kist—
 O, lad ! thoo weel may blush fer sheame !
 The lawyer's meake mey will neest week,
 An mark a shillin to thy neame !

I see the tears strowe down thy cheek—
 For me : I scearce can gang or stan ;
 Teake mey adveyce ! I'll say nae mair—
 O' Gworge ! dear Gworge ! gie me thy han !
 Thy sister comes, aw tir'd nae doubt ;
 I'll ne'er let wit what hes been sed—
 Wey, Marget ! we've a famish neet ;
 The muin's got up—it's teyme fer bed !

THE FLOW'R O' THEM AW.

TUNE—"Watty's awa'."

O, where is Young Matty the flow'r o' them
 aw ?

We mourn the sweet lassie that ne'er hed a
 foe ;

She's fairest of onie ;

She's gud as she's bonny :

She's geane wi' the wishes ov beath hee an low.

Peace to her pure bwosom, whate'er she may
 tnaw ;

The loon that wad harm her, ill luck him be-
 faw !

Sae meyld is her nature,

Sae bonny ilk feature,

A lassie mair temptin man never yence saw !

For her I wad wander weyld mountains o' snaw,
 Nor heed the rough tempest, that roun me mud
 blaw ;

Nae cares cud oppress me,

Nae wants wad distress me,

Were she but mey partner in cottage, tho' sniaw.

Where'er Fate may lead her, leyfe's comforts
 to draw,

May fortune aye on her, wished favors bestow ;

She's Nature's sweet charmer,

May mortals ne'er harm her,

But Happiness guard her, till Deeth gies a caw !

A fig for thur husseys just meade up for show,
To win the waak heart they owre oft lead to
woe!

Fworc'd luiks, an mock greaces,
Their sex ay debases—
True virtue meks Matty the flow'r o' them aw!

GUD ADVEYCE.

TUNE—"Caw hawkey."

Leyfe's turn'd a wilderness ov leate,
Nor whopes hae we ov wish'd-for changes :
Joy yence on lab'rin man wad wait,
But now for toil he daily ranges :
Tho' fled the bliss o' better days,
When aw to sarve was man's endeavour ;
Tho' noo, owre monie man betrays,
O, let content cheer us for iver.

Tho' trade's sunk low an rents are hee,
An honest peer fwok daily suffer ;
Aw countries deep distress mun see,
Yet what avails the miser's coffer ?
He kens his share o' leyfe's keen care,
An him frae wealth Deeth suin can sever ;
They're wise that ne'er thro' leyfe despair—
O, cud Content cheer man for ever !

The prince, the peer, wi aw the'r gear,
Hoo seldom e'er they buy true plishure ;
Leyfe's ills are painfu' hard to bear,
Yet, aye content's the sweetest treasure !
What happy changes Teyme may bring
Depends on Englan's fond endeavour ;
Let's pray for peace an cheerfu sing,
O, that Content may cheer man iver ;

Aye may the gud the wicked rule,
An law suin help the weel-desarvin ;
But he that pruives oppression's tuil,
I wish him suin, leyke millions starvin !

Whee scworns the puir, mun fear grim Deeth,
 True blessins he need whope for niver ;
 The peerest creature that draws breeth,
 O, may Content cheer him for iver !

The wealthy tyrant who'd enslave
 The puir, O may he suin sup sorrow !
 But he wha wad th' industrious seave,
 May care or pain his feace ne'er furrow !
 That greet gud men may gain gud teymes
 Sud be aul Englan's fond endeavour ;
 Wheyle hee an low mun pay for creymes,
 O, let Content cheer us for iver !

THE INVITATION.

TUNE—" *Haud awa frae me Donald.* "

O come away ! heaste away !
 An share luive sweets wi' me, Nelly !
 Or Winter smears the earth wi' snaw,
 Theyce welcome thoo sal be, Nelly :
 We'll wander meadow, wood an vale,
 An pleasin sights we'll see, Nelly ;
 Then, oft thoo'll hear a lover's teale,
 He daily dwoats on thee, Nelly !

O come away ! heaste away !
 We'll share true luive, an glee, Nelly
 Oor neyb'rin lasses yen an aw,
 Wi' envy glowre at thee, Nelly ;
 They dess thersels in duds owre feyne,
 To catch ilk dandy's e'e, Nelly ;
 But cud I share that smeyle o' theyne,
 'Twad drive aw care frae me, Nelly.

O come away ! heaste away !
 Nae doubt but we'll agree, Nelly ;
 My health is good ! mey fortune's great,
 I'll share't wi' nin but thee, Nelly ;

Thy marrow, aw the country roun
 I'd wander prood to see, Nelly ;
 For on the earth neane can be foun
 Frae veyce or preyde mair free, Nelly !

O come away ! heaste away !
 Some luive just shew to me, Nelly ;
 Mid Summer's simeyles or Winter's froons,
 Thro' leyfe let's happy be, Nelly !
 Blest be the lass if rich or puir,
 That keeps mankeynd in glee, Nelly ;
 An aw leyfe's ills may he endure,
 That mis'ry wad cause thee, Nelly !

LEYFE'S COMFORTS.

TUNE—*By the Author.*

Wid a frien iver true, an a lass to mey meynd,
 Teyme sleydes away daily in gladness ;
 Wid a peype, an a glass. I can laugh at man-
 keynd,
 This whurlogig warl an its madness.
 Away wi' repeynin, dull wheynin, an streyfe,
 Fworerunners o' seeckness an sorrow !
 Be merry ; sud aye be oor maxim thro' leyfe,
 We ken nit what happens to-morrow !

A frien frev aw ills keeps yen iver secure ;
 T o sarra, cheer, larn, is oor duty !
 Ov aw this leyfe's joys, nin was iver sae pure,
 As luive built on gudness an beauty.
 Away wi' repeynin, &c.

My peype when I smuik, pruiwes a teype o'
 frail man,
 Noo parfit, neest moment in pieces ;
 To think o' the gud fowk sud aye be our plan,
 For bad still yen's pity increases.
 Away wi' repeynin, &c.

Leyfe's comfort is happiness few can enjoy,
 For monie deleyte in weyld plishure,
 Men seek yen anudder owre oft to destroy,
 An rob them ov health, peace an trishure.
 Away wi' repeynin, &c.

THE GUD-FOR-NOWT WEYFE.

TUNE—*By the Author.*

Mey frien hes a weyfe ; sec a gud-for-nowt weyfe
 Nae mortal e'er tuik to embitter his leyfe ;
 Nae weyld beast was iver mair fit fer a show ;
 Hoo happy he'd be wad Deeth gie her a caw ;
 She's brong him to woe,
 She thumps him an aw—
 Owre aw the warl nin sec a hussy e'er saw !

Mey frien hes a weyfe ; sec a gud-for-nowt weyfe,
 I'd far raider kiss the sharp edge ov a tneyfe ;
 She's shept leyke a trippet, she crowks leyke a
 caw ;
 Wi' teeth lang as stowres sticking out ov her
 jaw,
 Weel may he cry—"Oh !
 Deil give her a throw !
 The sun, muin or stars sec a donnet ne'er saw !"

Mey frien hes a weyfe ; sec a gud-for-nowt weyfe,
 Aul Nick niver sowt sec a bundle ov streyfe ;
 An sud he engage her, she'd give him a claw,
 Wad mek him cry, "Imps, set to wark yen an
 aw !
 Lowp roun in a raw,
 Kick her leyke a fit baw !
 By my 'cluits, in thur pairts sec a lump I ne'er
 saw !"

THE LASS THAT LO'ES ME.

TUNE—*By the Author.*

Sweet's the lass that lo'es me,
As the weyld rwose on the breer !
Blithe she's aye who lo'es me—
Weel she kens to me she's dear !
 Preyde an fuil'ry I despise ;
 She's the only yen I prize
 Healthy, hearty, gud an wise—
 Sweet is she that lo'es me !

Wi' the lass that lo'es me,
Leyfe's a summer free frae care ;
 Luiks ov hur that lo'es me
Give content ; I seek nae mair :
 Toilin cheerfu aw the day,
 Thowts ov her aye mek me gay ;
 Doubts ne'er tempt my mind to stray
 Frae the lass that lo'es me !

Oft wi' her that lo'es me,
Fain I walk up Pett'rel seyde ;
 An wi' hur that lo'es me.
See whoar she'll be meade a breyde ;
 Kith or kin to me's unknown ;
 Feckless noo her mudder's grown ;
 Beath sal aye mey keyndness own,
 Aw for hur that lo'es me !

When she awns she lo'es me,
Sweetly flees the winter neet,
 Smeyles frae her that lo'es me,
Mek me wish for mwornin leet !
 Sukey's aw the warl to me ;
 Heav'n nae greeter gift can gie ;
 Aw on earth I wish to see,
 Is the lass that lo'es me !

POVERTY'S NAE SIN.

TUNE—" *Auld lang Seyne.*"

O, Greacy ! grevin day an neet,
Can dui nae gud at aw :
If lanlword's taen our cow for rent,
Fwok mun abeyde by law :
It's hard when peer hae nowt to dui,
But wark I whop to fin ;
Teyme suin may welcome changes bring,
An poverty's nae sin !

We've but twee sons, beath fit fer wark,
An tho' we buried three,
Let's hwop, wi' preyde, or years er owre,
They'll comfort thee an me !
They hate aw mischief, ply the buik,
But give offence to nin ;
An were we fworc'd to beg for breed,
What—poverty's nae sin !

Weyld winter flees an spring steals on.
The best teyme o' the year ;
I'll drive the plew wi' onie yen,
Or sow or mow or shear,
That wheel thou leate cud turn, an sing
As few leyke thee cud spin ;
But come what will, be cheerfu still
For poverty's nae sin !

Mey puir aul fadder past aw wark,
Oft sed, " God's will be duin ! "
Wi' scairce a beyte for weyfe or bairns,
I meynd ae efternuin,
A purse he fan, queyte full ov brass ;
Wot meal was suin brong in ;
If ne'er a coin sud cross mey luif,
Yet poverty's nae sin !

I dreemt lass neet—nay, dunnet frown !
They're truths we wheyles suppose ;
I'll bet three kisses meyne pruiues true,
An thou'll be fain to lwose :

I mendet rwoads, an deykt, an swet,
 'Till aw queyte pain'd widin ;
 The squire cried, " Peter, never fret,
 Since poverty's nae sin ! "

The squire hes gien us meat an claes ;
 God spare me, suin to-mworn
 I'll ax his wark an muck the byres,
 Or deet an thresh the cworn :
 If on the rroad I fin nae purse,
 Nor yet pick up a pin ;
 Reeght happily, I'll flee to thee—
 Hut ! poverty's nae sin !

It's wise thro' leyfe to envy neane ;
 For wheyle the warl turns roun,
 Deame Fortune will on millions smeyle,
 An aye on millions frown :
 Frae kings to beggars, aw ken care,
 Mankeynd are nar akin ;
 The rich may help or shew their scworn,
 But poverty's nae sin !

O Greacy ! pleas'd I see the' smeyle,
 That luik comes frae the heart ;
 We'll pray for wark an be content
 Till Deeth sal bid us part !
 The peerest creeter man e'er saw,
 Tho' aul, deaf, dum an blin,
 If blest wi' reason, aye sud think
 That poverty's nae sin !

TAMER AN MATTY.

TUNE—" *The humours' o' glen.*"

MATTY.

" Aa Tamer ! wey bliss us, mey merry aul cronie ;
 Come, tek't airmin chair an I'll throw the wheel
 by ;
 I thowt thoo'd been deed—It's a yage sin I seed thee
 How's thy maister Peter, the bairns, naigs, an
 kye ?

Sit narer to t' fire ! teake a peype, what here's
'bacco

But furst try a mouthfu ov famish Scotch gin ;
The day's nobbet caulish, an thoo's gitten aulish,
Sae, cock up lal finger, 'twill warm the' widin."

TAMER.

" Aa Matty ! our Peter hes lang been but peerly ;
He's pleg'd wi' the watter-brash, mworn, nuin,
an neet ;
He's fash'd wi' the gravel an wheyles cannot travel ;
Sin lain up i' th' jonas, he's niver been reet,
Our famish naig Boxer, he dee't o' the glanders ;
They've puzzent twee sheep an run off wid a cow ;
Fwok aw hae their losses, their trials an crosses—
Thank God ! our nine bairns er aw weel enough
now."

MATTY.

" Aa, Tamer ! our Sukey hes got a neyce sweet-
heart ;
He reydes owre on Sundays an they gan to kurk ;
They walk, laugh an talk, an they link thro' the
meadows ;
What she's sae fon on him, she harleys can
work ;
He keeps the big shop owre anent Carel market,
An sarras girt gentry an peer fwok an aw ;
He's git heaps o' money, an Suke's young an bonny—
A neycer chap fadder or mudder ne'er saw."

TAMER.

" Aa, Matty ; it vext us when our Dolly marriet,
That bit ov a teaylear, a peer silly guff ;
For Marget at Branton she sells wot-meal, sug-
ger,
Bread, tea, piggin-bottoms, tape, nuts, thread
an snuff ;
Our Ann tuik a Whaker an reet weel they're leevin ;
Dick's weyfe gat her bed o' twee twins tudder
day ;
He's thrang at wark threshin, an she's up an weshin,
I seed them hard at it as I com this way."

MATTY.

"Aa, Tamer ; fwok tell us your James is a turney,
 God speed him ! for turneys leyke udders dui wrang ;
 Our Henry's for kurk, he reads buiks meade ov latin ;
 Whea kens but he may be a bishop er lang :
 Come, fou thy peype, dui now ! what divvent be bashfu ;
 Anudder glass teake, an just think thoo's at heame—
 Nay, bottom't ! lword bliss thee ! we aw sud carress thee,
 A woman mair varteous ne'er hed a neame."

TAMER.

"Aa, Matty ! here's to thee an thy gudman Philip,
 A neyker chap niver yence hannelt a plew ;
 'Twas at Leady Fair wi' the tweesome we fell in,
 An shwort-keakes an kisses, they gev us nit few :
 That day we aw weddet we twee donn't leyke leadies—
 The fwok wer aw merry an whopt we wad thrive ;
 Our cheeks wer leyke rwoses but colour yen lwoses—
 What, I mun jog heame, fer the clock hes struck five."

MATTY.

"Aa Tamer ! be whiet ! thoo sannet flee frev us ;
 Here, Nan ! set on kettle an prod up the fire—
 Odsbobs ! luiks te Philip, an our bonny dowter,
 Come cant'rin up t' lonnin thro' mud an thro' mire ;
 The seet ov her goddy mun 'stonish our Sukey—
 I's mek gurdle keakes an we's hev a swop tea ;
 Our man'll suin kiss thee, shek hans, seegh, an bliss thee,
 For thowts ov aul teymes throws a tear in his e'e !"

YAGE AN POVERTY.

TUNE—" *The aul guidman.*"

Our cottage yence pleas'd neybons roun,
But now, leyke me it's in decay ;
This howlin blast may e'er fling't down,
For thro' the theek the rain meakes way :
Our garden's aw strowt owre wi' weeds,
Yence usefu, flow'ry, clean an neat ;
Theer teades an varmin daily feeds,
An rotten is our aul yek seat !

Yence burds wad sing the teyme to cheer
On oor bit peer-tree ; now they're dum ;
An reedbreests hoppt about the fleer,
Nae Robbin now e'er seeks a crum :
Nae beggar creeps up towrts the duir,
Tho' proud I've sarrad monie a yen,
Aul, weary, heartless, helpless, puir,
A caw frae neybons I git neane.

If owre the geate I chance to creep,
The bairns 'll mock me, screamin loud ;
Leyfe nobbet meks me seegh an weep,
Ay fain to be wrapt in a shroud :
Mey gud aul Jwosep, Deeth laid low,
An aw the bairns he stule frae me ;
I's left a wither'd lump ov woe,
An welcome now to Deeth I'd gie !

Wi' leyfe wheyle this waak heart mun beat,
The thowts o' them will aye be dear ;
Their neames I tremlin oft repeat,
An owre their greaves drop monie a tear :
Forseaken I ne'er meet a frien,
That yence wi' me wad plenty share ;
Whate'er in youth our joys hae been,
In yage if peer leyfe's nowt but care !

THE CONTRAST.

TUNE—*By the Author.*

I hev twee sweethearts, Nanny and Fanny ;
 Some chaps can git neane, an others owre monie :
 Nan's queyte puir, an just leeves by hard labour :
 Fan's queyte rich, an aye scworn'd by ilk neigh-
 bour,

Owre this warl o' preyde, you'll fin sec leyke lasses,
 But, man, the gud-hearted sud choose in aw classes !

Nanny's weel shept an fair as the lily ;
 Fanny meynds yen ov a daffydowndilly ;
 Nan hes a cheek leyke a sweet bloomin rowsey ;
 Fan hes a feace leyke an aul withert pwosey ;
 Owre this warl o' preyde, &c.

Nanny will sing, dull care aye begueylin,
 Happen what will she's daily seen smeylin ;
 Fanny deleytes but in lees an base slander,
 In preyde an in folly owre muckle she'll squander.
 Owre this warl o' preyde, &c.

Nanny will crack aye wid aw decent fellows,
 Blithe as a lennet, but niver yence jilous ;
 Fanny will speak oft to chaps that hev plenty,
 If peer, she'll scairce e'er nwotish yen out o' twenty.
 Owre this warl of preyde, &c.

Nan leykes to read in a beyble for ever ;
 Fan thinks ther's nowt leyke a novel sae clever ;
 Nanny hes feelins peer fwok she'll ay sarra ;
 Fanny's a wretch the deil ne'er saw her marra !
 Owre this warl o' preyde, &c.

Nan wad dui muckle to sarra proud Fanny,
 Fan wad e'en spit on the feace o' peer Nanny,
 The taen, canny Cummerlan seldom can match her ;
 The tudder aul Nick if he dare, he may catch her.
 Owre this warl o' preyde, &c.

Monie think money this leyfe's dearest treasure ;
 For me, I think gudness the warl's greatest pleasure ;
 Some greedy curmudgen may venture on Fanny,
 I've plenty an suin will leeve happy wid Nanny :
 Owre this warl of preyde you'll fin sec leyke lasses,
 But, man, the gud-hearted sud choose in aw classes !

JACK AN FANNY.

TUNE—" *Andrew wi' his cutty gun.*"

JACK.

" How wet an weary is this weather ;
 Nit ae star darts down its leet,
 Fling by thy wheel, let's creep together,
 An wi' luive begueyle the neet :
 O, rwosey Fanny !—I've kent monie,
 But thy marrow ne'er yet saw !
 Gie but thy milk-wheyte han to Jwohnnny,
 Nin thro' leyfe sall pruve thy foe—
 Weel I luive thee neybors tnew ! "

FANNY.

" Be duin, Jack ! what I cannot, munnet
 Sit an fling mey wark aseyde ;
 To lissen teales leyke theyne, I wunnet !
 Nin hawf-reet wad be thy breyde !
 Aa ! peer Bet Blair, thou's brong to ruin ;
 Hur an bairn's beath gaun to dee :
 Him that's sec weyld wark pursuin,
 Ne'er sal win a smeyle frac me ;
 Nabob-leyke tho rich wer he ! "

JACK.

" Hut, lass ! fer what I've duin, I's sworry—
 Whee the deuce wad wed Bet Blair ?
 What thou's taen on wi' ill Tom Stworey,
 Raggt widout a plack to share :
 But I've got lan, an money plenty ;
 Leady-leyke, I'll don thee feyne ;
 An sarvents han thee ev'ry dainty,
 Peace an plenty sal be theyne—
 Kiss me, Fanny ! thoo's be meyne ! "

FANNY.

' Kiss thee ?—I'd suiner kiss a beggar !
 Him I luive's a sarvent peer !
 Thoo's just an empty wheedlin bragger !
 I'll mek Tommy box thy ear !

Thoo's gaun ?—Ay, faix, we hear him comin—
 Our dog Pinch, to beyte thee tries,
 The man that seeks to cheat a woman
 Neybors roun sud aw despise—
 Wed Bet Blair, if thoo be wise ! ”

THE JOYS OF CONTENTMENT.

TUNE—*By the Author.*

Fwok may tell us this leyfe is nit worth the pos-
 sessin,
 An oft meake a curse what was gien as a blessin !
 In this crazy-grown warl shall we jossle ilk
 other,
 Nor think a peer man to a monarch's a brother ?
 Ther are evils the great an gud men endure ;
 Ther are pangs i' the bwosom Deeth only can
 cure,
 Let's laugh at preyde, envy, repeynin an
 streyfe—
 Contentment be thou our companion thro' leyfe !

Wi' thee fwok may smeyle at yon aul politician ;
 He climbs up the ladder ov boundless ambition ;
 Luiks down wi' a sneer on the crowds that adore
 him,
 An eagerly cleeks at the kick-shows befowre him ;
 We may smeyle at leyfe's follies, it's monie keen
 cares,
 An hair-breadth escapes frae dark villainy's
 snares ;
 When free frae preyde, envy, repeynin an
 streyfe—
 Contentment, be thou our companion thro' leyfe !

Ilk yen reydes his hobby, some vicious, some civil ;
Reason gueydes us to gud, an preyde drives us to
evil ;

This hunts for a star, an that courts Madam Honor,
She oft pruiues a jilt, when the booby has won
her.

He's happy thro' leyfe, that aye meakes it his
plan,

Be the voy'ge lang or shwort, to dui what gud
he can ;

Aye free frae preyde, envy, repeynin an streyfe—
Contentment, be thou our companion thro'
leyfe.

THE SAILOR'S RETURN.

TUNE—" *O'er Bogie.*"

MOTHER.

" O, welcome ! welcome, Willy lad,
Now seafe return'd frae war !
Thou's dearer to thy mudder's heart,
Sin' thou hes been sae far ;
But tell me aw that's happen'd thee—
The neet is weerin fast—
Ther's nowt I leyke sae weel to hear,
As dangers seafely past."

WILLY.

" O, mudder ! I's reet fain to see
Your gud-leyke feace the seame ;
In fancy still you follow'd me,
An aye my luive ye'll claim ;
When oft I walk'd the deck at neet,
Or watch'd the angry teyde ;
Mey thowts wad flee to this luiv'd spot,
An place me by your seyde."

MOTHER.

“ O Willy ! monie a sleepless neet
 I’ve spent an aw for thee ;
 I peyn’d an thowt ov happier teymes—
 Fwok sed ’twas deeth wi’ me :
 An when the wicked war broke out,
 The news I dursent read ;
 For fear thy neame mey only lad,
 Sud be amang the deed ! ”

WILLY.

“ Aa, mudder ! freetfu seets I’ve seen,
 When bullets roun us flew ;
 But i’ the feght or threetnin storm,
 I thowt o’ yen an you :
 Beath hur, an neybors, aul an young,
 Please God ! to-mworn I’ll see—
 O, tell me ! is the yek uncut,
 That shelter’d hur an me ? ”

MOTHER.

“ Ay, that it is ! I see’t ilk day ;
 An fain am I to tell,
 Tho’ oft the axe was busy theer,
 Thy tree they waddent fell,
 Oft as we sat below the shade,
 Thy Jenny dropt a tear ;
 An monie a teyme to Heav’n I pray’d—
 O that my lad wer here ! ”

WILLY.

“ Now mudder, yeage hes bent ye down,
 Agean we munnet part ;
 To leeve ye, tho’ for Indy’s wealth,
 Wad brek this varra heart !
 You say my Jenny’s weel an true,
 To part wi’ her was wrang ;
 I ax nae mair than your consent—
 We’ll marry or it’s lang.”

MOTHER,

“ God speed ye weel ! a better pair
 Ne’er kneel’d afwore a priest :
 For me I’ve suffer’d lang an sair—
 The greave may get me neest !
 Aye Willy ! bring her frae the town ;
 Reet happy may ye be !
 The house an fields ; the cows an sheep,
 When married, I’ll gie thee ! ”

TRUE LUIVE.

Set to Music, by Mr. J. Anderson, Surgeon, Carlisle.

“ Bess, sweetest ov weyld-flow’rs aroun us !
 Thy gudness an beauty a slave hes meade me ;
 At heame I hev plenty an share monie a dainty,
 But daily I leeve them in whopes to gain thee ;
 In dreams on my pillow, I see thee wi’ plishure ;
 Tho’ monie rich beauties I’m daily amang ;
 Nae wealthy I’ll covet thou’s aye my heart’s treasure,
 An seeghin, I think o’ thee aw the day lang ! ”

O, Jwosep ! man, niver mair teaze me ;
 Tho’ you’re rich an clever, an I’s waak an puir,
 Wealth leads some to ruin but niver sal win me ;
 Seduction owre oft tnocks at Poverty’s duir !
 Just mark yon peer miller he toils hard as onie,
 Wi’ him I’s detarmin’d leyfe’s plishures to share :
 Sae court some young leddy that’s browt up in
 feyn’ry,
 You’ve plenty yet never mek flatt’ry your care ! ”

“ Bess ! seeghin fair fav’rite I’ll leave thee,
 An wish thou may suin get a better than I,
 May Heav’n aye bless thee ! an gud men carress
 thee !

To gain onie other I niver will try,
 Our aul fwok mun suffer when cross the wide ocean,
 Frae kindred an Bessy I wander an grieve ;
 Since vain my endeavour oh ! farewell for ever !
 I’ll pray for sweet Bessy as lang as I leeve !

" Dear Jwosep ! I'd scworn to deceive ye ;
 I spak but in jest your affection to pruiwe ;
 That tear in your e'e I now gaze at wi' sorrow !
 Whate'er may befaw me nae other I'll luive ;
 I've sweethearts a number, that daily will flatter ;
 In preyde some deleyte an oft try their base
 art ;
 I neer yet tnew sadness but see you wi' gladness,
 An years hae flown owre, sin' furst ye wan my
 heart.

MY LUIVE IS BUT A LASSIE YET.

Sweet bud ov beauty hear me Jean !
 Or by my luik guess what I mean ;
 Thoo's stown my heart wi' twee blue e'en,
 Tho' thoo art but a lassie yet !

Wer meyne the wealth o' Cummerlan,
 Ov Westmorlan, Northumerlan,
 A monarch's ransom for thy han
 I gie, tho' thoo'rt a lassie yet !

Lood craws the cock an aw the mworn,
 I wakin freet aboot thy scworn ;
 " Sec froons," I cry, " can ne'er be bworne,
 Tho' thoo art but a lassie yet !"
 Wer meyne the wealth, &c.

O why did Nature form that feace ?
 Why bliss thee wi' a heav'nly greace,
 To steal the hearts in ilka pleace ;
 Tho' thoo art but a lassie yet ?
 Wer meyne the wealth, &c.

But Jenny, dunnet luik owre hee ;
 Lest beauty that sec pain can gie,
 May suin draw tears frae thy breet e'e,
 Tho' thoo art but a lassie yet !
 Wer meyne the wealth, &c.

The bees salute the blooming rrose,
 Come fairer than the flow'r that grows,
 I'll luive thee, truly till leyfe's clwose,
 Tho' thoo art but a lassie yet!
 Wer meyne the wealth, &c.

Thy beauty sae my bwosom warms,
 I canna coont thy matchless charms;
 A heaven on earth wad be thy arms,
 Tho' thoo art but a lassie yet!
 Wer meyne the wealth, &c.

OUR AWN FIRE SEYDE.

TUNE—*By the Author.*

Deame, lissen! the weyld wint'ry wins lood an
 keen they blaw,
 The seasons aye keep changin—Sae 'tis wi' fwok,
 we see;
 Thy check whoar yence bloom'd a rrose, is noo as
 wehyte as snaw,
 An to the yerth I's bowin, leyke a wither'd aul tree:
 But sin' that hour, that happy hour, I furst cawt
 thee mey breyde,
 Nae twee mair plishure teasted by their awn
 fire-seyde!

Come, fou, twee sups o' oor brew'd yell; the
 bwosoms it may warm,
 An meynd us o' luive's merry neets in youthfu'
 happy years;
 A swop oft leads to health an joy at other teymes
 dis harm,
 But in seeckness, yage or poverty sud cause
 nae fears—
 May peace an plenty to the puir aye be the state-
 man's preyde!
 An gud teymes mek fwok happy by their awn
 fire-seyde!

Ye women-fwok owre often lead to ruin mankeynd,
An to scenes ov false plishure oft ye victims pruve;
Yer weedlin arts an wicked luiks hae madden'd
monie a meynd,
But oor hearts are warm'd by innocence, peace,
truth an luive;
Tho' neybons oft hae tried to spread sad misr'y
far an weyde,
Nin e'er cud coax contentment frev oor awn
fire-seyde!

Leyfe's oft a weary pilgrimage to hee an low;
The nowbles hae their troubles, aches an pains
leyke the puir;
We daily read the greetest fwok that Englan yet
e'er saw,
Row'd up in preyde an folly, buy their plishure
owre dear.
But sin thoo furst gat on the ring industry's been
oor preyde,
An aye brong peace an plenty till oor awn
fire-seyde!

In this aul theekt an heamly farm, we plishure
aye tnew
When monie a starvin beggar, wid a tear in the e'e
Cawt tremlin; Oh! hoo pleas'd on the fire the
peets we threw!
An they shar'd whate'er was fittin wi' the bairns
or we;
They'd teake a whiff, an tell the news that suin
flew far an weyde,
An aye they foun a welcome heame at oor
fire-seyde!

As happy noo we're seated as in leyfe's blithe
spring,
Tho marks o' yage on ilk pale wrinkelt feace
is shown;
Oor bairns' bairns noo aroun us will laugh an
chat an sing,
Or read sec lessons as sud be to aw fwok tnown;
They court a kiss, wi' luiks ov bliss; but trimmel
at a cheyde—
A paradeyse is sweetest at yen's awn fire-seyde!

For fifty ang'ry winters we leyke slaves hev toil'd,
 An gamlin, folly's wickedness oft mark'd in man;
 But when frae kings to cobblers by gamlin fwok are
 spoil'd,
 It's strange, the wise an wealthy cheat an wheyles
 trapan;
 Hoo happy are a couple that sec leyke can aye
 dereyde,
 Nor blush nor seegh at past-teymes by their awn
 fire-seyde!

Oor Meaker's gudness, fourscore years but few
 fwok share;
 This hour o' neet remeynds yen o' leyfe's clwosin
 day;
 Oor duty is, aye for a better warl to prepare,
 For deeth's a debt beath young an aul are
 fworc'd to pay;
 To rich an puir tho' thowts o' Deeth owre oft are
 hard to beyde,
 We'll welcome him, together by oor awn fire-seyde.

LUIVE AS IT SUD BE.

TUNE—"Come under my plaidie."

They may talk as they leyke, aboot this that an
 tudder,
 Let's dui what oor conscience still whispers is reet,
 Wully Todd, tho' but puir an they caw me a leady,
 I's dreemin aboot him, aye neet efter neet!
 He toils suin an leate beath in summer an winter,
 An keeps an aul fadder, what mair can he de?
 Wi' brass or wi' breed he oft sarras puir beggars—
 Yen better nor Wulliam, nee lass can e'er see!

When twee bits o' scholars we'd laik roun the
 hay-stack,
 A mayin, a nuttin, we'd run here an theer;
 But ne'er fan the taws, nor e'er yence playt the
 trowin—
 What, oor fwok leyke his wer at that teyme
 but puir:

'Twas yen fan me cleedin an bowt me a beyble;
 God bliss him! a better man ne'er clwos'd
 an e'e.
 Than aul uncle Tim; he left me gowd in gow-
 pins,
 A gud hoose an lans; ther nae better can be!

O, cud I but meake a leyle sang aboot Wully!
 I'd e'en give a guinea, ay mebbys far mair;
 I'd sing't thro' the meadows but nit to mey
 mudder;
 Mey sarty! 'twad mek her fratch, caper an stare!
 She brags ov oor doctor, cries, "Suin thoo may
 git him!"
 Wer he king nit ae smeyle he sud e'er buy
 frae me;
 Jenny Stubb, ay Betty Bealie, ay duzzens he's
 ruin'd!
 They gowl owre their bairns but ne'er happy
 can be!

O, Wully! O Wully!—Hoo fain I wad meet him—
 He promis'd this mworn when his *darrak was
 duin,
 In this varra fiel he wad spen twee hours wi' mey—
 Nay chaps promise oft what they wheyles forgit
 suin!
 Is yon him comes reydin?—Shaf! what it's the
 doctor,
 Deil bin him! I'll heyde mey ahint this yek tree;
 Aa! here wid his flute hoo oft Wully hes pleas'd me;
 An aye in his company merry I'll be!

We'll meet, if God spare us at Rosley neest Mon-
 day;
 On fut Wully gans, on oor naig I mun reyde;
 He's hev a lock money to buy whate'er's needfu,
 An when he thinks fit he may caw me his
 breyde!
 He's dear to his Nanny as man is to onie,
 For poverty ne'er yence was froon'd at by me;
 To dui gud's a blessin but preyde pruives dis-
 tressin—
 To mek the puir happy mey wish sal ay be!

*Darrak=day's work—a sheerin darrak=a day's work in the
 harvest field—a darrak o'peats=as much turf as a man could dig
 in a day.

THE LAMENT.

TUNE—" *The aul guidman.*"

The sun shone clear owre hill an vale,
 An yellow seem'd the wavin cwarn,
 When Peggy leyke a fadin rwose,
 Sang seaghin nar a weel-kent thworn
 "True luive owre seldom causeth joy,
 For mortals will too oft betray;
 Here seated, plishures aw flung by—
 Alas! leyfe's whopes are flown away!

"Th's thworn caws happy hours to meynd,
 Wi' Deavie seated by my seyde;
 Noo yen mair rich his heart has won;
 O, may gud luck the twee beteyde!
 Mey puir aul mudder hard the news
 An telt me aw, wi' monie a tear—
 'Mid summer's smeyles or winter's froons,
 Mey fav'rite seat sal aye be here!

"Hoo monie an offer I hev hed,
 For rich an puir oft courted me;
 Thro' leyfe for Deavie aye I'll pray
 That noo in vain I wish to see!
 At weddins, murry-neets an fairs,
 A blither pair nin e'er yet saw;
 An aye he'd smeyle an gie me praise,
 But luive pretended leads to woe!

"Hoo sweet the weyld burds roun me sing,
 Aye to ilk other they pruve true;
 An sae sud we; but I'll ne'er be
 The weyfe ov onie yen, I vow!"
 "Yes! Peggy—Here beats Deavie's heart
 That nin on earth sal win frae thee!"
 The voice of true luive meade her start—
 Now blest they leeve as pair can be!

AUL ENGLAN.

TUNE—" *What can the matter be.*"

Oh! dear!—What can the matter be?
 Think! Think!—What can the matter be?
 Say! say—What can the matter be,
 Fwok munnet whop for Reform!
 Oor Statesmen hunt pleaces, oppression's their
 plishure!
 They bow man to slavery in whops to gain
 treasure!
 Oor taxes are numberless; laws beyond mea-
 sure—
 Aul Englan's just lost in a storm!

Oh! dear!—What can the matter be?
 Think! think!—What can the matter be?
 Say! say!—What can the matter be?
 Fwok munnet whop for Reform!
 Wad Rulers an Judges an Bishops, foriver
 Mek gudness their study, an daily endeavour
 Aw tyrans to crush—Nay! sec teymes we'll see,
 niver—
 Aul Englan's just lost in a storm!

Oh! dear!—What can the matter be?
 Think! think!—What can the matter be!
 Say! Say!—What can the matter be!
 Fwok munnet whop for Reform!
 Wer tithes flung aseyde that oor country dis-
 greaces;
 Wer freedom their preyde that hop into girt
 pleaces;
 The Deil meeght sit quiet; noo millions he
 cheases—
 Aul Englan's just lost in a storm!

MAD MARY.

TUNE—*By the Author.*

The furst teyme I saw yon aul hawthorn ae
eve,
Returnin heame weariet my friens fain to see;
A lassie sang under't but nin to deceive,
An burds warbl'd roun her wi innocent glee,
Mair innocent nin was than Mary!

Gud, cheerfu, industrious an free frev aw preyde;
A sweeter young bud ne'er cud Cumberlan
bwoast;
To win her chaps far in weyld winter wad reyde,
An a neyborin squire wad oft mek her his
twoast—
Aw roun wer rapt up in Mary!

Not riches or flatt'ry her heart cud betray—
O, lassies! foriver let this be your plan!
Seduction owre oft causes leyfe's elwosin day;
Just think what you'd suffer deluded by man!
Sec ne'er was the kease wi' blithe Mary!

Her fav'rite was Willy a lad iver dear,
Sin' deleyted they wandert to schuil, or to fair;
Still free frev aw actions that cause mickle fear;
Still fain wi' ilk other to freeten dull care,
Sec cronies pruv'd Willy an Mary!

To the tweesome whope painted sweet pictures
ov leyfe;
The praise ov aw roun them forever they sowt;
True foes to the follies that lead but to streyfe;
Contented wi' little; the ring was now bowt
To grace the wheyte han o' young Mary!

Now fix'd was the day, an the mwornin shone
breet,
An anxious wer monie their keyndness to show;
But Deeth hed seized William, unlukit for at neet,
An robb'd ov her reason an object of woe,
The neyborgs aw pitied peer Mary!

The ring on her finger she'll kiss wid a smeyle,
 An sing to the weyld burds an throw them a
 crum :

When spoke tui by neybors her ways to begueyle,
 She'll gaze wid a tear an to strangers seem dum :
 A word nin can draw frae mad Mary !

When wintry wins howl oft her seat is his greave,
 An roun it in summer sweet weyld-flowers she'll
 fling ;

Half withert an helpless, nae pity she'll creave,
 But nar the aul hawthorn oft cheerfully sing,
 Wheyle monie drop tears for mad Mary.

The last o' the flock tho' not yet in leyfe's preyme,
 Frae friens she yence luiv'd now forgotten, she'll
 run,

Tho' madness sinks low it can ne'er be a creyme ;
 By veyce the sad pander, what thousans are won,
 An suffer far mair than mad Mary.

NATHAN AN WINNY.

TUNE—" *Aul lang seyne.*"

" What, Winny it's owre suin for rist,
 Tho' that fwok mun desire ;
 I'll try a whiff—this neet's queyte raw—
 Bring in some peets to t' fire ;
 Then tell us thy young sweethearts owre—
 Or lang thoo's hear ov meyne ;
 It's reet aul fwok hae bits o' cracks,
 That meynds them o' lang seyne ! "

" Ay, Nathan, sec as donn't leyke lwords,
 Peer lasses to deceive ;
 Wad brag o' gear an lee an sweer,
 I ne'er cud thur believe :
 Young lasses now er lumps o' preyde,
 Feyne leadies aw mun be ;
 But wer I this day i' mey teens,
 Preyde suddent conquer me !

" The furst young cuif I ever gat,
 Was when we went to schuil ;
 I meynd his buckles, three cock'd hat,
 A peer cat-witted fuil !
 I coaxt him ae neet on to t' eyce,
 It brak an in he flew :
 I laught an laught, but frae that hour
 Nae luik at me he threw.

At Carel hirin com the neest,
 Aw't way frae Warnel Fell,
 His nwose was' but leyke thy thum en—
 We met at the Blue Bell :
 He show'd his lang purse, drank, an reavt,
 Aw decent chaps to flay,
 But cowpt off horseback scamprin heame,
 An dee't just the neest day.

" At Leady Fair, twee courtet me,
 What I was then eighteen ;
 They fratch't an fught ; wuns, what a dui !
 They beath gat twee black een !
 That neet a lish chap frae Cock-Brig—
 Nay I fougit his neame ;
 A shillin fer a keep-seake gev,
 An set me narlins heame.

" Kitt Lang, the miller, thoo kens Kitt,
 To our farm house wad run,
 Mey bed-gown dark he oft meade wheyte,
 What he was nowt but fun ;
 He'd lowp an teer an lee an sweer ;
 That meade mey fadder stare,
 An shek his crutch an threeten Kit,
 If ever he com mair.

" Yen Sargin Jakes, pullt up wi' preyde.
 Neist strutted to begueyle ;
 Reed cwots owre offen pruiwe but traps—
 I ne'er gev him a smeyle :
 Then William Shaw, frae Hayket Yett,
 To win me sair he tried ;
 Consumpshe laid him i' the greave,
 Whoa! I oft seyne hev cry'd.

“ Then, Boutcher Tommy oft com down,
An bowt beath sheep an kye ;
He’d stop to tea an gleyne at me,
But ne’er this han cud buy !
The Bishop’s lackey tui, wad strut,
Our worchet roun an roun—
Aa ! hed his maister followt me,
He’d mebbys got a frown,

“ What yence a captain in his gig,
Owretnik me on the muir ;
He seeght an sobbt an kisst mey luif,
An set me till our duir :
I’d lovers then in Lunnon now,
Some cwoaches daily reyde ;
Yen gat sent owre the herrin-pon,
Nae gud cud him beteyde !

I letters gat frae aw maks roun ;
Some braggin o’ their gear !
Yen prui’d the apple o’ mey e’e,
Ne’er knaggy—nobbet peer !
I leyke his gud heart, sense, an luik ;
He fairly capt them aw ;
I see him hotch an laugh an smuik—
Thy marrow—lass ne’er saw.

“ O, Winny ! oft I’ve blist the day,
I furst cawt thee mey awn ;
For threescore years we’ve aye duin gud,
An aw leyfe’s comforts tnown.
The clock streykes nine ; here teake a whiff,
An off to rist let’s creep :
Thou’ll laugh to hear mey teales o’ luive,
Some neet afwore we sleep ! ”

WINNY AN NATHAN.

TUNE—"Aul lang seyne."

"Aa, Nathan ! this neet's dark an caul !
 What, thou's aw wheyte wi' snaw !
 Come teake the saddle, fou thy peype
 An let's beath hev a draw."
 "Furst, Winnv, bring me some blown-milk ;
 Let girt fwok drink their weyne ;
 We'll gie God thanks for hilt an peace,
 An crack about lang seyne !"

"Gud lasses merry free frae preyde
 I praist, but flattert nin ;
 An sec as braggt o' dress or preyd,
 I ne'er yence sowt to win ;
 Young lads owre oft pretenders pruiwe,
 If rwosy cheeks they see ;
 They'll dance an prance an squeeze an tease—
 It ne'er was sae wi' me !

"When I ran eerans for the squire,
 His dowter leykt me weel ;
 Wi' churries, sweetmeats, pwoseys, pies,
 Oft till our house she'd steal :
 We roun the hay-stack playt ae day,
 Her fadder curs't an ran ;
 He owre mey back hi stick suin brack—
 What, she's ne'er taen a man !

"Ncest Etty o' the Fur-bank Heed,
 A hartsome rwosey lass,
 Was partner when we larnt to dance ;
 Tho' she hed heaps ov brass :
 I set her heame neet efter neet,
 We'd aye the partin kiss—
 Deeth tuik her till a better warl—
 She was owre gud fer this !

"Rwose Murphy a sweet Irish lass,
 Weel shept wi' lang black hair,
 Ncest stuil mey heart, an gev me yen—
 We met at Rosley Fair ;

Thur reed cwoat chaps git whee they will ;
 To Gratena off she flew
 Wi' yen : his captain bowt her suin,
 But God kens whoar she's now !

" Ae Cursmess, fadder's cousin's neice,
 To see our fwok com owre ;
 She sang, read novels, drest in wheyte,
 An suin gat sweethearts four ;
 They fracht an fit she leyke but me,
 Togidder we rid heame—
 She's hed three husbands ; women oft
 Leyke weel to change the neame !

" Neest Beemont Betty, ilk chap's twoast,
 I sowt to meake mey breyde ;
 But leyke owre monie, she was won
 By yen, a lump ov preyde !
 She bwore him twins but dee't o' grief,
 Hur tweesome oft we see—
 How happy she mud leev'd this day,
 Hed she taen on wi' me !

" Aul Widow Watters oft wad caw,
 Donn't neyce an she spak feyne ;
 " If cruikt, she's rich " my mudder sed,
 " Sae, Nat lad, meake her theyne ! "
 A searlet weascwoat she gae me,
 Nae neyker king can weer ;
 She dee't neest month, just fifty-five,
 Worth threeswore pun a year !

" At Low-wood-Nuik wid Lucy James,
 I met ae Sunday mworn ;
 The sun ne'er shone on bonnier lass,
 An better ne'er was bworn !
 The tyme we fixt but Deeth slipt in,
 An Lucy stule away—
 Wi' monie a tear I wet her greave,
 An cud this varra day !

" For three dull years, I frownt an peynt,
 Queyte tir'd o' luive, an leyfe—
 A peer bit lass yen weel thou kens,
 Suin prui'd mey decent weyfe ;

Now bliss't wi' plenty, hilt an peace ;
 Till Deeth sal give a caw,
 We'll cheerfu toddle down the hill,
 An pray fer yen an aw ! ”

“ O, Nathan ! 'twas a lucky hour,
 When furst thoo cawt me theyne ;
 We've meade the langest days seem shwort,
 But niver rued sin-seyne !
 Some ill-gien weyves leyke lazy leyves,
 An mek tyme dull an lang,
 We're feckless grown—O, to the greave,
 Togidder may we gang ! ”

PRIMRWOSE BANKS.

TUNE—“ *Roy's W'eyfe.* ”

Ye primrrose banks an woody braes,
 Oh ! but to me ye're aye deleytin !
 Their vouthfu Mary wi' me strays,
 Her gudness aye to luive inveytin :
 Her shep, her air, her sneytle'her voice,
 Wi beauty bloomin in ilk feature,
 Mud mek her onie mortals choice—
 Leyfe's dearest joy is when I meet her !

Ye primrrose banks an woody braes,
 Oh ! but to me, ye're aye deleytin !
 Their faithfu Mary wi' me strays,
 Her heart sae true to luive inveytin :
 I ne'er will bow a slave to care,
 Nor pruiue to woman a deceiver ;
 Whate'er I earn thro' leyfe she's share,
 Nor cud the warl e'er mek me leave her.

Ye primrrose banks an woody braes,
 Oh ! but to me, ye're aye deleytin !
 Their cheerfu Mary wi' me strays,
 Her words sae keynd to luive inveytin ;
 Now Autumn strips the shady bow'rs,
 'Till Spring brings forth ilk bonny blossom,
 We'll talk o' Summer's happy hours,
 Wheyle oft I press her to my bwosom

Ye primrwose banks, an woody braes,
 Oh ! but to me, ye're aye deleytin !
 Theer greacefu Mary wi' me strays,
 Her temper sweet to luive inveytin :
 She's aye the dearest to this heart,
 My leyfe o' leyfe, my bwosom's treasure ;
 An when at last we're forc'd to part,
 I'll bid fareweel to peace an pleasure !

ON THE AUTHOR'S BIRTH-DAY.

TUNE—" *The Pensioners.*"

Now fifty weyld winters on Nature have frown'd,
 Sin' Poverty's son, I that mwornin was own'd ;
 This varied leyfe's scenery ilk mortal aye shares,
 An if youth hed its' plishures, yage now hes it's
 cares !

Yes, aw human mortals know plishure an pain,
 But the true joys ov leyfe I ne'er whope for agean !

Tho' a parent's affection meks virtue yen's gueyde ;
 Yet, in youth we're oft won by luive, folly an
 preyde !

Hope's day-star, in manhood lures down the weyld
 stream,

An reflection suin pruives aw the past but a dream ;
 Owre monie wi' smeyles then luik forward in
 vain,

But the true joys ov leyfe I ne'er whop for agean !

To the pale goddess Poverty, still hev I bow'd,
 Nor e'er yence wad envy the wealthy or proud ;
 The burthen tho' painfu, man cheerfu sud bear,
 He caws forth his ruin when sunk to despair ;
 He's wisest mid' suff'rins, who scorns to com-
 plain,

Tho' the true joys ov leyfe he ne'er whops for
 agean !

What numbers, alas ! hae their preyme sweep
 away,
 Tho' painfu sec thowts some will ever betray,
 An raider cause suff'rins than seek for relief,
 To the wretched, whose bwosoms are clouded
 by grief :
 Leyke monie who on earth's dull stage now re-
 main,
 I the true joys of leyfe ne'er mun whop for agean !

Leyke aw maks I waakness hev oft shewn thro'
 leyfe,
 But ne'er pruv'd a frien to ambition or streyfe ;
 By trouble bow'd low, now the winter of age
 Is frownin, with mortals I seldom engage :
 Tho' leyfe's wish'd-for blessings man cannot ob-
 tain,
 Be his whope, efter deeth purer plishures to gain !

MUDDER AN JEMMY.*

TUNE—" *Merrily dance the quaker.*"

Larre-dee-dum !—Tee-rowe ! de-dowe !
 Come gie me twoo kisses mey pritty !
 That bonny bit thoun thoo leykes to chowe,
 Wheniver thou wants a swop titty :
 Oh ! wad thoo, James, some boilies sup,
 For day efter day I meake them ;
 Now wags thy noddle, as if to say, " Nay !
 Our pussy-cat leykes to teake them !"

In thy feyne creddle, thoo's hed a neyce nap ;
 I wish I cud hev sec anudder—
 Be dum !—leyle baggish ! I'll gie thee a slap !
 What, beyte thy bonny young mudder ?

* The original draft of this song in the Poet's own hand-writing, has been sent to me by a gentleman who has had it for over 40 years. Upon comparison, I find it differs little from the song as here given, except that it does not give stanza seven, which the Poet evidently added afterwards.—T.E.

Nay, dunnet whinge ! mey sweet pet lam ;
 On muddy tnee, see how he dances !
 Now, sitty ways down till I meak tea—
 Thy nails er far sharper nor lances !

Aa ! Cwoley's cumt in !—Huy, dog ! here, herel
 Mey boddy leyle Jim sal feght the —
 He wags his tail—now coddle him dear !
 Awt' warl cuddent meake him beyte the'—
 To Carel market faddy's away ;
 Beath snaps an taffy he'll bring the' ;
 He'll cleek out his chow, an fling't i't' fire,
 An then a sweet sang he'll sing the' !

When thoo was bworn thoo gowlt an gowlt,
 Sae thou'll be lucky nae fear on't ;
 Here, tek some suggy an neest some sop—
 A flea hes just bitten the ear on't !
 Shek hans ! come kissy : aye darlin dui !
 Bid thy ded-da come heame, now—
 Just luik at Dicky-burd weshin his-sel—
 O, cud thoo but dui the seame now !

Just shew them teeth ; aa looavins ! five—
 Thy cheeks er gittin queyte rwoisy ;
 When sarvent Bett comes in fraet' byre,
 She'll bring bonny Jemmy a pwosey :
 Clap, clap thy hans ; now nod thy heed ;
 Fain, fain we'd see thy gud deddy :
 God grant thee hilth ! or twonty years,
 I's warn thoo'll wed a rich leddy !

I wish aw peer fwok were happy as thee ;
 It breks yen's heart to see them ;
 When thoo can walk, thoo's gang to t' faul,
 An summet to eat sal gie them—
 She's brong his pwosey—teake him, Bett !
 Nay ! luik how he coddles his muddy—
 He'll nit let me a hans' turn e'er dui—
 To coddle a sweetheart, O, cud he !

We'll hie to-mworn, an see Misress Creake,
 Hawf-craz'd she'll be just to'hod thee ;
 Thoo'll git lumps o' suggy an drops o' punch,
 An churries an plums I'll uphod te !

We'll hev thee cursen'd, or it be lang ;
 When priest wet's thee wid watter,
 Thon's fou o' spirits an gittin sae strang,
 He'll git a black e'e ; nae matter !

To Carel we'll gan aye varra neest week ;
 I'll buy thee a hat an feyne fedder ;
 A pair o' blue stockings ; a wheyte silk frock ;
 An shun meade o' bonny reed ledder :
 Here, pussy ! come in !—Talk, talk mey fowt !
 O, cud te but rwoar an flyre out—
 Aa ! what he laughs—reet weel he may,
 He's varra nar piddelt the fire out !

Yen Brown thy leykeness suin sal pent ;
 He'll mek thee a canny bit dandy—
 Gie me three kisses—now, three an three mair—
 They're sweeter nor sugger-candy !
 What, talking ?—Laughin ?—Fou o' leyfe !
 An lowp, lowp, lowpin, fer iver ;
 Flee up an cleek the bacon fleek—
 Ther ne'er was a bairn sae cliver !

Mey stars sec a weyte !—Ay chowin the' thoum ?
 Nay dunnet lick muddy sweet blossom !
 Just tek a bit souck, an thee bee-bo—
 O, but thoo is dear to mey bwosom !
 A wheyle seyne thoo was ruttelt i' t' throat,
 But pottiker gud stuf gev the' ;
 I cried, an fentet—fadder oft sed,
 I't greave we mud aw suin leave the'.

Clwos'd er blue een—he starts, an smeyles ;
 He knows what mudder is sayin :
 Nay, leyke aul fwok he dreams an dreams,
 An thinks wi' Cwoley he's playin.
 Just ten month aul—teyme slips away—
 God keep him frae care an sorrow !
 Sud onic thing serous ail him to-day,
 I's seer I'd be deed or to-morrow !

MICHAEL THE MISER.

TUNE—" *I am a brave fellow.*"

Aa, Lanty ! just lucks te ! yon's Skinflint the Miser,
That tnarls a bit crust on the binch at his duir ;
He's rich as the squire that drives roun in his car-
riage,

But nin in aw Cummerlan leeves hawf sae puir :
An mark his aul cwoat patcht wid aw maks o'
colours,

'Twas bowt off the pegs in the year eighty-twee ;
His whol'd ledder breeks set wi' marrowless buttons,
An stockins aw darnt frae the fit to the tnee.

His rents, gowd an siller he trails to the banker,
But whee's to come in for't we nin on us ken ;
His hawf-daft thurd cousin sells leaces an matches,
But a match fer aul Michael we cannot fin yen :
When strangers he meets wid he gits monie a penny,
An moves the worn hat that hes lang lost its
crown ;

What pity a man that mud help the peer roun him,
Sud pruiue a disgrace to the country aw roun.

It's now a lang wheyle sin he furst turnt a miser,
An tuik a gud weyfe for the seake ov her gear ;
She struive to dui weel but the weddin repen-tet,
An dee't brokken-hearted, in less nor a year ;
When neyhors seemt sworry he daily seemt murry,
Queyte fain to seave mair sin peer Biddy was
geane ;

He selt aw her duds an the ring off her finger—
Except the starvt cat, he has company neane.

He begs locks o' strae, frae the neyhors for beddin ;
Chair, cubbert or teable is ne'er seen widin ;
He gedders whins, thorns an aul stowres fer his firin ;
An stowters an hour proud to pick up a pin :
He'll steal bits o' turneps, beans, pez an potateys ;
His denty pruiues poddish, beath mworn, nuin an
neet ;

How happy are beggars compar'd wi' rich Michael,
To nin the curmudgeon* e'er yence gev a treat.

*Curmudgeon is well known both in and out of the Northern Dialects. Its original meaning according to its derivation is "Corn hoarder" an apt term for a miser.—T. E.

His aul fadder's preyde was to sarra aw roun him :
 Leyke wordy Kit Craffet he seldom did wrang ;
 His decent weyfe Barb'ry, was honest an cheerfu,
 To help her peer neybors she daily wad gan :
 Their only bairn Michael the hard-hearted miser,
 Ne'er kent onie plishure but money to seave ;
 Nae neybor luiks near him, his tenants aw fear
 him,
 His neame 'll be hated when thrown i' the greave.

This warls leyke an ocean, we see by weyld pas-
 hion,
 Man, waak thowtless creeter is hurl'd tui an fro ;
 He oft toils wi' trouble fer what prives a bubble,
 An leads to vexation, keen want an dull woe !
 Ye fwok that hev plenty remember your duty ;
 Be honest an proud to dui gud wheyle you may ;
 Prepare to meet Deeth, that was ne'er breyb'd
 by money—
 [To Spenthrifts leyke Misers this leyfe's but a
 day !

THE SHEPHERDS' COMPLAINT.

TUNE—" *Nanny Peel.*"

The sun sheynes breet on muir an fell ;
 The weyld burds sing on bush an tree ;
 Each hauds sweet converse wid his mate,
 But mey true luive is far frae me ;

Sweet throssle cease that cheerfu sang !
 Hush ! hush, blithe lark that soar'st sae hee !
 Mey youthfu days ov bliss are geane,
 Now mey true luive is far frae me !

Ye leytle lams that roun me play,
 In spwortive innocence sae free ;
 Wee wanton things, I envy you,
 For mey true luive is far frae me !

Ye streams that tinkle at my feet,
 Ye wimplin hasten to the sea ;
 Sae welcome I hae sowl the airms
 O' mey true luive, that's far frae me !

In vain aw roun me far an weyde,
 Gay Nature smeylin, meets my e'e ;
 Her fairest scenes I canna prize,
 Sin' mey true love is far frae me !

Aw that yon ebemin sun sheynes on,
 An ten teymes mair if meyne I'd gie,
 To mark ageane the witchin smeyle
 Ov mey true luive that's far frae me !

But I'm a slave robb'd ov aw whopes,
 Aye vainly strugglin to be free ;
 Yen nobbet yen can lowse the chain—
 It's mey true luive that's far frae me !

Ye Pow'rs whoare'er I'm forc'd to stray,
 Howe'er I'm cross'd by Fate's decree ;
 O, crown^{wi'} bliss ilk future day,
 Ov mey true luive that's far frae me !

TO A FRIEN IN PRISON.*

TUNE—" *The Pensioners.*"

This warl is a Prison ! yen daily may see ;
 Gud fwok oft confeyn'd an the bad fwok aw free .
 Frae prince to the beggar leyfe's sorrows aw share,
 It's wise to be cheerfu, an laugh at dull care ;
 To spurn at oppression that tortures the meynd,
 An pray for the freedom an joy ov mankeynd.

* On visiting him in Carlisle Jail

Leyfe pruiues but a Prison for care is aye tnown,
 Aul, young, rich an peer thro' this warl this may
 awn ;
 Some crush'd by base tyrants some bow'd down
 by fear,
 Desarted by monie they help'd an held dear :
 Yet mid aw sec suff'rins let's sorrow destroy,
 An aim at true plishure wi' feelins ov joy.

O, peyne nit, my frien ! It hes aye been thy plan,
 To comfort the peer, and dui gud to ilk man ;
 To pray that girt tyrants wer aw flung aseyde,
 An rulers wad wish to mek justice their preyde :
 Be cheerfu dear Frien ; true respect is thy claim,
 An bless'd be aw mortals when gud is their aim !

Just mark a peer sangster hung up in a cage,
 Queyte flayt, wid a foe ev'n a frien to engage ;
 Of liberty robb'd yet his nwotes daily pruiue,
 In fancy, he rests in the meadow or grove :
 Then, aye let's shun sorrow, an plishure impart,
 Nor thowts o' confeynement e'er hurt a warm
 heart.

Whate'er yen's enjoyments a prison is leyfe,
 Tho' courtet by girt fwok an free frev aw streyfe ;
 In plenty gay frienship we daily may view ;
 In poverty visits frae friens are but few :
 The wealth o' the warl ne'er can happiness gain ;
 A king's oft a slave to grief, folly an pain.

In freedom, wi' monie to mix will aye please
 But sec leads to foibles, to woe an disease ;
 The smeyle o' content ev'ry mortal sud bless ;
 The scworn o' the warl ne'er a meynd sud oppress !
 The dark frowns o' Fortune, aye meyld let us
 meet
 'Till Deeth frac leyfe's Prison sal mek us retreat.

DINAH.

To an old Irish Tune.

'Twas winter an the neet was dark,
 An heavy, heavy fell the rain,
 When Fanny oft the foot-pad sowt,
 Owre the weyde muir fer heame in vain ;
 Then for the eshes, whoar the brig
 Across the shallow stream was thrown,
 But eshes, brig or shallow stream,
 She sowt, nor fan of what she'd dream,
 The place sae weel in cheyldhood tnown,
 Sae weel in cheyldhood tnown.

She lissnin, tremlin, weepin, stuid,
 Wheyle fear owr com the youthfu meynd ;
 An freetfu phantoms fancy saw
 Reyde on the hollow blasts beheynd ;
 The weyld burds only hard her shriek
 When, fenting on the muir she fell—
 Oh ! what wer her peer mudder's fears,
 Her watchin prayin painfu tears ?
 A mudder only best can tell,
 Only best can tell.

Aul Dinah ran an on the muir
 By muinleet fan the leyfeless bairn ;
 Nae tear she shed ; but frae that hour
 In her nin can a smeyle discern.
 Aw neybors follow'd to the greave ;
 Wi' monie a seegh the psalm was sung—
 Tho' virtue happiness may creave,
 Nowt frae grim Deeth can onie seave,
 The king, the cottar, aul, or young,
 Cottar, aul or young.

Now pitied by aw bodies roun,
 The last o' th' flock puir Dinah's left ;
 Nae joy hes she, nae wark can de—
 Ov bliss ay monie are bereft ;
 Among the bairns whene'er she gangs,
 In fancy Fanny aye she sees ;
 An then she'll seegh an shriek an weep,
 An to the greave oft fain wad creep—
 Heav'd grant the puir aul suff'rer ease,
 The puir aul suff'rer ease !

MARY OV CARLATTAN.*

TUNE—*By the Author.*

Meyld Mary, that breet witchin e'e o' theyne,
 Meeght mek monie a sweetheart thy awn, fair lassie !
 A glance wad hae won this bit heart o' meyne
 In youth ; but in yage I'm noo thrown, sweet lassie !
 Luiks oft pruive a snare
 An add to man's care ;

But young, cheerfu, bonny aye conquer but spare,
 Then sorrow need ne'er mek thee peyne, gud lassie !

On beauty an gudness when man can e'er gaze,
 Hoo sweet is the treat to the heart, fair lassie !

Sec nin owt to injure but aw wish to praise,
 For wickedness causeth leyfe's smart, sweet lassie !
 Veyce mun be his preyde,
 That fling bliss aseyde ;

To turn rwoses to lilies the warl sud dereyde—
 Woe to him that wad play sec a part, gud lassie !

The burds in woods, meedows or glens, court
 a mate,

But ne'er yence ilk other deceive, fair lassie !

Whate'er they may suffer they ne'er froon at fate ;
 Thus a lesson to mortals aye give, sweet lassie !

 They welcome blithe spring
 With joy, on the wing

 Wheyle deeds o' mankeynd daily sorrow will
 bring—

May sec thro' leyfe ne'er mek thee grieve, gud lassie !

Keen woe to the man, may he never teaste joy,
 That wad frae thy e'en draw a tear, fair lassie !

'Tis oors still to please you but joy ne'er destroy,
 To women we owe what's aye dear, sweet lassie !

 Where'er thoo mun rove

 Leyfe's bliss may thoo pruive ;

Nor iver ken cares save the soft cares o'luive—
 Be theyne lang leyfe, health, peace an gear, gud
 lassie !

* Written after visiting her and the family.

DANDY DAN.

TUNE—"The humours o' Glen."

Last harvest ae neet when queyte wearied wi'
 shearin,
 I cawt at Dick Lowson's to teaste a swop
 yell,
 When yen com in struttin, twee dogs cap'rin
 roun him,
 Odswunters! thowt I, this is seerly Dan Bell!
 The lanlword boo'd low, an aul Becca she cur-
 cheyt,
 When mister (nay Dan) cawt out, "Bring
 me some wine!"
 I smuikt my black peype, meade him cough
 glowre an spit oot,
 Thinks I, he forgits we wer cronies lang-
 seyne!

Says Dick "We've nee weyne sur but yell
 strang as brandy;"
 "Here Dan" says I "cowp off a glass on't
 wi' me!"
 "Dan! Dan! what dost mean? Silly beggar-
 like fellow!
 Few gentles wud sit near a creetcher like
 thee!"
 "What, Dan! (I mean mister) we're beath ov
 ae parish,
 I've lickt the', oft fed the' when we went to
 schuil;
 Thy fadder meade swills,* an meyne theekt fer
 his neybors;
 Noo thoo's a puir dandy an I's a puir fuil!

"Weel I ken thy weyfe, yence my awn rwsie
 sweetheart;
 Thoo gat the gud lass an just twee hundred
 pun:
 We wheyles meet, shek hans, what she weel
 meynds Jack Maggot,
 Leyke me she weers clogs—Aa! her fortune's
 aw duin!"

* A swiller or basket maker. Another form of the word is
 'sweet.'—T.E.

He cawt his dog, Juno, an bad it run beyte me—
 “Deil bin the,” says I “m’in! tie up mey left
 han;
 Tho fratchin or feghtin I ne’er tuik deleyte in,
 I’ll pent thy wheyte trowsers wi’ bluid, Dandy
 Dan.”

He ruse in a flurry, nae corp was e’er wheyter;
 A lish chap weel mountet ruid up to the duir—
 A tap on the shoulder suin meade Dan a pris’ner;
 He struts nay he starves i’ the jail raggt an
 puir;
 His decent weyfe, Mary, seeint lang brokken
 hearted,
 But now she toils hard for the farmers aw
 roun—
 Ye wealthy, your feyn’ry keeps thoosans frae
 ruin!
 Ye puir wad-be-dandies, Preyde suin boos ye
 doon!

DANDY DAN.

Part the Second.

Puir Dan! a starv’t pris’ner sat peynin in sadness,
 A prey to preyde, folly, want, sorrow an care;
 Relief frae aul cronies to him seem’d but madness,
 Nae dandy e’er cawt or a penny wad share:
 He wheyles wad keep musing; aw prospects wer
 gloomy,
 The freedom fwok wish for owre seldom they
 thow;
 Tho’ sleepless he thowt o’ past teymes an false
 plishures—
 Redection oft eases a heart sunk in woe!

Puir Mary kept toilin but ne'er was seen smey-
lin ;
A husband a pris'ner is hardship to bear !
Her hawf-starvt bit bairn wad oft ax for his
fadder,
An then gat a kiss with a seegh an a tear :
Mid' wintry weyld storms she wad weade owre
to Carel,
An hawf her hard eernins wi' plishure gev
Dan ;
Nae neybor sent weyne but reet holsome plain
vittles.
Thus mid' aw his suff'rins some comfort he
fan.

Mang Cummerlan Ballets we read ov Kitt
Craffet ;
A statesman their neybor meade Kitt aye his
gueyde ;
He cawt at the jail an fan Dan at the beyble—
Whee clings to religion mun fling away preyde !
Neest day, the puir pris'ner ow'rjoy'd, gat his
freedom.
But whee pruv'd his frien?—Nay, he's aye i'
the dark !
He off an in nee teyme a kiss gev sweet Mary ;
The neyborin statesmen paid weel for her
wark.

They toil away teyme an shek hans wi' Jack
Maggot ;
They sleep away care an aye welcome the
mworm ;
They git what they wish for an luive yen anud-
der .
They larn the bit bairn preyde an folly to
scwoon :
When Dan meets a dandy he gazes wi' pity,
To check sec weyld fuil'ry, his wishes he'll
tell ;
—Ye gentry, yer feyn'ry fins fwok meat an
cleeding ;
—Ye puir wad-be-dandys, just think o' Dan
Bell !

FALSE LUIVE.

TUNE—"O'er Bogie."

Peace to thy bwosom rwoisy cheyl,
To me thou's aw that's dear;
I see thy fadder in ilk smeyle,
Thaf causes monie a tear!
O, pity yen sud bear luive's smart,
Widout leyfe's whopes in view!
Suin as he stule my taithfu heart,
Far, far away he flew.

How monie a happy hour we spent,
What owre few share aroun;
In summer pleas'd thro' fiels we went,
Free frae the noisy toun;
In winter aye this lowly cot,
He drew tui, day an neet;
By him, 'till deeth can't be forgot,
What ruin'd me—deceit.

I hed a mother dear to aw;
She bless'd thee at thy birth;
But grey in years, a dowter's faw
Suin laid her in the yearth:
O, pity, sorrow, care or pain,
Gud fwok sud e'er enslave;
If I thy fadder seed agean,
My leyfe he cuddent seave.

Now robb'd o' kinsfwok, left to mourn,
An seegh an gaze on thee;
The joys o' leyfe can ne'er return,
Nor owt deleyte gie me:
By sorrow worn by hunger prest,
My leyfe draws nar its end;
When in the narrow greave I rest,
O, whee will be thy friend?

To gain true friens still may thoo try,
When sec rejoic'd amang;
A better warl ther is; an I
May meet thee theer or lang;
Smeyle on sweet bairn! O, may thoo leeve,
But ne'er a lass betray!
Deeth noo to me relief can give,
Sae welcome him I may!

FAREWELL TO CAREL.

TUNE—" *The lovely brown maid.*"

Fareweel canny Carel ! hoo oft by thy streams
 I've studied mankeynd to amuse ;
 An gain'd praise frae monie, but monie it seems
 Will sneer at whate'er they peruse :
 To paint rustic manners ov Cumbrians aw roun,
 To rid them ov sorrow an care ;
 The wretch to expwose that wad boo puir fwok
 doon,
 May please when puir Robbin's nae mair.

Fareweel canny Carel ! on Hayton's hee hills,
 Tho' winter is noo stealin on,
 I view what wi' plishure the meynd ever fills,
 Variety niver is gone !
 By Gelt's murm'rin river I offen perceive,
 Weyl scenery aw praise that mun claim ;
 Hills, rocks, woods an watters deleyte can aye
 give
 Mair than the girt city can neame.

Fareweel canny Carel ! the pleace o' my birth,
 Whoar years o' true plishure I spent ;
 Whate'er I may suffer wheyle gaz'n on earth,
 May I pillow my heed wi' content !
 Hoo chang'd are thy manners sin I was in youth,
 For Modesty's gien way to Preyde ;
 Then innocent pasteymes fwok sowt for an truth ;
 Noo, Virtue owre monie dereyde.

Fareweel my dear Friens ! may ye bliss lang
 enjoy ;
 Yer keyndness I'll niver forget ;
 Ther are whee my happiness fain wad destroy,
 Tho' oft wi' my frienship they've met ;
 At neet owre the ingle or strayin by day,
 I iver reflect on the past ;
 Whate'er may beteyde me for you I'll ay pray,
 The others I'll scworn to the last.

Fareweel my dear Friens! when deame Nature
we view,

Dress'd ever in beauteous attire;
Ow'rjoy'd let aw gaze on her scenes iver new,
An gazing still mair they'll admire:
Let panders ov veyce court the joys ov the toon,
Owre offen fause plishures that lure,
Then eager leyfe's cares in oblivion to droon,
They show what owre monie endure. •

Fareweel my dear Friens! wheyles I'll wander
alang,

Deleyted a few but to see;
For oft I hae pass'd thro' the midst o' the thrang,
Just view'd as a leafless aul tree.
Leyke weyld burds aroun us retirement I luive;
A neybor I ne'er will begueyle;
Sud Captain Deeth caw he'd a tyrant nit pruve,
My welcome I'd gie wid a smeyle!

THE NORTHUMBRIAN LASSES.†

To an old Scotch Air.

Three Lasses leate to Gilsden com;
Three sweeter beauties few e'er saw;
An three mair greacefu, cheerfu, gud,
Ne'er teasted watter at the Spaw.

The charms o' Jane claim monie praise;
Eliza's luik mud thoosans draw;
An Mary's modest winnin smeyle,
These aye wad please at Ilka Spaw!

† Miss J—H—, of Burn Foot; Miss E—S—, of Hexham;
and Miss M—A—, of Allendale Town.

The puir fwok praise, the rich fwok gaze,
Sec three attract beath hee an low;
O were't the kease wi' ilka lass
That wanders daily roun the Spaw!

Still, still may Beauty virtue bwoast,
An share the praise o' yen an aw;
Still, still may virtue be the twoast,
Ov sec as visit Gilsden Spaw.

But veyce an preyde throw thoosans here,
E'en dandies wi' the middle smaw;
An useless tuils in borrow'd duds,
Are struttin seen at Gilsden Spaw.

Yet painfu 'tis, alas! to view
Fwok that nea health or plishure tnow;
By sickness, sorrow care bow'd down,
But whope aye leads them to the Spaw.

Northumbria weel may fin girt preyde,
A witchin threeseme here to shew;
A fair example ay they pruiwe,
To aw that drink at Gilsden Spaw.

Dear lasses three, it pleaseth me
Sec pictures o' yer sex to draw;
An woe to he whae'er he be,
That veyce admires in town or Spaw.

In summer, tracing fiels or bow'rs,
In winter, weadin thro' the snaw,
I'll think ov aw the happy hours
Spent wi' the threesome at the Spaw.

Lang may ye health an peace enjoy,
When I'm in kindred yearth flung low;
For three mair bonny, blithe, an gud,
Ne'er, ne'er will drink at Gilsden Spaw!

Farewell keynd three! blest may ye be,
And ne'er yence teaste a cup o' woe!
But share the joys gud men ay gie,
An lang in health see Gilsden Spaw.

THE MUDDER AN DOWTER.

TUNE—*By the Author.*

"O Dowter! whoar's thoo been this weyld wintry
neet?

To leave thy aul helpless deaf mudder's queyte
wrang;

But lasses o' thy yage owre seldom dui reet,

Cross mountains fer meyles, to meet sweethearts
ye'll gang:

Thoo'd better been singin this neet at thy wheel—

May aw fowk leeve happy that wish to dui
weel!"

"Wey Mudder! I've just hed a crack as aw sud,
(Wi' mey sweetheart, to hear on't how vext she
wad be)

About peer aul Rowley that aye wad dui gud,

I' th' wark-house now liggin unhappy is he,

He yence was oor lanlword an gae ye the fiel—

Aw fwok leeve nit happy that wish to dui
weel!"

"O Dowter! thoo's brong frae mey een monie a
tear—

Keynd Rowley! the luive o' the neyborns aw
roun!

To-day fwok are rich but to-mworn may be puir—

T'was nobbet his gudness that's noo crusht him
doon.

He'd give an he'd len an chaps frev him wad
steal—

Cud fwok but leeve happy that wish to dui
weel!"

"Wey Mudder! his son gat beath hooses an lan,

(He yence was mey sweetheart that nin let's her
ken)

Linton leyke he to aw maks ov wickedness ran,

An or twelve months wer owre, what he gat was
aw geane;

Hoo monie neyce lasses he flang heed owre heel—

They neer can leeve happy that winnet du
weel!"

"O Dowter! when Rowley was just a bit bairn,
 To help starvin bodies for meyles roun he ran,
 In youth he but wisdom an gudness wad lairn—
 Aa pity Bet Bunnyan e'er gat sec a man!
 Her daily ill deeds cud please nin but the deil!
 She ligs nar her son nowther yence e'er did
 weel,"

"Wey, Mudder! the maister i' th' wark-hoose aw
 say,
 To torture the puir pruives his greatest deleyte;
 He puts on a frown the weyde warl it wad flay;
 He starves young an aul but gies nae yen a
 meyte:
 Wer Rowley but keeper for aw he wad feel—
 Nit yen can leeve happy that wunnet dui weel!"

"O Dowter! the fiel sal nae langer be meyne,
 'Till the varra day Deeth gies puir Rowley a caw;
 An that, wi' this hoose when I's geane, mun be
 theyne—
 They sud aye meet wi' friends that ne'er yence
 was a foe!
 He sal come an leeve wi' us the aul wordy chiel—
 May aw fwok leeve happy, that wish to dui weel!"

THE BONNY LASS, WI' APRON BLUE.

TUNE—*By the Author.*

I met her nar the meadow steyle,
 When burds at evenin gie deleyte;
 Her luik ov hilth her winnin smeyle.
 Meade me at yence a captive queyte:
 Luive's fev'rish flame
 Fires monie a frame.
 Unmov'd some, lasses charms can view;
 Sweet was her feace few flowers sae fair
 E'er supp'd at neet the freshnin dew;
 Wheyte was her breest, hawf-hid hawf-bare,
 Streyte was her shep an free frae care,
 The bonny Lass, wi' apron blue!

Says I, "Sweet Lass! day efter day
 I'll see thee wheyle thy luive thou'll shew;
 Owre hills, through glens I'll seeghin stray,
 When winter speeds the storm an snow:
 Noo won by luive,
 I'll ever pruve
 My wish to be thy partner true;
 An, if the weddin knot be tied,
 We thrivin bairns may whope to view:
 When sec to rear wi' joy we've tried,
 I'll tell the teyme, whoar first I spied
 Their mudder dear, wi' apron blue."

I held her to my heart-warm breest,
 An vow'd wi' truth a lover's pain;
 Then threyce her dewy lips I prest—
 She struive to leave me, but in vain:
 A sweet-gien kiss,
 Heart-winnin bliss,
 Owre oft base flatt'ers will renew;
 She blushin hung her heed, aye shy,
 Says she, "Dear sir! you're kind, if true!"
 Yes; by the Pow'r that rules on high,
 To meake her blest thro' leyfe I'll try,
 The bonny lass wi' apron blue!

TO MARGET.*

TUNE—"The Wounded Hussar.."

Sweet Lassie! thoo kens nit what mortals mun
 suffer;
 This warl is to monie a dull scene ov woe;
 The many in pow'r seldom keyndness will offer
 For some that mud help pruve to thoosans a foe:
 To thee this leyfe's nobbet a play-day ov plishure,
 An, till thy last hour may it aye be the seame;
 When years hae flown owre be content thy
 companion;
 Aye shun the weyld foibles that draw but to
 sheame.

* An infant, the granddaughter of M. J. Brown.

Sweet Lassie! O meynd the adveyce o' frien
 Robin;
 Ne'er bow to a wretch that wad women be-
 tray;
 Mek virtue thy study wheyles help a puir body,
 An when bow'd by yage leyfe may seem but
 a day:
 Preyde, folly, ambition lead millions to ruin,
 An mortals we daily see lumps ov deceit;
 The days that are geane fowk may think on wi'
 sorrow—
 Oor bwoasted law pruiues to owre monie a
 cheat.

Sweet Lassie! thy rwoosy cheek, smeyle an feyne
 features,
 May gar thee sup sorrow leyke owre monie
 mair;
 Beath beauty an gudness yen daily sees suffer—
 The best i' the warl are oft bow'd to despair:
 What pity mankeynd sud e'er jossle ilk other,
 When sec destroys comfort an leads to the
 greave;
 The prince in his preyde to the beggar's a brother,
 But girt men owre seldom our suff'ers will
 seave.

Sweet Lassie! when wealthy or puir, do thy
 duty!
 To scworn base oppressors mek ever thy plan;
 A king leyke a cobbler, by veyce is deluded,
 For few on this earth seek to dui what they
 can:
 Hoo blest is the being that ne'er offends onie;
 But sec durin leyfe, we owre seldom can see;
 Oh! lissen mey lesson!—I'll bless thee, caress
 thee;
 Whativer mey troubles I'll oft think o' thee!

THE AUTHOR'S REFLECTION.

TUNE—*By the Author.*

A slave to nae party—To nae sect a foe ;
I hate flatt'ry, falsehood, they sink monie low ;
I someteymes am reet an owre offen git wrang.
But ne'er entrap onie by words or by sang.

I've hed monie sweethearts sin luive was my
preyde,
But manhood's flown owre, an luive's now flung
aseyde ;
Yet women I leyke an forever I'll praise,
If virtue's their study—veyce millions betrays !

To dabble in politics ne'er was my trade ;
Nor in human bluid for the warl wad I weade :
But blest be the man that will freedom defend !
Tho' Care clings to aw maks till leyfe's at an end.

For seake o' religion on some I wheyles froon,
An hear read o' priests they sud drum out o'
toon ;
Yet praise let's gie onie that's anxious to seave
A wretch, that wad sin till flung into the greave.

A doctor leads monie to mis'ry an pain,
Wi' nostrums an quackry fuils wish for in vain ;
A lawyer wi' preyde risks his soul for girt fees ;
An grandeur robs oft a pure conscience ov ease.

A statesman oppressive thro' leyfe I'll despise ;
A frien to true freedom, as aw sud I'll prize.
A pray hee an low were fra bigotry free,
Ah ! seldom the heart's dearest wishes we see.

I never launched deep into warkldy affairs,
To cleek heaps o' money or add to my cares ;
To comfort the helpless rich fwok sud desire.
But owre monie suffer, frae knight or a squire.

Teyme's weyld revolutions we need'nt think
 strange,
 For Nature in aw pleaces iver will change.
 Hooe'er dissappointment may darken leyfe's scene,
 Contentment sud aye mek the bwosom serene.

A WEYFE'S ANXIETY.

TUNE—" *Crazy Jane.* "

Whisht, mey bairn! Let's whope fer fadder;
 Nobbet see yon bonny muin
 Sens him leet frae canny Carel—
 Weel at heame may he sit suin!
 Caul's the win, weyld winters froonin,
 Back I'll bear thee thro' the mire;
 Play sweet lam, in peace wi' pussy,
 Wheyle I mek a bleezin fire.

Cry nin Jinny, mey sweet hinny!
 Thowts o' fadder gies beath pain;
 Leyke owre monie, he may suffer—
 O, hoo hivvy faws the rain!
 Cling sweet blossom to my bwosom—
 Weyfe and bairn he suin may neame;
 O, that he sat nar us smuikin!
 Heav'n in seafy sen him heame!

Four short years we've noo been weddet;
 Leate he ne'er yence stay'd befowre;
 Hears te! Cock crows; what it's mwornin—
 Lissen! Cowley's at the duir!
 See he fawns roun bairn an mudder;
 Suin his maister's fit we'll hear;
 Thy sweet faddy, hoo I'll fratch him—
 Oh! no, no! to me he's dear!

Noo, let's whope he's in the meadow,
 On our fire-leet fain to gaze;
 Thinkin oft ov deame an dowter;
 Wishin for them happy days:

Cwoley runs and barks his welcome ;
 Noo mey bairn, we'll beath rejoice ;
 Sorrow changes oft to plishure—
 God be then'kt ! I hear his voice !

RAFF AN THE SQUIRE.

TUNE—*by the Author.*

Says oor Squire, " Raff tell me the truth, young
 lad

Wou'd riding to London noo make thee glad ;
 Where gentry from iv'ry part, good, an bad,

An all fine sights thoo'd see ? "

" Wey, nay ! by your leave, oor girt sur ! "

says I,

" When Cummerlan chaps their manners fling
 by,

They shworten their days an on thworns oft
 lie :

But Content ay leeves wi' me ! "

Says the Squire, " I'll dress thee in clothing
 fine ;

From ev'ry choice dainty with me thoo'lt dine ;
 Lac'd servants shall hand thee each costly wine—

Think, Raff, what honour 'twill be ! "

" In heame-meade claes, I can merrily sing :

Owre a holsome meale I's girt as a King ;

An if tharsty I aye tek a drink at the spring. !

Whoar Content still waits on me ! "

Says the Squire, " Rich ladies thoo'll court at play,
 Where music, mirth, wit can drive Care away ;
 Then while the sun shines, still try to make
 hay ;

Come now, or never ! " says he.

" At a dance on the green when the sun gans
 down,

Wi' my sweetheart, I'd envy nae fwok in toon ;

Nor Letty I'd leave to wear a king's croon ;

For Content guards her an me ! "

"Noo 'mid yer girt fwok, wealth, weyne an
 shows,
 Ye cannot kill Care, that ev'ry yen tnows;
 Ilk neybor's mey frien—I ken nae foes,
 An smeyle at poverty:
 It's my wish ay to leeve in yon theekt shed,
 Whoar honest aul fwore-fadders lang wer bred;
 An hooe'er by Misfortune thro' leyfe I's led,
 May Content aye sit wi' me!

THE LASSIE OV HAYTON.

TUNE—"The bonny Highland Laddie."

Thoo'll ax whoar I've been aw the day,
 Cheerfu lassie!
 Gud keyn lassie!
 Frae thee I've ne'er æ wish to stray,
 Mey bonny, bonny Hayton lassie!
 The truth we aw sud tell reet plain;
 Mey luive frae thee can ne'er be ta'en;
 The thowt thro' leyfe wad cause me pain,
 To part wi' thee dear lassie!
 I see thy bloomin smeyle aw day,
 Gud keyn lassie!
 Cheerfu lassie!
 The warl cud ne'er thy heart betray,
 Mey bonny, bonny Hayton lassie!

Up Gelt's sweet banks thoo meynes æ neet,
 Cheerfu lassie!
 Gud keyn lassie!
 We went just when the muin shone breet,
 Mey bonny, bonny Hayton lassie!
 Thoo seegh'd an sed 'twad be thy preyd,
 On that sweet spot ov yearth to beyde;
 An leeve wi' me whate'er beteyde
 That theyne sal be dear lassie!
 Noo theer a hoose they build aw day,
 Gud keyn lassie!
 Cheerfu lassie!
 An theer till deeth let's ay be gay,
 Mey bonny, bonny Hayton lassie!

A worchet, garden on the hill,
 Cheerfu lassie!
 Gud keyn lassie!
 Will bring us beauty, plenty still,
 Mey bonny, bonny Hayton lassie!
 An wheyles, a beggar tremlin roun,
 May wearied, in oor cot sit doon,
 He'll keyndness share, nor see a froon
 Frae thee or me, dear lassie!
 Blithe, peacefu ay we'll pass the day,
 Gud keyn lassie!
 Cheerfu lassie!
 An for gud mortal oft we'll pray,
 Mey bonny, bonny Hayton lassie!

When yence their busy toil is duin,
 Cheerfu lassie!
 Gud keyn lassie!
 The ring I shew thoo'll weer it suin,
 Mey bonny, bonny Hayton lassie!
 An when the smeyles o' spring we see,
 Wheyle burds sing roun an plishure gie;
 On Nature's sweets we'll crack wi' glee,
 Mey bonny, bonny Hayton lassie!
 Noo theer we'll stray this clwosin day,
 Gud keyn lassie!
 Cheerfu lassie!
 An theer thro' leyfe fling care away,
 Mey bonny, bonnie Hayton lassie!

DAFT DICK.

TUNE—"The lads of Dunse."

"Aye Debby! come in; what the nect's gitten
 flowe;
 Thur 'loakin-fell cwoals hae nae heet nor yence
 lowe—
 Nay! tek t'airmin chair, an let me hae the
 stuil;
 Thoo's lish, as the teynie when we twee went to
 schuil:

What, I's eighty seebem, thoo's fourscore an
five,
But few ov our yage leyke the tweesome noo
thrive ;
Creep into the fire !—What I bid ne'er refuse—
Fou the' peype, here's shag-bacco ; then tell us
some news."

"Aye, Dolly! Daft Dick's ta'en a weyfe, neybor
say ;
Lword help us! peer creeters leyke him lasses
flay ;
Yen coaxt him to kurk, fwok may weel froon at
Nan,
She's weddet his money but scarce fash'd his
han :
What joys can they whop for that wed nowt
but gear,
Frae Dick tull a squire worth twee hundred a
year?
Aw fwok sud court gudness an sense, but shun
preyde,
An ay let daft bodies in peace sit aseyde!"

"Aye, Debby! peer Dick at oor hoose whyles
wad caw,
Then soukin his thoom, he wad glowre at us
aw ;
Still hopeths o'bacco feyne prisents he'd bring,
An kiss me an clap me an airms roun me fling ;
At teymes he com laughing, but offen wad gowl ;
If he e'er seed a stranger he'd creep off an
howl—
Oor Dan's his thurd cousin, thoo kens that reet
weel ;
What, fadder was deylt, mudder aw things wad
steal."

"Aye Dolly! his granny was wrang, weel I
meyn,
An ay leyke owre monie she donnt far owre
feyne :
In winter she'd flap wid her fan—sec a seet !
But monie girt gentry we see nit hawf-reet :

I meyn the strait-jacket the furst yen she wore—
 What fwok roun aboot us sud weer monie a
 scwore!

She married an offisher wantin his teeth;
 He pat her in Bedlam an theer she met Deeth."

"Aye Debby! Daft Dick dud as ilka yen sud,
 Hut! he niver sowt mischief but struive to de
 gud:

What, he'd sarra puir beggars when'er they
 went by,
 To see them in rags—Aa! it ay meade him
 cry:

Oft day efter day scearce a word he e'er sed
 Except the bit pray'r when he crap into bed—
 Oor aul dwoting parson that buckelt the twee,
 Reet sworry sud fin till the day that he dee!"

"Aye Dolly! ill Nan, that cud freeten aul Nick,
 I' the greave just i' nae tøyne, 'll cowp silly
 Dick,

What neybors aw say she gev th' priest twonty
 pun:

I's warn that he'd rue for't when t' weddin was
 duin:

Nit leyke Bishop Clogger ill husseys he'll buy;
 The Bishop bowt men fwok, brong yen to deeth
 nigh:

Then owre seas he ran just to git him some
 mair—

Oh! hed he been brunt deil a body wad care!"

"Aye Debby! what Nan 'll now drink the day
 thro',

An faw in wi' skeybells an riff-raffs, nit few;

An decent bit lads wid her brass she'll decoy;

For Dick on this yearth he'll nae plishure enjoy:

Then his titty that ay dud a good! honest part,

The thowts o' the weddin 'll suin brek her heart!"

"Aye Dolly! its bed tøyne sae I'll creep off
 heame—

Oor Parson an Clogger, war chaps few can
 neame!"

TAXES FLUNG BY.

TUNE—" *Aul lang seyne*."

"Come Jemmy!—Let's to Becka's gang
 An teaste a swop gud yell;
 That taxes noo are flung aseyde,
 Thoo's mebbhy's just hard tell:
 What Nichol brings yen aw the news;
 Frae Carel he's got heame;
 That Englan's suffered sec distress,
 Mun pruve a country's sheame!

"To think o' teymes we leate hae tnown,
 Meks decent fwok bewail;
 Hoo monie an honest farmer brak,
 An gat thrown into jail:
 Yen cuddent toddle roun the toon,
 But Stock an Crop he saw
 On han-bills stamp't; but as for seale,
 They brong—wey, nowt at aw!

"Cud fwok that yence kent happy teymes,
 Just rise up frae the greave;
 They'd seegh for neybor's roun an roun,
 That nowt frae want can seave:
 Aul Englan's turnt a scene of woe,
 Tho' yence the weyde warl's preyde.
 Foul tyranny's oor statesmen's show,
 An whops are laid aseyde!"

"Hut Jwohnny; leyke owre monie mair,
 Aul Nichol thou'll believe;
 But when to truth we turn the meynd,
 It nobbet meks yen grieve:
 This warl a wilderness noo pruiwes,
 Tho' yence strowt owre wi' flow'rs;
 Nae whopes hae we until we de,
 Leyfe's comforts are nit ours.

"Taxation brong our country doon;
 Waes me! it scearce can rise!
 Some rulers o' this yence-fam'd land,
 Gud fwok may weel despise!

For freedom ay we wish an pray,
 But that we ne'er mun share—
 Let's scworn the base that men oppress,
 But ne'er bow to despair.

"Oor bairns an bairns'-bairns may enjoy,
 What we ay seek in vain;
 Owre oft waak man will bliss destroy,
 An caw forth care an pain;
 The wisest chap the warl can neame,
 Leyfe's ills cud ne'er throw by;
 But ne'er let tyrants throw content
 Frae sec as thee an I!"

THE PREYDE O' THE BWORDER.

TUNE—"The Scot's cam owre the Border."

Slip down stairs Jenny, an bring me mey claes,
 But dunnet let fadder or mudder e'er see them;
 They ay think't preyde if to market yen
 gaes,

In Sunday neyce drisses, leyke lasses oft wi'
 them;

Bring pettitkit wheyte an chinse musl'n goon,
 The purple silk bonnet an bonny green spencer—

My fadder an mudder wad scaul an aye froon,
 To see a young dowter in what sud aye mense
 her:

I'll reyde the grey meer,

At Carcl suin theer,

In whopes to see Harry accordin to worder:

Nit yen far or near

To me is see dear,

As rwoisy lish Harry, the Preyde o' the Bwor-
 der!

O lass! how gaily on me oft he gaz'd,
 Last week at the Fair the furst teyme I seed
 him;

My lunk an shap wi' sweet smeyles oft he
 prais'd:

An whispert nin leyke me to luive cud e'er lead him :
 Ov neyborin lasses nin theer I saw
 That gat sec a sweetheart sae merry an clever
 At dancin, he meade lads leyke hawflins, aw—
 To miss him to-day wad cause sorrow for ever,
 We promis'd to meet,
 Mey heart 'll aye beat
 When luikin at Harry, accordin to worder ;
 I'd walk thro' ilk street
 Frae mwornin to neet,
 Ae word to gie Harry, the Preyde o' the Bworder !

Lads aw nar us are weyld fops an fuils,
 Owre often the bonny gud lasses deceivin ;
 If warm in luive wi' them, suin a heart cuils—
 For onie pretenders I ne'er yet was grievin :
 The rrose in our window that daily I view,
 Just meynes me ov him that sae cheerfully tret me ;
 At partin his airms roun my weast he threw,
 An sed wid a kiss, " Bonny Lass ! ne'er forget
 me ! "
 My heart e'er to buy,
 Nae body need try,
 I'll aye think ov Harry, accordin to worder ;
 O wad he but cry,
 " Sin' Gratena's sae nigh,
 Theer gang wi' thy Harry, an leeve i' the Bworder ! "

Geane is mey mudder ; Ay fain to admire
 Our crops aw roun that promise great plenty ;
 An fadder's away, some peer shearer to hire—
 Frae Carel I ay bring the tweesome a dainty :
 What I've telt the', Jenny, to nowther e'er
 neame,
 Wi' squire's silly lackey ay fain they wad see
 me ;
 Beath ribbons an gluives I'll to-neet bring the'
 heame,
 An when I git weddet, thou's happy leeve wi' me,
 The grey meer now bring,
 On seyde-saddle fling ;
 O may I meet Harry, according to worder !
 To buy me a ring,
 Wad ay mek me sing
 " Gud luck to mey Harry, the Preyde ov the Bworder ! "

MAD BESS.

Music by Mr. Thompson.

" Oh ! why silly lass ; sitt'st thou on the caul
grass,
Now darkness is spreadin owre aw ?
The angry win' howlin amang the bare trees,
An fawin's the sleet an the snow ! "

" Oh ! I hae nae frien !—Oh ! I hae nae heame,
To shelter me frae the caul sky !
An during lang winter anonder this oak,
The sleet an the snow I'll defy !

" My fadder is deed !—My mudder is deed !
Brother, sister nor kinfwok are near ;
Bnt the young an the aul, passin thro' the weyld
warl,
Oft pay to peer Bessy a tear.

' See'st thou the pale primrrose, that blooms by
the tree ?
The rwooses that fade i' the lake ?
Them lilies an pinks I for Jemmy will seave,
Nor e'er my true lover forseake.

" See ! yonder's his palice ov chrystal ! Just mark
It reaches as hee as the muin ;
He sails in yon vessel deep laden wi' gold,
An whispers he'll leeve wi' me suin.

" The sheep on yon mountain I watch for my
luive ;
I'm his shepherdess, clad in weyld flow'rs ;
By muin-leet he wedded me wi' this strae-ring,
Then sweet sang the burds in the bow'rs.

" They aw are my Jemmy's, an sing at his nod—
He's lword o' the sky an the sea ;
He's King o' this weyde warl an I am queen—
Say whea are sae happy as we ?

" 'Twas cruel to tear him away frae his Bess—
 My heart ; No ! alas ! I hae neane—
 See Wretches pursue him ! Pale wounded he
 faws—
 To feed the peer worms he'll be taen.

" I'll dig a deep greave an wi' Jemmy will rest,
 But few i' this hard warl wad stay,
 Whear plishure's but folly an luive leads to woe,
 An pity meks naebody gay ! "

BLITHE JWOHNNY GREAME.

TUNE—" *Andrew wi' his cutty gun..* "

Last neet I went leyke monie mair,
 To pass the hours in harmless glee ;
 O, cud ilk yen sec plishure share !
 But that we needent whop to see ;
 The singin kettle aw sud please,
 The seet o' kurn-keakes just the seame ;
 An when I e'er chowe Chesser cheese,
 I ay mun think o' Jwohnnny Greame !
 Blithe Jwohnnny ! keynd to monie !
 Nin a better chap can neame !
 He ne'er gies offence to onie,
 Few we ken leyke Jwohnnny Greame !

The cups o' tea leyke lekker strang,
 Wi' feyne leafe- uggar sweetent weel ;
 The siller spuins beath stout an lang ;
 The cheeny fit fer lwordly chiel ;
 The welcome tui, wi' smeyles was gien,
 " Gud fwok, just meynd yer aw at heame ! "
 Nae preyde or fuil'ry theer was seen,
 Nor welcome gits frae Jwohnnny Greame.—Cho.

The teable clear'd was cover'd suin ;
 Reet famish yell in Betty brong ;
 An now was hard the lively tuin,
 That ay sud please the aul an young ;

The twoast went roun to neyborgs gud ;
 O, cud ilk body brag the seame !
 To dui what ev'ry wise man sud,
 Is ay the wish o' Jwohnnny Greame.—Cho.

The sangs wer sung ; the news wer telt,
 Mair bad nor gud they daily pruiwe,
 How stock an crop owre oft are selt,
 Howe'er the toilin farmers struive ;
 We, gloomy, neam'd the war wi' Spain,
 That's leyke to be aw Europe's sheame—
 To lower rents wer girt fwok fain,
 'Twad please, leyke monie, Jwohnnny Greame.—
 Cho.

To fratch an feght oft gies deleyte,
 An leads to ruin hee an low ;
 An gamlin slander, wicked speyte,
 Oft pruiwes the source o' want an woe !
 A country that meks war its preyde,
 We aw sud wish the warl cud teame ;
 Sec brutal wark to fling aseyde,
 Is ay the wish o' Jwohnnny Greame.—Cho.

For supper now the cleath was spred,
 An that set on mud please a squire ;
 Wheyle some sup sorrow, ne'er hawf-fed,
 Proud dulberts dainties aye admire ;
 The mouths wer busy aw weel tret,
 Beath merry maisters an douce deame ;
 A blither set in town ne'er met,
 Than aw that sat wi' Jwohnnny Greame.—Cho.

Wid aul an young, wid rich an peer ;
 A lassie bloomin leyke a rwose ;
 But dandy-drisses nin wad wear,
 That i' the town fuils struttin shews :
 May Hayton fwok preyde ne'er display,
 But manners ilk yen's praise aye claim ;
 They're blithe an keynd, for freedom pray,
 But nin mair gud nor Jwohnnny Greame.—Cho.

The clock now telt it's teyme for rest,
 Then up we ruse an hans we shuik ;
 Nin e'er o' wealth howe'er possest,
 A sweeter glass o' frienship tuik :
 The hours thus spent we'll ne'er repent,
 O, cud ilk party say the seame !
 Thro' leyfe, mey wish sal be content,
 To aw gud men leyke Jwohnnny Greame !
 Blithe Jwohnnny ! keynd to monie !
 Nin a better chap can neame !
 He ne'er gies offence to onie—
 Few we ken leyke Jwohnnny Greame !

WILLIE THAT'S FAR ON THE WAVE.

Aul Lonny, our lanlword, of gear aye keeps brag-
 gin,
 An oft tells mey mudder his breyde I sal be ;
 Wer his heaps o' gold that cud threyce fou the
 waggon,
 If king ov aw countries, he ne'er sud buy me !
 Rich fuils will owre offen puir lasses en-
 slave—
 Mey heart follows Willy that's far on the
 wave !

Nae joys a young lassie can share, that keeps
 turnin
 Her thowts on aul bodies, their wealth but to
 win ;
 How monie pretens that the heart aye keeps
 burnin
 Wi' luive, just a feckless rich chap to teake in ;
 Let's wish for the cheerfu, the wise, gud
 an brave,
 An sec aye pruiwes Willy that's far on the
 wave."

How monie a deep seegh he still gies when we're
partin !

How monie a feyne present he flings when we
meet !

Wheyle neyborin flatterers wad fain be sweet-
heartin,

I gaze on them laughin at lumps o' deceit :

I'd suiner this day be flung into the greave,
Than e'er forget Willy, that's far on the
wave.

When wee bits o' younkers we daily keep roamin,
For pwosies or fruit, woods an meadows amang,
Now suin he'll return owre the weyde watters
foamin,

An press me wi' preyde, an oft please wi' a sang :
Wid a kiss o' true luive then my han he will
creave ;

I'll gie't but to Willy that's far on the wave.

When far frae the noise o' the lan he's retirin,

By true luive an whopes o' contentment aye led ;
On me he seems gazin, him still I's admirin,

An will aye till deeth, if we never sal wed !

A salior as aw sud, his brethren wad seave—
My blessin gan him that's far on the wave !

Sud weyl wins be howlin, I's seeghin an gowlin,

Aye freetent my lover may lig in the main ;

I think when wheyte waves hee as mountains are
rollin,

O that in a cottage to leeve he were fain !

We'd toil away tyme ev'ry comfort to
have—

I submit to dear Willy that's far on the
wave.

Oft neet efter neet, about him I keep dreamin,

Wheyle he bears a storm or mun toil on the
deck ;

If I chance to neame him my mudder keeps screamin,

An cries, " Shem ! O, Nanny ! to heed onie sec !
Just tek our gad lanlword the best o' the
lave ! "

No ! my wish is for Willy that's far on the
wave !

What, here comes aul Lonny that ne'er sarras
onie :

Now aw shekt to tatters he coughs on his crutch ;
He'll smuik on the saddle an aye caw me bonny,

An say, " Rowsy Nanny ! thy han let me touch ! "

I'll down to my wheel an hewe'er he may
reave,

I'll sing o' sweet Willy that's far on the
wave !

THE FORTUNE-TELLER.

TUNE—" *Johnny's grey breeks.* "

The Fortune-teller cawt last neet
When aw wer knittin, spinnin thrang ;

A Fortune-teller aye tells reet,

Tho monie say they aye dui wrang :

The aul dum body,* raggt an peer,

Crap owre the fire an tuik a whiff,

What, dum fwok nit ae word can hear,

Yet on aw roun she kest a gliff.

We talkt ov sweethearts roun an roun

Ov Issaac, Jacep, Dan an Joe;

An when I tuik the bellows down—

I thowt the last was worth them aw :

Mey gud aul mudder ill in bed,

Tho' deaf she wheyles can hear yen rant ;

" Heaste, Jenny ! supper mek ! " she sed,

" A puir dum body ne'er sud want ! "

I flang on peets ; the neet grew caul ;

Thick fell the snow ; loud blew the wind ;

The chaps we hard come thro' the faul,

I lockt the duir an let nin in :

We gev her money, meat an drink ;

A famish han wi' choke she writ ;

Aw neet I ne'er yence slept a wink—

Wise fwok yen never can forgit.

* " The aul dum body. "—See also " Sally Gray, " stanza 5.

She nwotish'd Isbel wid a smeyle,
 An sed she'd pruiwe a gud weyfe suin ;
 Wid Isaac that wad nin begueyle,
 She'd off to Gratena, by the muin :
 Now Isbel blusht, an laught queyte fain,
 Says she, " God grant'it true may be !
 If e'er I marry Isaac Crane,
 An ill weyfe he's ne'er fin in me ! "

She coddelt Judy roun the weaste—
 We wondert muckle what she'd wreyte ;
 Thur varra words she meade wi' heaste,
 " What, Judy ! Jacep's thy deleyte :
 But he hes sweethearts monie mair,
 They'll pou thy cap off, sud ye meet ;
 Ther's twee he meets—Nay ! dunnet stare
 Thoo'll be his breyde an needent greet ! "

She neest cleekt Dinah by the han,
 An threyce she tapt her rwozy cheek,
 Then on the bellows writ, " Wid Dan,
 Thoo'll off to kurk on Easter week :
 Ye'll keep a farm an happy leeve,
 An in five years ye'll bairns hae four ;
 They'll aw grow rich but nin deceive,
 An sarra peer fwok till leyfe's owre."

Now wid a kiss, she seiz'd mey leuf,
 An smeylin writ, " O, lovely Jane !
 Thoo'll be a weyfe but wed nee guff,
 For thou hes lovers, monie a yen ;
 Some rich an peer ; some far an nar ;
 A wealthy squire wad fain be theyne ;
 A captain tui geane off to war—
 The apple o' thy ee's Joe Heyne ! "

The pen she tuik an writ a charm,
 A varse frae t' beyle to be seer ;
 She sed mey mudder ne'er did harm,
 An weel she'd leeve cleebem year :
 The aul grey clwok mey mudder gev.
 An kist her threyce away she went ;
 May mudder thrive ! we plenty hev—
 The varra thowt now gies content.

Thou meynes, our naig lang seyne was stown,
 She says nae doubt they'll bring him back ;
 The twee pet lams we fain wad awn,
 Wer taen'she telt by ill-gien Jack :
 Aa ! Bella ! oft we wisht thou'd cawt,
 To hear consarnin sweetheart Bill—
 For God's seake, let nae neyborgs tnow't—
 Gud luck to Fortune-tellers, still ! *

LUIVE'S KEYNDNESS.

TUNE—" *Bonny Dundee.*"

O, lassie ! whoar gat thou that bonny silk bonnet ? "

" Twas bowt me by Jemmy that's far owre the sea,"

" Nae doubt monie a tyme he'd be fan to gaze on it,

An glance at thy features that plishure can gie."

" Aye neet efter neet wheyl I toil'd wi' mey mudder,
 He'd sit on our saddle, an sing wid a smeyle ;

Young, healthy an cheerfu, we luiv'd yen anudder—
 Now some foreign lassie may Jemmy beguile ! "

" O, why did he leave yen leyke thee, gud an bonny ? "

" A sowdger he suin was taen off to the war,

" Weyl war leads to ruin beath sexes an monie ;
 Draws thousands to deeth wheyle some show a sad scar,"

" He seegh'd an thus spak on the brow, when we parted,

" O peace to thy heame wid a mudder sae dear !

Lang happy leeve thou if I dee brokken-hearted—
 Be theyne health an plenty wheyle meyne's a saut tear ! "

* In this Ballad and "Sally Gray," stanza v., our author has spoken of the firm and general hold the superstition of the Fortune-teller had upon the Cumbrian character. I have dealt with this more especially in its relation to the Norse whence it is derived in my "Glossary of the Cumberland Dialect," published by the English Dialect Society, and in "Landnama," p. 46, under heading of Spaka or Seer.—T.E.

"O lassie ! weep nin for the loss ov a lover !"

"Yes, partin brings sorrow ; nae mirth I enjoy."

"Mey fortune thou's share, an frae sadness recover—

Be meyne ; nor think mair o' yen war may destroy."

No ! aw the warl's wealth cuddent buy me frae Jemmy ;

Whate'er be my suff'rins, he's ay i' mey meyne ;
He yet may return, but sud Deeth draw him frae me,

I'll mourn for his fate but to luive ne'er incleyne !"

O, whoar leeves thy mudder ? Reet fain I wad see her,"

"She leeves in yon cot an aye toils at her wheel,"

"A stranger, I'm wealthy an money will gie her ;
Then pray that ye lang may leeve healthy an weel."

"Nae keyndness she courts ; but our thinks, wordy stranger,

Ye daily sal hev ; an whate'er may beteyde,
I'll wish for my Jemmy wha's flung into danger ;
An ay bless the man who sowt me for a breyde !"

BETTY O' BRANTON.

TUNE—" *The hay-mew.*"

Young Betty, blithe, bonny, hes sweethearts twae,
Beath rich an just sec as few lasses can see ;

Yet tied to some beggar mair happy she'd be ;

They ne'er can please Betty o' Branton !

For hur in a saw-pit a duel they'd fecht ;

The twesome wi' cannons, mud monie delevte

Sec marrowless chaps ne'er a challenge cud wreyte—

Just laugh at them, Betty o' Branton !

Furst Nathan we'll nwotish he'll brag ov his gear,
 Sud Justice but hod him he'd nobbet be puir :
 When talkin ten teymes in a minute he'll sweer—
 Be cowshious, Betty o' Branton !
 He's shept leyke a trippet ; atween his cruikt tnees
 When walkin, a sew cud just waddle wid ease ;
 A star or the muin he but seldom e'er sees—
 Just laught at him, Betty o' Branton !

Neest Jeymie the swinler, that nowt e'er can teame,
 Sud he tek in aw roun him he'd never think
 sheame ;
 Scairce yence in a fornet the truth he'll e'er neame
 What a match for sweet Betty o' Branton !
 His lang reed snout ay turns off to ae seyde ;
 His gob will measure full eight inches weyde ;
 His teeth leyke stowres, the twee lips ne'er can
 heyde—
 Just laugh at him, Betty o' Branton !

If leyke monie lasses, thou's fain hev a man,
 Ne'er link wid a deevil for houses or lan ;
 A peer bit gud body just tek, if thou can ;
 He'll wish to please Betty o' Branton.
 Gud sheps an feyne features fwok ay will prize,
 But deformity nae yon sud ever despise ;
 If a sweerer or lear, to catch thee e'er tries,
 Just laugh at him, Betty o' Branton !

HEAME'S HEAME.

A hee-rented farmer oft thrang at the plew,
 At threshin at deykin I toil the day thro' ;
 I rise wi' the lark an oft work by the muin,
 In lang days o' summer yen's wark's never duin :
 Nae lab'rers I keep nor a sarvent can neame ;
 Yet weary I ay fin leyfe's comfort my heame.

At kurnin at cuikin our weyfe's ever thrang,
 At weshin—Aa ! twonty things aw the day lang ;
 At milkin, mworn, neet then wi' glee at the wheel,
 At darnin at knittin an wheyles at the reel—
 O, wer peer bit women-fwok, thrang at the seame !
 For leyke her luiv'd partner leyfe's comfort's
 her heame.

Oft wearied by labour but ne'er bow'd by care,
 I sit nar the clock-kease an fadder's aul chair ;
 I put on my speckets an wheyles read the news,
 But owt about happiness, seldom yen views ;
 If meakin a swill I crack on wi' mey deame,
 Ay cheerfa ne'er fearful, leyfe's comfort's our
 heame.

Our bairns 'll sit laikin queyte funny i' th' nuik,
 Greace now dons her doll an Bill's plyin his buik ;
 Beath biddible, peaceful an daily weel fed ;
 Beath larnin an thrivin an decently cled ;
 May the twee niver be what to monie's a sheame,
 But ay think, leyke we that leyfe's comfort's their
 heame.

When weekly to market I gang wi' the cworn,
 I teaste a swop drink but aye drukkenness scworn ;
 An if to some fair wid a neybor I reyde,
 To git back e'er darknin is ever my preyde ;
 Oft seeck wi' weyld reavin thersels monie bleame—
 O feegh ! this leyfe's comfort sud aye be their
 heame !

Girt gentry leyke gamlin aye beath neet an day,
 An anxious fine ever to mek fwok their prey ;
 At cairds wi' my neybor I wheyles pass an hour,
 Then crack about monie that muckle endure ;
 If gamlin's yen's preyde it's foriver a sheame,
 Owre leate monie wish they'd shar'd comfort at
 heame.

Some neybor i' th' yell-house sit neet efter neet,
 In weyldness deleytin that ne'er can be reet !
 Now yawnin, now fudlin, now praisin the yell ;
 Now fratchin, now leein, leame stwories they tell ;
 Now reacers, now ruslets, now boxers they'll neame—
 O neybor ! just think this leyfe's comfort's yer
 heame !

We've hed monie crosses sin beath in our preme ;
 And tnown monie losses—Aa ! teyme efter teyme ;
 Our house was brok intui, when beath out at wark ;
 Our black meer an fwoal were beath stown efter
 dark.

Ae mworn we our hay an cworn seed in a flame—
 Ne'er ak ! what we suffer, leyfe's comfort's our
 heame.

Neest twee in a fever Deeth tnuk to the greave ;
 The doctor cawt daily but nowther cud seave ;
 Ann an Jwoseph to mudder an fadder wer dear—
 When I think o' the tweesome it causes a tear !
 Then deame gat her thie brak, at this hour she's
 leame,
 Yet peacefu an varteous, leyfe's comfort's her
 heame.

I ne'er can forgit what she then smeylin sed,
 When geane wer twee eldest an she laid in bed ;
 " O weep nit gud maister ! bad rroads ye ne'er trod !
 Submissive an cheerfu let sec bow to God !
 To aw that reet strive wheynin ay pruives a
 sheame—
 Let's whop a gud warl may at last be our heame ! "

ETTY BELL.

TUNE—" *The aul guidman.*"

Last neet when aw our wark was duin,
 Loud blew the win' thick fell the snow ;
 The crackets, chirp—chirpin, seem'd to say,
 Aroun this harth we're happy aw !
 In bed our bairns ; mey peype I smuikt ;
 The clock just telt the hour ov rest ;
 Mey deame she seeght for ay she seeghs
 Whene'er she thinks o' fwok distrest.

I hard a tap at our front duir,
 A feeble voice cried, " Let me in ! "
 We started, " Run, gud man ! " deame cries,
 " For beggars we have room widin."
 The duir unlockt surpris'd we seed,
 Wi' snow a puir aul creeter cled ;
 Wi' yage bent double, tremlin, pale,
 An to the fire she suin was led.

She cuddent speak, she scairce cud breathe ;
 Away leyke leetnin ran mey deame ;
 She brong her what suin gev her ease,
 Says she, " Just think our house yer heame ! "
 A posset neest I bad her meake ;
 Nowt better is fer rich or puir ;
 This duin, mey deame wad smeyle owrejoy'd,
 An then she'd drop a painfu tear.

Th' aul body's yage we fain wad ken,
 She muttert, " Fourscore years an five ;
 Lang, lang I've toil'd an begg'd for breed,
 But whopt nit now to be alive ;
 I've suffer'd mickle sin my youth ;
 Far mair than mem'ry lets me tell ;
 In this farm-house I furst drew breeth ;
 But few fwok meyn aul Etty Bell ! "

" O aunt ! dear aunt ! " mey deame now shriekt,
 She fentet ; tears stream'd down my cheek ;
 Aul Ester on the saddle rwoar'd—
 I tried an tried but cuddent speak ;

Wi' pain I rais'd her frae the fluir,
 An thowt her deed but O, or lang
 Recover'd, how she gaz'd an smeyl'd,
 An roun her aunt her airms she flang.

Aul Ester now wi' luiks ov joy,
 Drew monie a picture ov her leyfe ;
 When young, beluiv'd by rich an puir,
 Yet she ne'er yence becom a weyfe :
 A cousin mean she work'd for hard,
 Nar threeswore years in Lunnon town ;
 Now brokken-hearted, starvt an aul,
 She's to her parish toddelt down.

Rejoic'd we by the fire aw sat,
 An talkt an hard the clock streyke yen ;
 I nowt leyke this e'er seed befowre,
 Nor sec a seet can see agean !
 Beteymes this mworn, mey deame she ruse,
 Queyte fain a lang-lost aunt to see—
 Wheyle I've a penny, she's nit want,
 An deame an aw sal happy be !

— — — — —

OUR MAISTER AN DEAME.*

TUNE—" *St. Andrew's Cross.*"

Some praise our girt nowbles that seldom dui
 gud ;

Some brag ov our squires, that offen dui wrang :
 Peer scribblers leyke me aye wreyte as ye sud,

Let truth be yer study when meakin a sang :
 Mankeyn if they bodder 'll scairce wreyte anudder,

Tho' few in aul Englan sae monie can neame ;
 I've prais'd gudness, beauty ; I've pointed out
 duty—

Mey study to-day is our Maister an Deame.

* Mr. Justin B. Brown, and his amiable partner.

Our Maister ne'er prui'd a base picture to man ;
 Deil tek them that think he wad onie betray !
 To shew what veyce leads tui an skeybels to flay
 To sarra gud bodies hes ay been his plan :
 His wish is for freedom nae mortal can lead him
 To praise whate'er yence leads a brother to sheame ;
 True virtue his creed is an daily ilk deed is,
 What happiness draws to our Maister an Deame.

Our Deame is lish, clever gay, modest an free,
 A foe to ambition, veyce, fuil'r'y, an preyde ;
 She frowns on nae mortal, she toils leyke the bee ;
 Her luik tells a meynd that nit yen can dereyde :
 She's weel-shept an bonny, she's friendly to monie
 That caw raggt an helpless, aye howe i' the weame ;
 Clean, hiltly, deleytefu ; ne'er tnaggy or speytefu—
 Owre few ever see sec a Maister an Deame !

Our Maister leyke monie hes wheyles been tre-
 pann'd,
 For gudness owre seldom an claim what is due ;
 He studies correctly the laws ov our land,
 An praises the statesmen that wish to pruiue
 true :
 He scworns base oppressors ; he hates aw trans-
 gressors
 That glory in war ; e'en the King he dar bleame ;
 He censures aw slav'ry, he laughs at aw knecav'ry—
 Aye peacefu an happy are Maister an Deame.

Our Deame is queyte cheerfu, she'll crack an she'll
 jwoke,
 But ne'er onie mortal yet sowt to offend ;
 She courts nit the favors ov onie girt fwok ;
 To what she thinks wrang for the wail she'd nit
 bend :
 Nae Mistress Creake's party whoar sland'ers seem
 hearty,
 Nae dainties, drink, chatt'rin cud win her frae
 heame ;
 Sec fuil'ry's owre common 'mang men-fwok an
 women,
 But aye was despis'd by oor Maister an Deame.

Oor Maister the scen'ry ov Nature admires ;
 He's statesman to-day an tradesman to-mworn ;
 Health, peace, plenty, frienship is aw he desires,
 An the luive ov his Nancy yen nin'll e'er
 sworn.
 Oor Deame wad toil iver yet weary seems ni-
 ver—
 Lang free frev aw care may they beath be the
 seame ;
 By yage when boo'd double nae suff'ers frae
 trouble,
 May Deeth freeten nowther oor Maister or
 Deame !

HEDDERSGILL KEATIE.

TUNE—" *Fye gae rub her o'er wi' strae.*"

Young Keatie leev'd in Heddersgill ;
 An sweetheart Jwohunny, owre the geate ;
 Peer Keatie ! seeghin, toilin, still
 Was fain to see him suin or leate :
 But Jwohunny leyke beath hee an low,
 Wi' yen mair rich now on hed teane ;
 An Keatie aye row'd up in woe,
 Wad think ov hours o' luive aw geane.

To kurk, to market, fair or dance,
 In costly trappins oft she went ;
 In whopes at Jwohunny wid a glance,
 To catch what gies a heart content :
 But, Oh ! in vain, they ne'er yence met,
 Aye fruitless her endeavors pruv'd ;
 He neets an days wad spen wi' Bett,
 But ne'er yence thowt o' hur he luiv'd.

Ae neet when spinnin by the fire,
 Rejoic'd, his trailin clogs she hard ;
 She seeght an wisht 'twer his desire,
 Just then to toddle thro' the yard :

She up an flang the wheel aseyde,
 An seeghin crap across the faul ;
 Whope whispert suin she'd be a breyde,
 But whope deceives beath young an aul.

Now cross the town-geate quick went she,
 An thro' the lettice tuik a gaze ;
 Now rap-raps at the duir gae three,
 Wheyle he sat whiffin in amaze :
 " Whea's theer ? " quo Jwohnnny, wi' surprise,
 " It's me ! " she answert quick, " It's me ! "
 " An whee the deevil's me ? " he cries,
 " Wey, I's thy Keatie ! thoo kens whee ! "

She bruist her tnockles rappin threyce,
 An, " Jwohnnny ! Jwohnnny ! " oft she'd neame ;
 " Hut, shaff ! " he cried, " teake mey adveye !
 Sec leyke as thee er best at heame !
 " What wants thoo, fuil ? " says she, " I'll lay
 Thoo canna fin me, tho' I's nigh ! "
 " Puir sumph ! " says he. " een gang thy way,
 For me, I'll lay I wunnet try ! "

Now heameward stowtert tremlin Keate,
 A luckless lump o' luive to wail ;
 Her heart just leyke a penlum bet ;
 The tears she shed wad fou a pail ;
 Her seeghs were leyke the wintry breeze ;
 An whopes alas ! she hed nae mair :
 Thus, true it is yen daily sees,
 Luive leads to joy an oft to care !

AUL BEN'S COURTSHIP.

TUNE—" *The Gabertunzie man.* "

What, Lizzy ! sit down an lissen the news ;
 To crack wi' thy cousin thou'll ne'er refuse ;
 Or nae teyme we'll aw be rich as the Jews ;
 An thou our brass sal ay share :
 Aul Ben com here last neet afwore dark,
 When Betty an fadder an me wer at wark ;
 Our dog, deil bin him ! dud nowt but bark
 When Ben crap into the chair !

"Heaste, Elsy!" he cries, "fling peets i' the fire,
I've stowtert down lonnins thro' wet an deep mire;
A feckless aul fellow tho' some caw me squire—

Nae kinsfwok hev I at aw;

I mean to meake yef neyce dowter my breyde;
She's reype an rwosey an free frev aw preyde;
She's git heaps o' money, lan, houses, beseyde—
She'd better wed me nor a beau!

"O, Betty!" says he, "when I meake the' meyne,
We'll leeve thick as thieves, ay merry an keyne,
Thoo'll hev bit o' bairns, we'll don them reet feyne,

An laik wi' them neet an day!

Our squire, our lawyer, our parson, an deame,
An monie girt gentles, yen needent neame,
Sal daily mek our gran parlor their heame;
An beggars teake plenty away.

"Come, clap on the kettle an meake a swop tea;
An swat tey ways down o' top mey tnee;
I'll gie thee a buss aye twayce twee or three—

We'll crack an coddle queyte fain:

To-mworn thoo's reyde an buy a gowd ring;
An claes for the threesome thoo heame sal bring;
A secfu ov nwotes i' thy lap I mun fling,
That day I meake thee mey ain.

"I'll built a girt house as hee as a haw!
Thoo's feast o' gud meat as the queen e'er saw;
Thoo's sarra puir bodies wheniver they caw,

An fain starvt deevils to seave;

Run Ellik! bring owre some famish Scotch gin.
We'll twoast roun an roun till the muin keeks
in;

For me— I's aw pain'd widout an widin,
An suin I mun lig i' mey greave!"

He's shwort an double, yence streyte an strang;
His neybors aw roun him, he hobbles amang
He's duin muckle gud an seldom dis wrang,

But wishes ilk yen to dui reet:

He's worn to the beane nae hair on his powe;
Hawf-blin, deaf an tuithless, nae beyte he can
chowe:

His legs er like thivels, he smuiks the day thro',
An ligs on the saddle aw neet.

They busst yen anudder ; she patted his cheek ;
 He huizt,* cought, an laught, but harleys cud speak ;
 Our parson mun buckle the tweesome neest week ;
 An thoo breyde's maiden sal be :
 What, Betty queyte murry to Carel is geane ;
 Aa ! nwotes ov aw maks, gow'd an siller she's taen ;
 —He's seebemty seebem, she's just twonty yen—
 A famish weyle weddin we'll see !

INVITATION TO CRITO.

TUNE—" *The Pensioners.*"

Dear Crito ! my frien that can ne'er be forgot,
 Wheyle Mem'ry reflects on the days that are
 geane ;
 I teyme spen wi' plishure in this retir'd spot
 An monie amuse but ne'er try to vex yen :
 To sarra's the duty ov beath hee an low,
 But preyde an ambition brings monie to woe !

I rest wi' gud fwok, that ne'er try to dui wrang ;
 I share holsome food that the wealthy mud please ;
 Their keyndness is sec that a day ne'er seems lang ;
 When neet flings her curtain blithe neybors yen
 sees :
 Wi' a crack, sang or tune, we aul teyme can be-
 gueyle—
 O cud the weyld warl bwoast the seame wi' a smeyle !

Our maister weel kent by aw maks far an weyde
 Shews daily his wish for truth, freedom an luive ;
 Yes justice forever is Justin's† true preyde,
 Wer Justice leyke him fwok happy mud pruiwe !
 Aul Hayton a better man never will bwoast,
 An wer claret mey drink, I'd oft mek him the
 twoast.

* To huizt.—To cough or breathe hard as a cow does.—T.E.

† Mr. Justin Bird Brown, Hayton.

Nae fratchin or feghtin, e'er boddors yen's ear ;
 Nae slander that rowes monie thousans in care ;
 That statesmen an pleacemen, wad fin for the puir,
 An lop off base taxes, is eve'ry yen's pray'r :
 But tyranny, Rulers owre oft mek their preyde ;
 Ne'er ak ! Deeth throws kings leyke puir beggars
 aseyde.

Weyl Winter prevents me frae wand'rin aw roun,
 Whoar "Canny aul Cummerlan" fain I wad
 view ;
 By yage, pain an poverty, offen bow'd down,
 Yet a buik, pen an paper can charm the day thro' :
 I read what the meynd aye frae folly can seave ;
 I wreyte what may please, when I'm flung i' the
 greave.

The storm leate sea flaysome, is now duin away ;
 At nature's sweet change, man, beast, bird may re-
 joice ;
 To whop for mair changes peer Britons weel may,
 But oppression in Englan, seems owre monie's
 choice :
 O, wad ev'ry mortal, when 'tis in his pow'r,
 But sarra his brethren that mickle endure !

How pleasin 'twad pruiue cud yen truly describe,
 That honest fwok shar'd aw that's doubtless
 their reet ;
 But Englan leyke aw pleaces lures in a treybe,
 That aim at ambition ; sad lumps o' deceit !
 This country's a wilderness cover'd wi' thworns,
 Whoar deeds o' girt fwok the neame seldom adorns.

Now seated in peace fain to wreyte to my frien,[†]
 That ne'er for a breyde wad a mortal betray ;
 I see wi' surprise, what by fwoks daily seen,
 Our weel-fed aul dog a puir beggar will flay :
 At rich fwok in preyde he forever will fawn—
 Shaff ! men-fwok leyke Touch by owre monie
 are tnown !

[†] "Our friendship commenced on my return from London, October, 1795." This is Anderson's own note, as it occurs in the original M.S. of this Ballad, and marks the commencement of his life-long friendship with Crito, otherwise Sanderson, the Kirklington Poet.

Retirement to some wad leyfe's plishures destroy,
 Tho' towns the best bodies to ruin oft lead ;
 Hills, valleys, woods, watters to me affword joy ;
 An whether yen gaze at the yek, or the weed,
 They wither leyke men, but a lesson aye gie,
 That points to the Ruler—His gudness aw see.

Tho' distant are we a true frien I'll inveyte—
 A wheyle wi' puir Robin mek Hayton thy heame ;
 The thowt wad our keynd-hearted neybor deleyte,
 Mair respected than thee few in this warl can
 neame ;
 Tho' monie forget me ; thy frienship but shew—
 For Crito, I'll pray, till Deeth gies me a caw !

SALLY OV IRTHIN.

TUNE—" *The Wounded Huzzar.*"

Yen fairer than Sally,
 Ne'er yet trod a valley,
 Whoar Gelt in wheyl murmurs to Irthin pow'rs down ;
 The preyde ov a mother,
 A sister, an brother ;
 Her countenance breet as the sun smeylin roun ;
 Simplicity, beauty,
 Health, gudness an duty,
 Aye wan her the luive that owre few leeve to share ;
 Young Jwohnny her neybor,
 Brong up to hard labour,
 Was fav'rite at murry-neet, market or fair.

Nae kinsfwok hed Jwohnny,
 An wheedelt leyke monie,
 At Branton gat trapt by some ill-gien recruits—
 Oh ! heeds o' the'nation,
 Ye oft cause vexation ;
 Sec deeds to encourage, pruives men war nor brutes !
 You trail off puir seamen,
 O' joys when they're dreamin ;
 Wi' drums, feyfes, cockades honest lads ye trepan ;
 Leyke teades under harrows,
 His country ilk sarras,
 Gits slain, ligs uncoffin'd in sea or on lan.

Now, monie a keyn cronie
 Fan sworry for Jwohnnny,
 An sec as hed money the smart wad fain pay ;
 But, no ! he was sworn in ;
 The proud sarjin scwornin,
 Neest bad him git ready to march the neest day ;
 Owre hill an thro' valley,
 He saunter'd wi' Sally,
 An whopt she wad git yen wi' plenty ov gear ;
 Advyce pruives a blessin,
 An wheyles pruives distressin—
 They kiss'd, shuik hans, parted wi' monie a saut tear.

Wi' some she hed spworted,
 She oft now was courted,
 But fareweel to dances an parties she bade ;
 The lanword son Harry,
 Neest sowt her to marry,
 But low-sunk in spirits oft sleepless she laid :
 Frae Branton ae e'enin,
 When Sally sat spinnin,
 He cawt wi' fause tears, an suin whispert the news,
 That Jwohn he'd deeth suffer'd,—
 His han he now offer'd—
 A han frae the rich, lasses seldom refuse.

Young Jwohnnny nit cheerfu,
 Tho' niver yence fearfu,
 Hed dung down proud Frenchmen an won a gud
 neame ;
 He'd stuid monie a battle,
 Mid cannons' loud rattle,
 Gat wounded, discharg'd an wi' whops wander'd
 heame :
 In Irthin's green valley,
 Wi' joy he met Sally ;
 The smeyle an the seegh ov affection he gave ;
 She shriekt, weept an fentet ;
 Her marriage lamented—
 Or three days wer owre she was taen to the greave.

*The above was written at the request of a respectable
 young lady.*

I'LL NE'ER LUIVE ANUDDER.

TUNE—" *The flow'r o' Dumblane.*"

I've a house an gud lan ; I've a mill up the watter :
 I've pultry ov aw maks ; I've naigs, sheep, an
 kye ;
 I've sarvents that toil for me ; grey-houns, an
 spaniels ;
 I've nwotes, gow'd an siller ; an aw things can buy ;
 I've kinswok aw wealthy ; I'm cheerfu an healthy :
 I've spent years o' plishure now turn'd thurty-
 three ;
 I've sweethearted monie
 But ne'er cud wed onie—
 I'll ne'er luive anudder, wheaever luives me !
 Aw whops we can borrow,
 Will oft lead to sorrow—
 I'll ne'er luive anudder, ov aw I may see.

Furst Betty o' Bow'rbank when young, I fell in wi',
 At Dick's saller-opnin, togedder we sat ;
 Her cheeks were queyte rwosy I've pou'd monie a
 pwosie,
 But ne'er in the garden a sweeter flow'r gat :
 Wi' yen a pretender, she cwoacht off to Gratena—
 To teake me I promis'd she happy sud be :
 I oft ruid to see her,
 Spent happy neets wi' her—
 I'll ne'er luive anudder, wheaever luives me !
 Aw whops we can borrow,
 Will oft lead to sorrow—
 I'll ne'er luive anudder, ov aw I may see !

Neest, Fanny o' Fenton, lish, clever nit wanton,
 I owretuik when reydin ae day towerts heame ;
 My heart was aye beatin at neets ever dreamin,
 I thowt her the sweetest aw Englan cud neame :
 She tuik off to Lunnon to see a thurd cousin,
 In nae teyme a parson just buckelt the twee ;
 She writ me a letter,
 Whopt I'd git a better—
 I'll ne'er luive anudder, wheaever luives me !
 Aw whops we can borrow,
 Will oft lead to sorrow—
 I'll ne'er luive anudder, ov aw I may see !

Then Dinah ov Dawston, ilk body wad bwoast on,
 I'd hard monie neame, an at Rosley furst saw;
 She donnt leyke a leady. was aye fou ov humour;
 If scwores she just smeyl'd at, she conquer'd them
 aw:
 She drew frev aw quarters; sec caus'd muckle
 feghtin;
 The flow'r ov aw Cumberlan reckon'd was she;
 A trav'ler off tuik her,
 But suin he forsuik her—
 I'll ne'er luive anudder, wheaever luives me!
 Aw whops we can borrow,
 Will oft lead to sorrow—
 I'll ne'er luive anudder, ov aw I may see!

Ae summer, in feyn'ry, I ruid owre to Gilsden,
 Wi' yen, a strange leady, I suin fell in luive;
 We walkt about daily, an teyme we spent gaily,
 But I ne'er yence dreemt she a donnet wad pruve;
 Fwok offen wer laughin, when we wer seen passin;
 Yen cowshent me ay frae sec strumpets to
 flee:
 She was mistress to monie,
 Squires, captains, or onie—
 I'll ne'er luive anudder wheaever luives me!
 Aw whops we can borrow,
 Will oft lead to sorrow—
 I'll ne'er luive anudder ov aw I may see!

Sweet Hannah ov Hayton at ae Cursmess party,
 She sang an she danct an aye stonisht aw roun:
 She promis'd her han—when I tuik owre the
 leycense,
 The neyborgs aw weept for her deeth thro' the
 town:
 Young, bonny, blithe, clever, a better lass never,
 Thro' aw the weyde warl nae man e'er kest
 an e'e;
 Hours happy wer wi' her—
 I ay think I see her—
 I'll ne'er luive anudder, wheaever luives me!
 Aw whops we can borrow,
 Will oft lead to sorrow—
 I'll ne'er luive anudder ov aw I may see!

On scwores I've kept gazin an scwores hae been
 praisin,
 But ne'er wad cheat onie that yence wore a
 cap ;
 I aye think't a pity thro' country or city,
 That women leyke men pruiwe owre offen a trap :
 I'm healthy, I'm wealthy, I've plenty, to twenty
 Puir beggars meat, money an cleedin to gie ;
 Let man dui his duty,
 But ne'er bow to beauty—
 I'll ne'er luive anudder wheaever luives me !
 Aw whops we can borrow,
 Will oft lead to sorrow—
 I'll ne'er luive anudder ov aw I may see.

THE QUILTERS.

TUNE—"Sally Gray."

"Noo, lasses ; aw thrang at oor quiltin,
 An chaps er queyte busy at wark ;
 Let's tell roun widoot onie blushes,
 Whea fain we wad meet afwore dark.
 We've aw bits o' fortunes, guid sweetheart
 Sae nin er mair happy than we ;
 Come, Elsy, trot on wi' thy needle,
 An tell us whea's dearest to thee."

"Yen Ellik ; a lish lad an cliver ;
 Aye merry but seldom dis wrang ;
 Oh ! was he but seated amang us,
 He'd please us wi' monie a sweet sang !
 Wer meyne aw the lan in oor parish,
 This han to nae udder I'd gie ;
 I seed him last neet efter supper—
 Noo, Rachel ; whea's dearest to thee ?"

"Yen Ritchy ; industrus an modest,
 A canny young lad tho' but puir ;
 Oh ! hed he his bagpeypes amang us,
 Nae music sae sweet cud we hear !

Wer I oor girt squire's only dowter,
 To-inworn he mey partner sud be;
 When dreamin I see him for iver—
 Noo, Martha; whee's dearest to thee?"

"Yen Michael; the preyde ov his cronies,
 That ne'er gev a body a froon;
 Oh! was he but seated amang us,
 His jwokes wad mek aw merry roun!
 I've kent him sin furst we larn'd letters,
 An few e'er his marrow can see;
 I'd suiner wed him nor his lwordship—
 Noo, Letty; whee's dearest to thee?"

"Yen Lanty; weel leykt by lads, lasses,
 In whornpeypes he's fit fer a show;
 Oh! was he but seated amang us,
 His steps wad suin 'stonish us aw!
 In Lunnon he'd mek a girt fortune,
 What, king o' the dancers is he;
 He'd please nowbles nabobs an statesmen—
 Noo, Peggy; whee's dearest to thee?"

"Yen Peter; the preyde o' mey bwosom,
 Ae better nin e'er meade her choice;
 Oh! was he but seated amang us,
 We'd hear iv'ry leevin thing's voice!
 He'd mimic men, beasts, burds ov aw maks,
 That sing away summer wi' glee—
 O, Peter! wer I the king's dowter,
 I'd pray to be dearest to thee!"

"Shaff! seldom yen sees whee they wish for"—
 "Nay, hark!—They're aw crossin the faul!
 'Till midneet let's whope to be merry,
 For sec sud ay please young an aul,
 "Come fling off the quilt! set on kettle,
 Let aw teake six cups o' leac'd tea:
 Or lang may we quilters git weddet,
 An try to dui gud till we dee!"

REFORM.

TUNE—*By the Author.*

“O! let Nature speak,
And with instinctive force, inform thy soul,
That LIBERTY, the choicest boon of Heav’n,
Is REASON’S birth-right, and the gift of God!”

Mrs. Robinson.

When the praise ov oor statemen by dum fwok
is sung;
When nae man on yearth meks a brother a
slave;
When money leyke rain, on puir bodies is flung;
When gouty girt gentry can run owre the
wave;
When priests, lawyers, doctors, try mankeynd to
charm;
Then Englan, puir Englan may whope fer Reform!

When pedestrens in nae teyme can walk to the
muin;
When insecs turn giants the warl to surprise;
When asses in play-houses hum monie a tune;
When teades leave the yearth, an flee up to the
skies;
When peace thro’ aw countries sal sowdgers
disarm;
Then Englan, puir Englan may whope fer reform!

When preyde, thro’ aw countries, by nin is esteem’d;
When aul fwok er young an the bairns are
bworn aul;
When truth sal nae langer a leybel be deem’d;
When winter turns het an the summer queyte
caul;
When burds or fish nowther teaste grain or the
worm;
Then Englan, puir Englan may whope fer Reform!

When wolves wi' sheep laik i' the fiels wi'
 deleyte;
 When cats, wi' rats, meyce, 'll dance reels or
 a jig;
 When snaw faws queyte black an the blackburds
 er wheyte;
 When farmers sow san that grows wheat, rye,
 an bigg,
 When sangs ov the lennet a hawk can alarm;
 Then Englan, puir Englan may whope fer Reform!

When cock-feghtin, brutes wi' twee legs will
 despise;
 When drunkards shall scworn a full bowl or a
 glass;
 When gurse tweyce the heeght ov a yek tree
 can rise;
 When flatt'ry's forgotten by lad an by lass;
 When lwords wi' puir tenants gang linkt arm in
 arm;
 Then Englan, puir Englan may whope fer Reform!

When epicures smeylin can feast widoot meat;
 When wickedness ne'er leads to sorrow or
 woe;
 When stars sheyne aw day an the sun sheynes
 aw neet;
 When valleys are heegh an the mountains er
 low;
 When winter ne'er froons on the warl wid a
 storm,
 Then Englan, puir Englan may whope fer
 Reform!

When Newton an Shakspeare by aw are forgot;
 When burds leeve in watter and fish in a nest;
 When gunners shoot game widoot powder or
 shot;
 When virtue thro' aw ranks by vice is carest;
 When nin in St. Stephen's e'er try to dui harm;
 Then Englan, puir Englan may whope fer
 Reform!

When kings at gud wishes ov subjects ne'er
 froon;
 When Brougham or Hume ne'er yence to
 tyrants need boo;
 When fwok toil fer plenty in country an toon;
 When faction's aye laught at that's queyte
 common noo;
 When pleacemen's lang speeches ilk true heart
 can warm;
 Then Englan, puir Englan may whope fer
 Reform!

NICHOL THE NEWSMONGER'S DEETH.

TUNE—" *The night before Larry was stretch'd.*"

"Reader, whate'er thy fate, if rich or poor,
 The ills of life with patience still endure;
 Who serves mankind, and will from folly fly,
 Shrinks not at Fate; prepar'd in time to die."

Aa! Nichol's noo laid in the greave,
 Lang seyde ov aul fadder an mudder;
 The warl nit frae deeth cud yen seave,
 We aw gang off—teane efter tudder:
 Queyte cheerfu he pruv'd to the last,
 An aw fer meyles roun 'll noo miss him:
 The dog howls as if just to say,
 "Mey guid Maister's left me, God bliss him "

What, Andrew that drew in the stuil,
 Aunt Meable, lang Aggy, Tib, Sally,
 Joss, Cuddy, Leylc Steebem, Tim, Sim,
 Grater Lizzy, Daft Peg, Tom Tagwally,
 Mistress Creak, Sarjin Gowdy an deame,
 They'll aw seegh, an talk about Nichol—
 Lword Bultrout that built the new lodge,
 Was ne'er leyk'd by yen hawf sae mickle!

Hoo monie a lang weyl winter neet,
 The neybors, aul, young, he kept murry;
 He telt what cud aw roun him please,
 But ne'er flung them intil a flurry:
 He'd magazeens, newspapers read,
 The squire's dowter, Caroline, sent him;
 An novels, plays, histries, gud buiks,
 The schuilmaister willinly lent him.

When beggars e'er sowt a bit breed,
 He aye gae them that an a penny;
 They'd smuik an he'd cobble their shoon—
 Some girt fwok ne'er yence sarra enny;
 If neybors wer seeck, oft he'd caw,
 Still gud true adveyce fain to gie them;
 At partin, he aye dropt a tear—
 A better chap ne'er cud sit wi' them!

Feghts, fratches, corruption, war, preyde,
 Leyke wordy Kit Craffet he hated;
 Fwok say they sud lig seyde by seyde,
 Wid Nichol, Kit monie a day waited:
 Ov slav'ry an priss-gangs they'd talk,
 An tyrants that hod sec girt pleaces;
 An monie aul Englan's kings, queens,
 Wheas neames noo oor coontry disgreaces.

His money's aw left to the puir,
 His hoose to young brokken-backt Jwohnnny;
 His clock, kist o' drores, an twee sweyne,
 To three that ne'er yence cud buy onie:
 Ov kindred he nobbet kent yen,
 Queyte rich that ne'er sent him a letter—
 Relations some daily will neame,
 Wheyle neybors oft pruive thersels better.

Thoo's leame or to t' cwose-hoose hed geane,
 Whoar scwores aw sat talkin an grievin;
 They luikt at the corp, seed a smeyle,
 Ay just as in hilth he'd been leevin,
 To th' burryin fwok com fer meyles roun,
 A coffin's seen seldom sae croodet;
 The parson some say, dropt a tear—
 Nin tnows but er lang he'll be shroudets.



SANDERSON'S WELL.

A heed-sten they'll hev set up suin ;
 The schuilmaister's ippitaph meakin ;
 The fadder an mudder he'll neame ;
 'Boot Nichol girt pains he'll be teakin !
 He ne'er luikt at yen wi' a froom ;
 He dee't when just seebemty seebem ;
 He daily cud please aw mak roun—
 Let's whope he's noo happy in Heebem !

THE AUL HOLLOW TREE.

TUNE—"Come under my plaidie."

When heame I ay wander an see the sun settin,
 Queyte free frae hard labor an care till the
 mworn,
 My thowts turn to yen that nin roun e'er saw
 frettin,
 A bonnier, a better nay ne'er yet was bworn !
 Tho' I's a puir sarvent an money's wheyles
 scanty,
 An maister's tarn'd temper some daily wad
 dree ;
 At eb'min, tho' weary,
 Mey heart's ay quite cheery,
 When Peggy I meet nar the aul hollow Tree.

When twee bits o' bairns theer we offen sat laikin,
 An wheyles wer fworc'd in by weyl win or the
 rain ;
 Noo laikin owre pictures, noo seevy caps meakin,
 Or sharin an apple that ay meade us fain ;
 We'd lissen the blackburd, lark, throssle or
 lennet,
 An hares playin nar us in sumner we'd see ;
 Lams merry wad wander
 Its branches anonder ;
 But few noo will nwotish the aul hollow Tree.

Hoo happy the days when oor teens we've just
 enter'd,
 An luive gies a glance frae the lass we hod
 dear ;
 But O, when yen's driv'n frae the heart's dear-
 est treasure
 In fancy we'll gaze on her oft wid a tear :
 Content hails the mwornin an joy the day
 clwoses,
 When evenin to luivers true comfort can gie;
 When Nature's seen smeylin,
 An dull cares begueylin,
 An teyme's spent in peace, nar the aul hollow
 Tree.

Mey cruikt cankert maister, queyte greedy,
 hawf crazy,
 Oft cowshens his niece aw puir fellows to shun;
 An Peggy wi' smeyles ne'er an uncle yence
 crosses,
 But ne'er can by wealth, preyde or flatt'ry
 be won ;
 I've wheyles thowt o' leavin the snarlin aul
 body,
 To hunt oot some other whea's heart's fou o'
 glee ;
 Luive whispert, " O, bear aw !
 Ay cheer aw, ne'er fear aw,
 Just think o' past teymes an the aul hollow
 Tree !

At dances she's courted by chaps thrang aboot
 her,
 But ne'er yence was seen to give onie a froon ;
 To win her wi' feyn'ry, the squire oft hes sowt
 her
 An sent owre a silk shawl an gran satin goon ;
 She'd laugh at the thowt an the seame hour
 return them,
 Then bid him nit whope a squire's mistress
 she'd be ;
 Far fitter nor wear them
 She'd burn them or tear them—
 At neet I hard aw nar the aul hollow Tree.

Whene'er the sky's cawm an the muin wheyte
as siller,

An partridges caw the lost partners to meet ;
We steal oot togedder an leeve the crabb'd
uncle,

He snwores on the saddle ay neet efter neet :
Wi' yage he's bent double an row'd up in trouble,
But dreams nit sweet Peggy her heart hes
gien me ;

'Till kindred may loss him,

We'll ne'er wish to cross him,

But spen hours o' luive nar the aul hollow Tree.

When laid i' the greave by his decent deame,
Jenny,

Of aw neyighbors roun him but few will repeyne;
Sud mey favourite Peggy, be left nit ac penny,
Ere threyce the muin changes I whop she'll
be meyne ;

If puir or if wealthy, ay merry when healthy,
We'll pray that aw countries for iver may 'gree;

We'll comfort ilk other,

But brethren ne'er bother,

An think o' days geane, nar the aul hollow Tree.

What, trees er leyke mortals ; yeks strang an
weyde spreedin ;

Waak willows to iv'ry leet breeze will aye
boo ;

Girt cedars leyke breers that men, cattle, keep
treedin,

Are nourisht the seame yen an aw, the warl
thro' ;

On yearth seame as bairns, fer a wheyle they're
seen creepin,

Oft robb'd ov a brench, pity sae it sud be !

Some grow up together,

In youth monie wither—

A teype o' frail man is the aul hollow Tree !

LEYFE'S CHANGES.

TUNE—" *The flow'r o' Dumblane.*"

Puir Sukey was bwoon in the crazy aul warkhoose.
 But sec to nae mortal can pruiue a disgrace;
 Theer monie sup sorrow an whopes seldom borrow;
 Theer monie fin happy, reet prood o' the pleace,
 When toddlin about an wi' cronies oft laikin,
 Noo pouin a pwosey frae deyke or the green,
 Feyne gentry when passin at teymes wer heard
 praisin.
 Her rwosy cheeks, churry lips bonny blue
 een.

In years yen squire Gudman the heed o' the
 parish,
 That ne'er sowt a partner nor yence was in
 luive,
 By dint ov industry he'd gain'd monie thousands,
 An daily to help aul an young fwok he struive;
 Ae ebemin returnin overjoy'd frae the vestry,
 Whoar hard-hearted bodies owre often are seen,
 He gaz'd an he prais'd wid a smeyle, Orphan
 Sukey,
 Her rwosy cheeks, churry lips, bonny blue een.

He cawt the neest mworn in his cwoach, heame to
 tek her,
 An suin wid a kiss, meade her sit on his tnee;
 Weel fed an weel cled, leyke a dowter, he tret her,
 An sec adveyce gev her as aw maks sud gie;
 The picture ov gudness rich neybors aw caw'd
 her,
 Tho' row'd up in rags she but leately was seen;
 Puir beggars oft thowt her some nowbleman's
 dowter,
 Wi' rwosy cheeks, churry lips, bonny blue een.

Scearce oot ov her teens for the wordy man
 weepin,
 Grim Deeth on squire Gudman ae neet gev a
 caw;
 Brong up by the parish, leyke Sukey an orphan,
 To puir fwok, his sarvents an her he left aw;

Now hee on the top o' leyfe's hill she sat sheynin,
 What yen bworn in poverty yence deet a
 queen;

But monie are lur'd by prood flatt'rin impostors,
 Then rwoses suin fade, an tears dim the black
 een.

A gamler an swinler jump't in for her fortune;
 Leyke Hatfield he wan her an leyke him he fell;
 Hoo monie frae plenty are plung'd deep in sorrow,
 In this wicked warl still mun misery dwell!

Desarted by grandeur at neets fworc'd to wander
 The weyld streets ov Lunnon in cleedin queyte
 mean;

Scearce nwotisht by onie tho' yence prais'd by
 monie,

Her rwosy cheeks, churry lips, bonny blue een.

Oft puir bodies seavin, noo Sukey's heard creavin,
 The pity ov monie she sarra'd when young;

Whoariver yen ranges leyfe's scenery oft changes,
 To wealth she was rais'd noo to poverty's flung:

Yence plenty she'd offer noo daily she'll suffer,
 Reflectin wi' sorrow on tymes that hae been;

Noo vanisht for iver what tyme restores niver,
 Her rwosy cheeks, churry lips, bonny blue een!

THE BALLAD SINGER.

TUNE—"The humours o' Glen."

Come, buy ov puir Peggy a Cummerlan Ballad;
 Herc's aw maks o' subjees, some shwort an some
 lang,

Here veyce is expwos'd an true praise gien to
 gudness—

They'll vex an they'll please, but may niver dui
 wrang.

I'll start wi' "Kit Craffett," the wordy wise neybor,
 Sec, "Canny aul Cummerlan" seldom can name;
 He sarrad aw roun, hated slav'ry and tythin,

An owt else that prui'd to aul Englan a sheame.

Here's "Borrowdale Jwohnnny," that ruid up to
 Lunnon;
 An puir "Luckless Jonathan," queyte brokken
 doon;
 An "Watty" frae Croglin, hawf-starvt, an ill-
 treatet,
 By Madgery Jackson, an fuils i' the toon:
 "The fellows roun Torkin," in twoastin odd
 husseys,
 'Till saller was empty, ay boddomt the whart;
 "The village gang," rif-rafs! squire, priest, lawyer,
 doctor;
 An "Michael the Miser" tui, play'd a base
 part.

Here's "The Cocker o' Codbeck" an gamlin "Tom
 Linton";
 "Ned Hunter," a murd'rer, our countie's dis-
 greace;
 "Calep Crosby"—"Tom Toweheed"—"Jurry
 Jowlter"—"Dick Watters"—
 "The bundle ov oddities"; what a sad reace!
 Here's "Nichol the Newsmonger"—"Dicky
 Glendinin"—
 "Jack Spang"—"Sowdger Yeddy"—an "Mat-
 thew McCree"—
 "Daft Dick"—"Gwordie Gill"—"Corp'rel Gow-
 dy"—"Rob Lowry"—
 "Leyle Steebem"—"Kit Capstick"—an "Jon-
 athan Slee."

Here's "The Sailor"—"The Stranger"—"The
 Shepherd"—"The Author"—
 "King Roger"—"Frien Crito," the king o'
 the lave;
 "Silly Andrew"—"Laird Jwohnnny"—"The Cum-
 merlan Farmer"—
 "Uncle Wully," an "Wully that's far on the
 wave";
 "Sarvent Ned"—"Ned Carnaughan"—"The
 Buck o' Kingwatter"—
 "Jeff an Job"—"Jack an Tom"—"Dandy Dan"
 an "Aul Ben"—
 "Th' aul Beggar"—"Aul Cuddy"—an "Aul
 Robby Miller"—
 "Aul Calep an Watty" forbye "Twee aul Men,"

Here's "Bruff Reaces," wi' thoosans drawn up
frev aw quarters,
Some struttin wi' prejde an some owre fain to
bet ;

"Bleckell Murry-neet," merry as onie e'er cud be,
Whoar kisses were heard leyke the sneck of a
yeat.

Here's monstrous weyld Weddins, at "Codbeck"
an "Worton" ;

"The Kurn-winnin"—"Clay daubin"—"Cur-
senmess Eve,"

Whoar drinkin an sweerin an gamlin an cheatin,
An fratchin an feghtin fworc'd monie to grieve.

Here's "Variety"—"Peace"—"The Invasion"—
"Reed Robin"—

"His answer"—"Leyfe's comforts"—"The days
that are geane"—

"The joys ov contentment"—"A gud weyfe's
anxiety"—

"The Invitation"—"The Fratch"—"Dandy
Dan"—frae jail taen :

Here's "The Cram"—"Gilsden Spaw"—"Carel
Fair"—an "The Cock-feght"—

"Youth"—"Mistress Creak's tea party"—
"Aul Ety Bell"—

"Gud adveyce"—"Yage an poverty"—"Corby"
—"The Lennet"—

"Peck o' punch"—"Fadder's lecture"—"To
Jwohn"—"Gud strang yell"—

Here's "The Contrast"—"Oor Jwohnny"—"The
Prejde o' the Bworder"—

"Elizabeth' burth-day"—an "Jenny's Com-
plaint"—

"Will an Keate"—"The Happy Couple"—"A
weyfe fer Wull Miller"—

"Feckless Wully"—"Be merry to day"—"The
Lament"—

"The Dawston gran player-fwok"—"Jwohnny
an Mary"—

"Leyle Deavie"—"The ThuirbyWitch"—"Raff
an the Squire"—

"Poverty's nae sin"—"The bashfu Wooer"—"On
partin"—

"Oor Lanlword an Lanleady" aw mun admire.

Here's "The Sailor's return"—an "The Mudder
an Dowter"—
An "When mun we whop for Reform?" noo
fwok peyne;
"Aw taxes flung by"—"The approach o' weyld
winter"—
Aul "Nichol the Newsmonger's deeth," an
"Lang seyne"—
"The Mudder's Fowt"—"Marget"—an "Fare-
weel to Carcl"—
"Happy family"—"The warl's but a stage"—
an "Heame's heame"—
"The Peet-cadger"—"Dinah"—"To a Frien laid
in Prison"—
"An Blithe Jwohnnny Greame"—an "Oor
Maister an Deame."

Here's "Oor awn fire-seyde," whoar we held
"Jurry's Cursnin"—
"Aul Englan"—"My luive's but a lassie"—
Ye'll see;
The pair "Widow's wail"—"Invitation to Crito"—
"On the Author's birth-day"—He sits noo
fifty-three;
"When shall we meet ageane"—"The visit"
was pleasin;
"Primrose banks"—an "The bonny lass wi'
apron blue;"
"Adveyce to young Nanny"—"The Author's
reflections"—
Aul Ben's deeth," luive's madness, alas!
meade him boo.

Here's "Nathan an Winny"—an "Winny an
Nathan"—
An "Wully an Mary"—an "Jacep an Nell"—
An "Tamer an Matty"—"The Beggar an Keatie"
An "Tib an her Maister"—an "Barbary
Bell"—
"The Lass abuin thurty"—"The impatient
Lassie"—
"Jack an Fanny"—an "Grizzy"—an sweet
"Sally Gray"—
An "Hard-hearted Hannah"—an "Betty o'
Branton"—
"The Fortune-teller"—"Jwohnnny an Jenny"
she'll flay.

Here's Sally ov Irthin" that dee't brokken-
hearted;

"The aul hollow Tree," whoar twee true luivers
met;

"Leyfe's Changes," that fling monie gud fwok
to ruin;

An "Juggy Mulrooney" that tuik in a set:

"The Quilters," at wark, an "Mad Bess" an
"Mad Mary"—

"Aul Marget"—"Young Susy"—"The Aun-
ty"—an "Jean"—

"Mary o' Carlattan"—"The Flow'r o' the vil-
lage"—

"The Northumbrian lasses"—"Threeswore an
Nineteen."

"Here's "Heddersgill Keatie"—"The lily of the
valley"—

"The Lassie of Hayton"—"The flow'r o' them
aw"—

"The lasses o' Carel"—"Peg an Jen"—"Ruth"
—an "Biddy"—

"Betty Brown"—an young "Marget o' th'
mill," sunk in woe;

"The None-such"—"The ill-gien weyfe"—"Ann"
—an "The Dawtie"—

"Nanny Peal," an "The gud-for-nowt weyfe"
—"Madame Jane"—

"The rrose in June"—"Luivelworn Bess"—
Puir "Dinah Dufton"—

"Andrew's youngest dower"—an Miss "Peggy
Penn."

Here's "The lass that luives me," an "Furst
luive," an "Luive's keyndness,"

An "Luive disappointed"—"Luive as it sud
be"—

"The Deleytes o' Luive"—"True luive"—"False
luive," an luive's fail'ry,

"I'll ne'er luiv anudder" wheaiver luives me.

Here's "Fareweel to the Muse"; ay true thanks
for her keyndness.

Puir Robin will gie, but need court her nae mair;
By Hope noo deserted, grim Deeth he may wel-
come—

Leyfe's winter to him pruives a dull scene o'
care!

FAREWHEEL TO THE MUSE.

TUNE—*By the Author.*

Fareweel my Muse!—Thy rural dress
 An smeyles, hiev monie a day deleyted;
 Noo want an grief mey meynd oppress,
 An aw the whopes ov leyfe are bleghted:
 As fade the flowr's at autumn's blast,
 So boos waak man to age an sorrow;
 To-day reflectin on the past,
 Forgetful ov the cheat To-morrow,
 Fareweel, dear Muse!
 Thy aid refuse
 To none who man wou'd serve; but niver
 To mortals bow,
 Who'd veyce pursue—
 Fareweel, dear Muse! Fareweel, for iver!

Hoo monie changes some endure!
 When furst thy aid I fondly courted,
 Joy welcome gev to iv'ry hour,
 An labour aw I sowt, suppworted;
 Tir'd wi' confusion, whoar ilk crood
 In maddning scenes the meynd owrepowers,
 I bade adieu to Lunnon, prood
 To visit Cumbria's pleasin bowers,
 Fareweel, dear Muse! &c.

Wi' thee hoo oft frae noise I've flown,
 The painfu cares o' leyfe begueylin;
 We've stray'd whoar beauty daily shone,
 Ay fain to view deame Nature smeylin;
 At op'nin dawn, at darknin eve
 When weyld buirds sweet their praise wer pourin;
 In bush an tree we'd luive perceive
 That oft to man pruiives past endurin.
 Fareweel, dear Muse! &c.

In peacefu glen, by windin stream
 We'd sing ov mirth or woes distressin:
 Now luive, joy, frienship pruiv'd the theme,
 Or virtue's praise, Heavn's greatest blessin:

Ne'er did we flatter purse-prood kneaves,
 Ne'er cherish'd veyce or base oppression ;
 For he who makes his brethren slaves,
 Mun fin the pangs o' foul transgression.
 Fareweel, dear Muse ! &c.

When angry Boreas lood wad blaw,
 To spoil the bonny smeyles ov Nature ;
 When Winter weyld, wrapt up in snaw
 Froon'd on ilk puir defenceless creature ;
 Thy visits at the close of day,
 In lowly shed I hail'd wi' gladness ;
 We sang the gloomy neet away,
 An mourn'd for fwok in want or sadness.
 Fareweel, dear Muse ! &c.

We've wander'd oft thro' Erin's vales,
 An heard the sangsters hail the mwornin,
 When Spring gev health in fav'ring gales,
 Wi' weyl-flowers Nature's dress adornin :
 Oft then wad fond remembrance stray
 Owre scenes romantic, iver pleasin,
 Whoar youth enjoy'd the peacefu day ;
 Nor mortals e'er my meynd kept teazin.
 Fareweel, dear Muse ! &c.

The manners ov the rustic train
 To paint, hath been my fond endeavour :
 The frowns ov censure I dis'lain,
 The smeyles ov fame I courted niver :
 The peacefu farmer we'd amuse,
 When Neet her gloomy robe was wearin—
 Thy aid thoo seldom didst refuse ;
 O, thanks my Muse ! for teyme thus cheerin.
 Fareweel, dear Muse ! &c.

To neane thy sowt-assistance len,
 When lurin lays pruve man's undoin ;
 Still to the studious be a frien,
 When virtue's path they seem pursuin,
 Fareweel, my Muse ! thy rural dress,

An smeyles my friens an foes deleyted ;
But yage hath boo'd me to distress,
An leyfe's endearin hopes are bleghted !
Fareweel, dear Muse !
Thy aid refuse
To none who man would serve : but niver
To mortals boo
Who'd veyce pursue—
Fareweel, dear Muse ! Fareweel for iver

Songs of Anderson

HITHERTO UNPUBLISHED.*

THE JUBILEE OF A CUMBERLAND MARRIAGE.

Now, weyfe, full fifty years are geane
Sin in our kurk I meade thee meyne,
But frae that day, we neer to yen
Did what could hurt our hearts sin-seyne :
The rwoses lang have left our cheeks ;
Sec ne'er to thee or me caus'd care—
We help the puir that owt e'er seeks
An whop to leeve a happy pair.

At Carel market, when we met,
I meyn, as if 'twas just to-day ;
We sat, in luive, an thou was tret,
I set thee heamward aw the way,
When wark was duin, owre hill an muir,
Luive led me oft, for what was fair ;
Thy bonny feace I saw ilk hour,
An whopt we'd leeve a happy pair.

We lost our bairns, leyle Jwohn and Greace,
Sec neer was wrang—God's will be duin !
Leyke thee and me, ilk shew'd a feace ;
An nar the twee, we may lig suin :
Hed they leev'd, we'd hae tow't them reet,
In what ne'er leeds to want or care
Sweet things ! this day they plishure meeght
Hae gien us twee, the happy pair.

O, Greace ! it narly brak mey heart
When in a fever thou was thrown ;
I seeght, an thowt by Deeth we'd part,
But wish for hilt h was daily shewn :

* These are selected from about fifty unpublished Songs that have been very kindly sent to me by Mr. R. Anderson, the Poet's nephew, and other Andersonian collectors all over Cumberland. I have carefully compared them with all the printed editions and cannot find that they have appeared before.—EDITOR.

Then, when mey shoulder yance gat brak,
 In reydin heame frae Rosley Fair,
 Thou'd try to speak, but gowl'd, nor spak
 Yet, now we leeve a happy pair.

We're now beyth gangin down leyfe's hill,
 Yet, hiltly, leyke owre few we see ;
 At Carel, suin, I'll mek mey will,
 An try to please beath thee an me :
 My nephew, lecin, sweerin, caws,
 Sae he our money saunet share
 Thy niece what's reet for ever shews,
 Sae she sal think the happy pair.

We ne'er to onie gev offence,
 I ne'er wad differ wi' mey deame,
 Nor wi' a mortal e'er fratcht yence,
 Let's wish aw roun cud say the seame !
 When fwok dui reet, then whop they may
 Bliss in anudder warl to share—
 Sud we leeve lang, till leyfe's last day,
 We'll ever pruiue a happy pair.

THE GUD SCHUILMAISTER.*

Oor Schuilmaister, Barney's, a wise worthy fellow,
 To larn weel the scholars pruiues daily his plan,
 He keeps them aye modest, wants aw to be cliver,
 An fondly gies praise, when they dui what they can,
 In reedin, in reytin, in countin, or grammar,
 He points out a way that to aw mun seem clear,
 To him it's the seame, whether parents hev plenty,
 Or if leyke sae monie, they daily leeve pair.

* I have been unable to find in my searchings amongst the Poet's Papers and Memoranda any evidence pointing out directly and by name the Schoolmaster here referred to. In those old days, many of the Village Schoolmasters were men of mark, men of high mental culture and education, of untiring industry and devotion to their duty. Rev. Joshua Relph, the first Cumberland Dialect Poet was an eminent example. He taught in the village of Sebergham, and died of consumption at the early age of 31 years. The way in which, when he was dying, he sent for each of his pupils and impressed upon them his lessons of morality and religion, reminds one of the language that Anderson has put into the mouth of "The Gud Schuilmaister" in this Poem.

He niver likes yen, but whilk e'er play the trowin,
 Nae whops need enjoy, back to schuil to return ;
 What then, leyke weyl chaps shew their impudence
 daily

An just tek upo' them, what leads sec to scorn ;
 When Freyday neet comes, they aw git a lang lec-
 ture ;

If sec they wad meynd, it mud cause happy days—
 Our Jwhonny can aye neame what's said by the
 maister.

Last week, he spak thus ; it desarves ilk yen's praise.

" Now, scholars, instruction still larn frae yer
 teacher,

An study but what to true virtue may lead ;
 You duty shew daily to our great Creator,
 And works that give knowledge endeavour to read :
 All wickedness scorn, what draws mortals to ruin,
 Attend to Religion, rich, poor, if you be ;
 In youth and in manhood let Vice still prove hated,
 Due praise give to Justice, such hoping to see !

" Still make conversation what may afford knowledge
 No impudence during life ever once shew ;
 From gaming live clear, what brings numbers to
 sorrow,

All idleness scorn to distress it must throw :
 Industry whenever in power make your study,
 Still with true attention just learning pursue ;
 Prove fond to gain wisdom and show polite manners,
 Do always to others as you'd be done to.

" A lie never name, tho leyke numbers you suffer,
 Swear not except when you are bound by the law ;
 Feel anxious for friendship, nor glory for quarrel,
 Be pride ne'er your study, what too many shew ;
 Let that not be done, what your health may endanger,
 When still you can serve, do your good to the poor ;
 What's stated by me ever anxious remember,
 Then happiness hope for till life's closing hour !"

Sanderson, Anderson's most intimate friend and commentator,
 was also an example. He came originally from the same village
 Sebergham, and annotated and published a volume of Relph's
 Poems. Almost to the last he taught in Kirkclinton, what in those
 days would be known as a Cumberland Grammar School, and
 from what I have heard and known of him, during my residence
 in the same parish, he might well be a prototype of the School-
 master described in the text. Anderson himself says of him, that
 he was

" One born to succour, and instruct mankind
 To vice, ambition, e'en to lolly blind."

Tho' now far in years, yet I well can meyn daily,
 In schuils aw roun us, we nin sec cud neame.
 Our Maister, sad tyrant, ilk hour wad keep floggin
 Puir innocent fellows that nae yen sud bleame
 Keyn Barney that cliver larnt man just keeps forty,
 Nor waddent to-mworn tek a son frae the Squire—
 I wish in our county we scwores cud fin leyke him,
 He's aye fain to dui what we aw mun admire !

THE WIGTON TRUE SINGER.*

The Wigton gud singer, lets now justly gie,
 For aw that hev hard him, they ay fain will see ;
 He niver sings onie thing true fwok can bleame,
 Pruives just, in sang, music—Owre few dui the seamel
 I've hard him sing sweetly, an heaps sec aye tell,
 Lang may he leeve weel, shewin gud fer his-sell !

When fwok er fain singin, let them gie the sang,
 Iv gud, or bad, yet far owre monie dui wrang ;
 They'll alter words, leynes, nor true music shew fain,
 In nonsense deleytin—Let aw dui, whats plain !
 Hes best we aye lissen tui ! heaps leyke me tell ;
 Lets praise a just man, that dis gud fer his-sell,

Hes lang leev'd in Wigton, and carries on trade,
 It's gud tew aw fwok, heaps ov mony thus meade !
 Hes cutter, at Printfiel, aw busy theer still

* Known long by the Author.

Mr. McMechan of Wigton informs the Editor that the lines were upon the late Mr. William Johnston, who was a "block cutter" at Wigton Calico printing works, that is, he was one of those who cut or engraved the patterns upon the blocks used to print the designs upon the cloth, then done by hand, for which was at that time famous. He and Anderson were very intimate, and, while in Cumberland the poet almost invariably consulted Mr. Johnston as to tune to which to set his songs to, his practice being, I understand to get the air well into his mind, and get the rhythm to fit in with it, which accounts for the words and tune going so well together. Mr. McMechan adds "Mr. Johnston was my uncle, so I used to hear a good deal about Anderson, and have had many of his pieces in his beautiful hand writing in my hands. Mr. Johnston had an extensive repertoire of Anderson's songs, of which he was an inimitable exponent, as was also one of his sons, the late Mr. Johnston, dentist of Carlisle."

What niver can shew to be mortal owt ill :
 Sae, lang may he work on, an fwok fainly tell,
 Ay joyful, thro leyfe he dis gud fer his-sell.

Lets wish we'd him here, in hilth fain to sing,
 A gud sang gien reetly, true plishure may bring,
 But them bawdy sangs nin sud sing or eer reed,
 Sec mun pruve disgreacefu to onie, indeed ;
 Yet, aw leyke the man we neame, let fwok aye tell,
 Lang leyfe may they share, duin good for their-sell.

HARD-WORKIN JWOSEP.*

Joe works hard, aw day, an offen at neet,
 Nae teyme he c'er lwooses, when hilth he can share
 He'll ne'er leave his heame, onie cronies to meet ;
 Ilka Sunday, he aye reads the Beyble, whats fair ;
 Owt wicked or weyld, neer thro' leyfe he'll yence
 shew,

Industry sud aye pruve the study ov aw !
 His wefyas a just woman, that still desarves praise,
 Hard wark and modesty, aye seems her preyde,
 She'd raider lig ill, than mek fuil'ry leyfes ways,
 Aa ! happy she's been, sin he meade hur his breyde !
 Nae fratchin she's hed sin she fell in wid Joe,
 Peace iver sud pruve the just study ov aw !

Twee sons they brong up, in a schuil beath weel tow't,
 They copy the fadder, an dui what he'll bid ;
 Sae, they may share plenty ; he houses hes bow't,
 But leyke they'd cum in for, if wrang he aye did :
 He scairce e'er lickt owther, the neybons well trow,
 Sae duty sud aye pruve the study ov aw !
 He's kept the weyfe's sister, queyte rect, for some
 years,

Now, leame, an unhilthy, she scairce owt can dui,
 But sits by the fire seyde, an offen drops tears,
 Puir sufferer, she may suin submit to it, tui :
 If hilthy fwoke be'r in illness ligg'd low,
 Deeth iver sud pruve the just study ov aw.

* In looking over Anderson's Poems I have thought the above might suitably appear in this Collection, both as a dialect piece, and more especially as it represents what is by no means uncommon in Cumberland, a man who seems to live almost solely for unceasing hard work.

Keyn Joe, sae industress, nae miser is he ;
 Nay puir starvin beggars, that muckle endure,
 Meat, money, an gud adveyce, aye fain he'll gie,
 Sae, joys he may hae thro leyfe, efter Deeth's hour,
 To sarra, sud still pruiue the study ov aw !
 Let's wish fwok in aw parts men leyke Joe cud neame,
 Aul Englan's now crowdet, whoar heaps aye dis
 wrang,
 They wish to dui daily, what truth may caw sheam,
 Then, how can sec whop in the best warl to gang ?
 Twer wise if that weylness aseyde chaps wad throw
 Their is, what sud aye pruiue the study ov aw.

FAIN TO DUI REET.

TUNE—*By the Author.*

Gud luck to ye beath, now, aul Jwohonny an Nanny,
 A pair leyke ye, aw maks owre seldom cud see,
 Yer modest, an cheerful an keynd an aye labour,
 Sae, lets whop, for years ye beath happy may be !
 You've brong up rare bairns, that leyke fadder and
 mudder
 Still study their duty, ilk day, an ilk neet ;
 They wunnet shew weylness, that's now grown queyte
 common,
 What fwok sud aye praise them thats fain to dui reet.

Now, Jwohnnny, it's full forty years sin ye married,
 An comrades we've been sin we furst went to schuil,
 On Sundays we set off to kurk, aye togidder,
 Sae nae yen need owthier caw ye or me fuil ;
 We never deleyted in fratchin, or feghtin,
 In leein, or sweerin, owre oft sec we meet ;
 An' what can their meynes be when Deeth's cummin
 nar them,
 Oh Man ! rich or puir, sud aye study whats reet.

Now, Nanny, we've scwores o' teymes met i' the
 market,
 An oft shar'd true plishure, when at Leady Fair ;
 We'd drink a glass, crack on, an' reyde heame to-
 gedder,
 Sae, now in aul yage, we just whops daily share :

When young by the squire you wer long, long sweet-
heart'd,
To lead ye to ruin, how fain he'd oft treat.
He tuik in neyce lasses, ith greave hes now liggin,
Sec fellows sud suffer, that shew, whats nit reet.

We aw three leeve hilthy, by wark meade plenty,
An aye when they caw, wi fain sarra the peer ;
If flung down in illness, widout whop ov leevin
We'd think-o' the better warl ; fain to be theer.
Now, i' that aul yage, wi' me thowts o' lang leevin,
I'll creep off to bed, may ye share a gud neet !
If weel or ill lets praise to God still be given,
We've seldom duin rang, ever fain to dui reet.

THE REDBREAST.

Loud o'er the Knockay* blas the blast
And winter frowns wi hollow roar,
I thinkin sit, a gloomy guest,
An mark thee Robin, ne'er my door ;
In want thou seems wi simple sang,
To mourn the sweets o' summer fled ;
To thee the low'rin day seems lang
Life's autumn bows my achin head.

Sweet bird ! ilk mornin, eenin, ca ;
I'll sair'the, sae I'd help the puir,
My wish is aw meade sec their law,
But man, beast, bird, maun much endure !
Too few to thee will thraw a crum—
Too few shew me a friendly haun,
Ilk hour thou fins a fae in some ;
An sec to me pruiues monie a man.

Puir namesake ! proud on thee I gaze,
Whate'er I hae, the puir may share—
O, may I gain good mortuls praise,
And heedless seem o' want and care !
Thy prisner, Fate, a boon I crave
A few years mair, O, grant to me !
Fain wad I shiel' frae care the lave,
An wipe the tear frae sorrow's e'e.

* A high hill in the North of Ireland.

SUMMER WEATHER*—1830.

Odd changes ov weather, this summer wev hed
 Sec aul fwok can niver yence meyn ;
 To farmers, nay neane to plenty its led,
 What aye they wer mekin lang seyne :
 But summer or winter, whate'er they may be,
 Let's wonder nit, coming odd ;
 True thinks ev'ry body on Earth sud aye gie
 It's reet to show duty to God.

Aw seasons er changin, nea wonder, indeed,
 Howe'er we may carry on lang,
 Theer is a just study, that eveny yen need
 Tell truly, whea sitten amang :
 Yet sad fuils alas, far owre offen er seen,
 Aye drivin on impudence odd ;
 How shemfu that leein, or sweerin be gien !
 Its reet to shew duty to God :

What weather fwok wish, nea wonder to tell,
 They sec for a few days may hev ;
 To lang leyfe man whopt for the weyfe an his sell,
 Nae wonder beath suin i' the greave :
 We've some fwok deleytin to aw maks aroun ;
 We've owre monie driven on odd
 Howe'er rich or puir, i' the country or town,
 It's reet to show duty to God.

 DEAVIE THE BEGGAR.

Deavie, a Beggar, now gans roun an roun,
 The dog leads him far ev'ry day
 He still leykes the country much better nor town,
 Nae odds the seame monie can say ;
 A wheyle seyne, hed plenty to sarra the puir, |
 Bit bondships laid that gud man low ;
 An when fwok he meets, wey, nowts said but what's
 clear—
 That man sud be pitied by aw.

* From both internal and external evidence I judge this to be the last song that Anderson wrote. The date itself is I think almost sufficient to decide this.—Editor.

He aye mud hae caw't at our house when he wad,
 An joyju sat theer day an neet ;
 Mey fadder, to help sec a yen, was aye glad,
 By givin cleas, money an meat ;
 They've been weel acquaintet for full sixty years,
 Nae tweesome was iver mair keyn ;
 The taen's hilthy, wealthy : the tudder appears
 Ill, blin, an now laid up far beheyn.

Puir Deavie ! he'd yence a gud weyfe, an a son,
 Now lang they've beath laid i' the greave ;
 Aa ! daily, when axin frae fwok what he mun,
 Bit leyle frae acquaintance he'll hev ;
 E'en him that by bondship sae muckle has lost,
 That fuil ne'er yence helps the puir man,
 Sec shews, ther's owre monie may be in want tost,
 When aye fain to dui what they can !

Twas nobbet this mwornin, mey fadder just sed,
 " A beggar nay nit lang he's be ;
 He'll come an leeve wid us, hae meat, an a bed
 That's nit wrang to thee or to me !
 " Dear fadder, says I, " you aye tell what may
 please,
 Mey wish is, he'll come here er lang :
 God bliss ye, for keepin that good man in ease !
 A beggar nae mair may he gang.

BONNY GREACE.—A DIALOGUE.

BEN.

How dark the neet when we twea meet
 But cannot walk owre hill or glen
 Neer ak ! let's sit an crack a bit
 Ov luive, just till the clock streykes ten
 When I's in bed, asleep weel laid ;
 I aye gaze on thy rwosy feace,
 An dreamin still, brings me nae ill ;
 I's talkin on wi bonny Greace !

GREACE.

Wey, true luive, Ben, pruives reet to yen ;
 I now may say the seame to ye ;
 When just laid down, an sleepin soun',
 I see nin talk wi' neane but thee :
 Tho monie caw, preyde, flatt'ry shew,
 When I sit spinnin nar our fire ;
 I've luive fer nin, that eer steps in,
 But thee—dear lad—that I admire.

BEN.

O, thanks, sweet lass ! Gud years mud pass,
 If I cud just caw thee my breyde ;
 We'd happy leeve, nor yen deceive,
 For virtue aw sud mek their preyde
 Now here's the ring, to thee I bring
 Twas bowt at Carel, just this day
 If that thu'd tek, it joy mud mek—
 To Gratena, suin, let's reyde away,

GREACE.

Ay, Ben, we'll gang, when nit owre thrang,
 I've money, plenty, that thou's share
 My aunt's laid low, an she's left aw
 To me, an that we'll lig out fair—
 The clock says now to sleep, beath bow !
 Sae true luive suin'll be our dream ;
 An heer's a han, I'd gie nae man
 But thee howiver rich he'd seem !—

BEN.

My bonny lass, thou brings a glass
 Here's hilt I wish to thee thro leyfe !
 Thou'll suin be meyne, but ne'er repeyne ;
 For duty I'll aye shew to the weyfe !
 We'll change thy neame, what nin need bleame
 We'll teake a farm in some sweet pleace,
 We'll whop for joy, ne'er hilt destroy—
 Gud neet—God's bliss be theyne, dear
 Greace !

ROBERT ANDERSON.

November 1st, 1827.

BONDSHIP.*

O deame ! dunnet gow! sec to neane can dui gud,
 But profitless aye causes grief
 Let's shew nit the picture sae monie fwok mud,
 But try to leeve cheerfu as puir bodies sud,
 An whop we may get some relief.

We're taen in fer hundreds, but this is nit aw,
 What fortune but smeyles on a few
 Her dowter Misfortune owre oft gies a caw
 An Bondship he's meade monie gud farmers few,
 Then oft in a jail they may rue.

For full twenty years, aw our crops wad luik feyne,
 This year we to poverty fell ;
 Whene'er fwok grow puir oft the rich leyke to sheyne,
 Our landlword now tells us what was theyne now is
 meyne,
 Yer stock and crop suin aw mun sell.

Just think ov our Squire, he hed rare heaps o' gear,
 'Twas Bondship laid him in the jail,
 He aye shewt his keynness to rich fwok an puir,
 But now robb'd ov aw what he e'er drops a tear
 O, Pity sec fwok owt sud ail.

There's Jwohn my keyn cronie says he'll gie me wark,
 An weekly gud weages aw get,
 I'll labour wi' plishure by day leet an dark
 An thenk him an daily his goodness remark,
 Sae niver let thee or me fret.

Let's ever leeve patient, an hilt whop to share,
 Nor e'er wish to dui wrang to yen,
 Be honest an cheerfu, and laught at dull care,
 We've lang enjoy't blissings an beath may hev mair
 When frae this weyl warl we are tae.

* Bondship, more especially amongst farmers and yeoman, seems to have been the curse which ruined and brought to poverty some of the most affluent Cumbrians. I well remember a poor old lame carrier, who used to trudge alongside his donkey and cart two or three times a week, between the Abbey and Wigton. He bore the name and claimed relationship with a gentleman, who was at that time a most noted Carlisle banker, and he often used to relate how his father was entirely ruined by Bondship, which had thus brought a lasting poverty upon himself and family.

THE BONNY STAMPT GOWN.*

Last week in our barn I thresht ae day,
 An fain to git duin, I struive ;
 An wrowt on as hard as onie chap may
 But niver yence thowt o luive.
 Just duin, a neyce lass stonisht me a wheyle,
 I thowt she hed cum frae town,
 Then luikt at her shep, her feace, her smeyle
 An' nwotisht the bonny stampt gown.

I pat on mey cwoat, an out I went,
 Thinks I we'll a crack hev now ;
 East, west, north, south, wi luives intent
 I glowr't, but her ne'er cud view.
 I crap up the hill, clam up 't yek tree,
 An luikt for a meyle, aw roun ;
 But, that canny lass I ne'er cud see,
 Nor onie dont in a stampt gown.

I stowtert off heame, an fan queyte queer,
 Was nit yence in luive till then,
 I've caw't at aw houses, far, far an near,
 But sec a lass ne'er seed yen'!
 What luive flings monie chaps back owre deep,
 When 't clock streykes ten I lig down,
 An think, wish, seegh, whene'er I can sleep,
 A dream shews the bonny stampt gown.

At Carel, to-mworn, I'll saunter ilk street,
 In luive yen scarce wark can dui,
 I'd gie mey leyl farm that lass to meet,
 To hev her give the girt yen tui ;

* There is a verse in the author's hand, written in lead pencil upon a separate scrap of paper, and pinned on to the original M.S. of this Song. Though written doubtless by Anderson, this verse is inferior to the Song generally. In this verse he tells us that "at Woodbank, near Carel, this gown was stampt." Where he learned this he does not say, and with regard to "the neyce lass," the most unaccountable way in which she appeared and then disappeared, makes one fancy that "the thrasher" must have seen a myth. Possibly she was the Muse of Cumberland Song, for it will be remembered that in "The Vision" of Burns, the Muse of Scottish Song appears to him under somewhat similar circumstances, where he says—

"The threshers weary flinging tree ;
 The lee lang day hed wearied me."

If I canna see her, let grim Deeth caw,
 He niver can meake me frown ;
 Wheyle leevin I'll wish for the lass I saw,
 An think on her bonnie stampt gown.

THE AUTHOR ON HIMSELF.

I's weary grown o' this weyld warl,
 Whoar bowin fuils can offen thrive,
 But at puir bodies owre oft snarl,
 Wheyle modest merit oft may thrive ;
 I wunnet worship costly gear
 Or praise a hauky purse-proud kneave ;
 But poverty through leyfe I'll bear,
 True freedom's ow the wealth I creave,

That pamper'd Squire seems wretched now,
 Speyte ov his ill got lan for meyles,
 That farmer puir, we pleas'd may view
 At our misfortunes frowns he smeyles,
 Leyke me, are thrown aseyde,
 'Een laught at when nae whops they see ;
 To court greet fwok, was ne'er mey preyde,
 Nor what I suffer yence shall be.

I've labor'd lang for aw aroun,
 But few to me now keynness shew,
 Waak, and in poverty flung down,
 Whops wheyle we leeve, aseyde lets throw :
 How monie aye are wrapt in care,
 When ne'er a mortal wad oppress.
 Wheyle others plenty daily share,
 Still wishin outhers to distress.

Years, fifty five, now owre are flown,
 Sin furst on this weyl warl I gaz'd,
 Weel rear'd by twee in want aye thrown
 An leyke them aw mun ne'er be rais'd ;
 But come what will when weel or ill,
 Nowt sec sud e'er effect the meynd ;
 Man's preyde sud be his duty still,
 Then on his death bed whopes he'll find.

THE BIRTHDAY OF ROBERT BURNS.*

O ! blest be the Bard who has fancy that roves,
 Where freedom the Beacon of glory still shews,
 Enriching his readers while virtue he loves,
 Great thanks to that writer his country still owes ;
 How many will flatter the wealthy each hour,
 Thus scribbling for plenty with false hopes of
 fame ;
 But Scotia's great Bard shew'd what was in his
 power,
 And gave to all classes, what honours his name

To think of the Bard such may call forth a tear,
 Love, freedom, true sentiment still was his pride,
 And stemming corruption ere manhood's late year,
 All hopes of life's comforts were then thrown
 aside :
 Whate'er be man's suffrin's, bow'd down during life,
 Tho falsehood detecting, just merit to claim ;
 A foe to pride, folly, ambition and strife—
 Think such was great Burns, and give praise to his
 name,

Too many gain praise who would brethren enslave,
 And glory in what leads to want and keen woe ;
 Too few on this earth wish poor sufferers to save,
 Tho labrin for all, they may daily live low ;
 The fame of the Patriot now mortals will raise,
 Advice to his brethren prov'd ever his aim
 O, that all cou'd boast of his long happy days,
 The readers of Burns must give praise to his
 name.

Sweet Bard of the North, ever bright to mankind
 Are his polish'd stanzas, enlivening the throng,
 The warm sun of genius still shone in his mind,
 All his lays are delighting, and pleasing each song ;

* Of the extreme veneration of Anderson for Burns, there is abundant testimony in the Poet's own handwriting, which his relations and other collectors of them have so kindly sent to me for compilation in this the Centenary edition of his Ballads. There are no less than six or seven Poems, either directly addressed to or warmly eulogising the poet Burns. So far as I can judge, the Poem here given was written on the occasion of Anderson's visit to Mrs. Burns, shortly after the Poet's death. Of this, he himself says, "finding it impossible to do justice to the occasion, the effusion was never shewn."

All mortals of sense his true works must admire,
If freedom and friendship be ever their aim ;
They fill every mind with what man should desire,
Then let men for ever give praise to his name.

Wit, sentiment, humour, simplicity, truth,
He gave Nature's scenery fond daily to trace ;
The true bliss of wisdom was shewn in his youth
Exposing sad wildness to man a disgrace :
A foe to corruption, that leads to despair,
What proves to each country on earth still a
shame,
Such Poets thro life all our thanks ought to
share,
But too few thro life the great Bard thus did name.

How oft on this wild world we daily may view,
Base mortals, to whom joy and plenty are shewn ;
While some, bless'd with genius, who virtue pursue.
Life's sufferings must bear, e'en to poverty thrown :
'Twas thus with the Bard, who till life's closing
day,
Vice ever exposed, that draws millions to shame,
But since that sad hour, when by death drawn away,
That pleasure he earn'd, all with pleasure still
name.

ADIEU TO ERIN.

Yes, Erin, I maun quat thy shore,
A heartless son o' want and woe ;
Thy hills an' glens delight no more,
Now misery sinks my spirits low :
When forc'd far o'er the white waved main,
Howe'er I to Misfortune bow,
In fancy I'll see thee again,
For, sighing, now I bid adieu !

Peace to thy swains, green happy Isle,
 Whase plains a blest abundance yield !
 Thy hardy sons inur'd to toil,
 Proud for their country grasp the shield :
 Proud to defend the friend, the fair,
 An' mak ilk vile oppressor rue ;
 While thus, aye be they Heaven's great care,
 Sae prays the Bard wha bids adieu !

My pipe, first tun'd in Eden's Bow'rs,
 When eager fancy forward led,
 We yet may cheat some lazy hours,
 When wand'ring far in hopes of bread ;
 Yes, Erin, thine are plaintive strains,
 That when I hear will æ' to view
 Blest scenes amang thy smiling plains,
 I dreamt not, thus to bid adieu !

Ten times hath Winter stripped the trees,
 Sin first I sa' the Shamrock Isle,
 Att proud I've been the pen to seize,
 To draw the tear, or court the smile :
 Though monie scorn'd my humble lays,
 To freedom and to Nature true,
 I sought nae puff'd-up critic's praise,
 To such I smilin' bid adieu !

Ye* wha the Muse's favors share,
 Lang may ye bauldly sweep the string ;
 To crush ilk vice be aye your care,
 Syne mak aul Erin's valleys ring !

* F. J. Bigger, Esq., Editor of the *Ulster Journal of Archaeology*, says in an article on Anderson that appeared in that journal, February, 1899, that in Anderson's time quite a coterie of Poets published their songs and addresses in Belfast and neighbourhood. James Orr, of Ballycarry, issued a volume in 1805, containing an epistle to Samuel Thompson, the schoolmaster of Carngreine, who a year later published his little volume, with many sonnets and epistles. Hugh Tynan, "un-noticed, helpless and forlorn" in Donaghadee, yet found time to publish some sad and reflective Poems (published in 1803), whilst a few years later, Hugh Porter, a County Down weaver, sent forth his poetic attempts, by no means devoid of merit. Miss Balfour, from her prin ladies' school in Belfast, wrote many fine pieces, and translated with taste much original Irish Poetry. Mr. Bigger adds in a note in the same article that he has over 100 volumes of Poetry in his library written by Belfast men, and those hailing from the immediate vicinity of the city.

Sweet Bard* wha mark'd my hamely strains,
 A fav'rite o' the Muse art thou,
 Enliv'nin aye thy native plains
 I'm wae to say to thee adieu !

Companions o' my social hours,
 To leave you prompts a heartfelt sigh ;
 Fond mem'ry turns to joys aft ours,
 When care an' slander we'd defy ;
 Let Fortune smile, or let her frown,
 Tho' she my path wi' thorns may strew,
 Your friendship aye wi' pride I'll own,
 An painfu' 'tis to bid adieu !

Fareweel, ye cheerfu' lasses a',
 But thou the dear ane I loe best,
 When borne frae thee, far, far awa',
 Keen sorrow aft will break my rest !
 I pledge thee wi' affection's kiss,
 This wae-worn heart to thee beats true ;
 We yet may meet, in realms o' bliss,
 Ne'er, ne'er again to bid adieu !

'Tis hard, when love and friendship bind,
 The caul, caul word fareweel to use ;
 It draws a tear, it racks the mind,
 But wha Fate's mandates can refuse ?
 Fareweel, dear friens ! farewell, fause faes !
 The first a crowd, the last but few ;
 My heart wi' these—my peace wi' thase,
 I bid ye a' a lang adieu !

* Mr. Andrew McKenzie.

SWEET BARD.—In the article before quoted, Mr. Biggar thus speaks of the Bard here noted. Andrew McKenzie, from his weaver's loom at Dunover, addressed, in 1810, his stanzas to Robert Anderson, who arrived at Belfast only two years previous ; so their poetic instincts had soon made them acquainted. Anderson returned this compliment in the news letter, dating it from Carnmoney, 29th October, 1810. By a custom familiar enough with literary men in those days, he speaks of McKenzie by the *nom de plume* of *Gaelus*, and it is thus in Poems and Letters Anderson most frequently refers to him.

A GLOSSARIAL CONCORDANCE

TO THE

CUMBERLAND BALLADS

OF

ROBERT ANDERSON,

Wherein all the most peculiar words are explained,
and illustrative references are given to the
writings of the Cumberland Bard.

COMPILED FOR THE CENTENARY EDITION,

BY

GEO. CROWTHER.

The numbers are those of the Songs in the Index in which the word is found. The Index shows the page at which the Song is found. The Glossarial Concordance takes in mainly the first 81 Ballads. Where a name is given instead of a number, it is the title of a Song. Where the word is found very generally, no number is given.

GLOSSARY.

A.		Song			Song
A-bed, in bed	Ay, expression of assent
Abuin, above	...	5, 9	wonder,	...	41
Ack, Ak, to care, to lay	...	6, 44	Ayont, beyond	...	3, 9
to heart	...	44			76
Ae, one	...	5			
A-fit, on foot	...	34	B.		
Afwore, before	...	1	Bab, Barbara	...	2
Aga, ague	...	58	Babs, babes	...	53
Agean, again	49, 15	3	Baceo, tobacco, 41, 76, 54	63	
Aggy, Agnes	...	3	Back-buird, a baking	...	
Ahint, behind	76, 60	21	board	...	54
A-horse, on horseback	...	34	Back seyde, the yard behind	...	
Aikton, a village near	...		the house	...	38
Wigton	...	9	Badger, a pedlar, a corn	...	
Ail, to be indisposed	...	34	factor	...	3
Airms, arms	...	83	Bailie, Bealie, bailiff	81	53
Ajy, awry	...	4	?Bain, near	...	
Ak : see Ack.	...		Bairn, child, one lately	...	
Alang, along	...		born	...	3, 6, 13
Allyblaster, alabaster	...	5	Eais'd, Baizt, Bazed, mad-	...	
Amang, among	...	22	dened	...	76
Amang hands, among other	...		Baith, Beath, both	...	29
things	...	22	Baitin, a <i>beating</i> ; a teas-	...	
Ambrie, aumry, a pantry	...	41	ing	...	19
An, and	...	79	Bakin, bacon	...	76
Anenst, Anent, opposite	...	41	Ban, <i>band</i> of musicians	...	55
Anonder, under	...	50	Bandylan, <i>banned the land</i> , a	...	
Anudder, another	4, 8, 41	67	woman of bad character	...	35
Armin chair, an arm chair	...	94	Bane, Beane, bone	...	50
Aroun, around	...	11	Bang, to beat or exel; as	...	72
As, as if	...	47	"he was bad to	...	
As-buird, ashes board, a	...		bang "	...	3, 4
box to carry ashes	...		Bang, an action of haste; as	...	
	40, 50	59	"he com in wi' a	...	
Aseyde, beside, near to	...		bang "	...	76
'At, contraction of <i>That</i>	...	3	Bannocks, bread made of oat-	...	
Atomy, a skeleton [an <i>ana-</i>	...		meal and thicker than	...	
<i>tomy</i>]	...	56	common cakes	...	60
Atween, between	...	1	Banton, Kirkbampton, near	...	
Aul, Auld, Oald, old	2, 3	6	Burgh	...	9
Aunt, aunt	...	22	Barl, barrel	...	55
Aw, all	...	6, 15	Barn, child. See BAIRN.	...	
Aw maks, all makes, all	...		?Barney's croft, croft-enclo-	...	
sorts	...	35	sure	...	47
Awn, own	...	75	Barra-cwoat, a child's under	...	
Awners, owners	...	44	garment worn next over	...	
Ax, to ask	...	8, 24	the napkins, and folded	...	
Ax at kurk, to have the	...		up back over the feet and	...	
banns published	...	115	legs	...	94
Aye, always,	...	41	Bashfu, bashful	...	

	Song		Song
Batter, dirt, mud	44	Bluid, blood	4
Batter, to make sore by		Bluin, bloom	16
<i>beating</i>		Bluitert, <i>naked, deserted</i> ...	81
Baw, ball	58	Blusteration, the noise of a	
Bawk, a cross beam	4	braggart	35
Beane, bone. See BANE.		Bodden, Boddom, to drink	
Beastin-puddin', pudding		to the <i>bottom</i> of the	
made from the first milk		drinking-vessel	54
drawn after a cow has		Bodder, bother	8, 79
calved	76	Boggle, hobgoblin	3, 14
Beate, abate, "Wunnet		Boilies, boiled bread and	
<i>beate</i> a hair o' my		milk	94
beard"	24	Bonnie, pretty	3, 7
Beath, Baith, both, 4, 8, 15,		Bonnyprat, Napoleon I. ...	3
41, 28		Borrowdale, a vale near the	
Beck, a brook, a rivulet ...	76	head of Derwentwater ...	60
Beel'd, bawled	76	Bout, a turn, a "speer" ...	4
Behin, Behint, behind, 5	41	Boucher, butcher	
Bein, being		Bower, a parlour, the inner	
Belangs, belongs		room of a cottage	53
Belder, to bellow, to vociferate		Bow-hough'd, having <i>crooked</i>	
<i>ferate</i>	44	<i>houghs</i>	47
Belsh, to emit wind from		Bowt, bought	3, 26
the stomach	4	Bra', Braw, handsome	65
Bensil, to bang or beat ...	54	Brack, Brak, broke, 2, 4, 39,	41
Bet, a wager; to lay a		Brackens, Breckans, fern ..	63
wager	44	Brag, boast, .. 4, 74, 49,	83
Beteyde, betide, to happen		Braid, broad	27
to	24	?Bramery	3
Bettermer, better	30	Brang, brought. See BRONG.	
Beyle, Bible—the book 58, 59,	61	Bran new, quite new	2
Beyde, to endure, stay, <i>abide</i> 1	9	Brant, steep	
Beytin, biting	20	Branton—Brampton, a small	
Biddable, Biddible, obedient		market town, rom. east	
ent	172	of Carlisle	35
Biddy, Bridget	27	Brass, a common word meaning	
Bide, to endure. See BEYDE.		<i>money</i> . See KELTER.	51
Bigg, a kind of barley	52		39
Biggin, building	53	Brast, burst. See BRUST.	
Billie, Billy, brother. See		BRAT, a coarse apron or	
TITTY.	42	pinafore	10
Bit, a small piece	2	Bravely, in a good state of	
Bizen, <i>by a sin</i> , i.e., besides	5	health	2
a sin	28	Bray, to beat	35, 30
Blacky-muir, a <i>black Moor</i> ,		Breader, broader	
a negro	81	Breed, bread	25
Blate, Bleate, bashful, shy	30	Brecks, breeches	24, 55
Bleakent, blackened	4	Breer, brier	34
Bleam, blame	3	Brees'd, bruised	1
Bleckell, Blackwell, a village		Breest, breast	25
near Carlisle	30	Breet, bright	14, 57
Bleer-e-ed, blear eyed ...	71	Brek, break,	25, 75
Bleets, blights	38	Brench, branch	183
Blin, blind	4	Breyde, bride	1, 4
Blissin, blessing		Breydcgruim, bridegroom 4	76
Blown milk, milk from		Breydle, bridle	57
which the cream has		Bridewain—Bidden-weddin	
been removed by <i>blowing</i>		See Dr. Prevost's Glossary.	
ing	142		

	Song		Song
Brig, bridge	3	Cadger, a retailer of small wares, having a cart ...	77
Brigadeer, Brigadier, the officer commanding a brigade	25	Caff, Chaff	4-60 61
Brock, badger	20	?Cairds, Cairdins, cards ...	40 50
?Brocklebank, Cumberland surname and place name	76	?Caldew
Brong, Brang, brought, did bring 4, 39, 59, 78	25	Calep,—Caleb... ..	28-38 42
Brough-seyde, residing near Burgh	4	Callan, a stripling, a lad ...	41
Bruff, the local pronunciation of <i>Burgh</i>	Caller, fresh, cool
Brulliment, broil	50	Canay, decent-looking, well-made 5-49, 40, 66, 71	76
Brummel-keytes, bramble berries	103	Cap, to beat, to excel, 4-20	49
Brunt, burnt, 4, 24, 38, 57	76	Capper, one who excels ...	20
Brust, burst. See <i>BRAST</i>	6 44	Cap'ring, dancing in a frolicsome manner	4
Buckabank, a township in the parish of Dalston	30	Car, cart	2, 76 74
Buckram, coarse linen cloth stiffened with glue ...	66	Car-gear, harness for draught horses. See <i>CAR-STANG</i>	2 8
Buck up, to subscribe; to advance; to dress up	30	Carel,—Carlisle, 3, 5, 6, 76, 37	60 11
Buff, the bare skin	53	Carel Fair, on 26th Aug. 2	...
Buik, book; the Testament	25	Carel-Sands, between the river Eden and Ricker-gate	35
Buin, above (for <i>abuin</i>)	8 43	Carras, cart house; a shed wherein carts are kept	3 76
Buits, boots	39	Car-stang, cart shaft
Bumbealie, a bailiff	76	Cassel, castle	81
Bumm'd, struck, beat ...	33	Catch'd, caught	7
Bunc'd, Buns'd, bounced; an action of haste	47 53	Cat-witted, silly and conceited	41
Burd, bird	67 80	Cauda, the vulgar pronunciation of Caldew
Burgh (pr. Bruff), a village about 6 m. from Carlisle	9 44	Caul, Cauld, cold, 69, 11, 79, 59	62
?Burkheeds	76	Caw, call 1, 71, 76, 67	14
Buss, to kiss; to dress; a bush	53	Caw'd, called	5 71
Butter-shag, a slice of bread spread with butter ...	13	Cawn, calm. <i>Nancy Peal</i>	...
See <i>SHAG</i>	Cawshens, cautions, advises See <i>COWSHENS</i>
Butter-sops, bread soaked in melted butter and sugar 16, 4	76	Ceakes, cakes	4
Bwor'd, bored	29	Ceyder, cider	2
Bworn, born	12 9	Chammerley— <i>chamber-lye</i> , stale urine	108
By, a dwelling. A Danish termination to several local names, as Hiverby	34	Chamner-pot, chamber pot	69
Begeane, bygone, past	Chang, the cry of a pack of hounds; uproar; loud talk
Byre, cow-house, 1, 22, 24, 57	79	Chap, a general term for <i>man</i>	30
Byspel, mischievous, full of vice	Chawk, chalk
Byzen. See <i>BIZEN</i>	28	?Chawk, near Thursby ...	58
See note.	...	Cheatery, Cheatric, cheating, deceit	44
C.	...	Cheeny, china cups, &c. ...	167
Cabbish, cabbage	76 43	Cheyde, chide... ..	7
		Chiel, a young fellow
		Chillip, the cry of a young bird
		Chimley, chimney	60

	Song		Song
Chinse, Chintz, chints, cotton cloth, printed in five or six different colours ...	22	Collop Monday, the first Monday before Lent	5
Chirm, to make a mournful sound ...	6	Com, came ...	5, 9 12
Chops, mouth, jaws ...	4	Compleens, complains ...	3
Choups, Choops (pr "shoops"), hips, the fruit of briars	103	?Corbie, the carrion crow, the raven ...	
Claes, clothes ...	50	Corby, a village nr. Wetheral	49 118
Clarty, miry ...	50	Corp, corpse ...	24
Clash, tittle-tattle, scandal; to throw down heavily or clumsily ...	19	Cottinet, cotton ...	57
Claver, to climb ...	2	Cow'd-leady, pudding made of flour and suet ...	76
Clay Daubin, a thatched cottage, the walls being built of clay ...	53	Cow'd-lword, pudding made of oatmeal and suet	35 43
Cleadin, Cleadin, clothing	16 79	Cowp, to exchange; to overturn, to tumble	2, 38 76
Cleath, the table cloth ...	23	Cowr'd, crouched ...	56
Cleed, Clead, to clothe	10 43	Cowshens, cautions, advises	183
Cleek, to catch as with a hook ...	4, 21 76	Cowshious, cautious ...	99
?Clentie ...	3	Cowt, colt ...	3
Click-clack, the ticking of a clock ...	7	Crack, chat; to boast; to do anything quickly	2, 3, 5 11
Clink, a blow; a jingling sound ...	44	Cracket, cricket ...	32
Clipit dinment, a thin, mean-looking fellow. See DINMENT ...	39	Crammel, to perform anything awkwardly ...	28
Clipit-d-heel'd, properly dressed, like a cock prepared to fight ...	30	Crap, crept, did creep	4 30
Clish-clash, Clish-ma-claver, idle talk, scandal ...		Creetcher, creature ...	
Cliver, clever ...	30	Creylke, creek ...	44
Clog, a sort of shoe, the upper part of strong hide leather, and the soles of birch or alder	1, 2, 7 39	Creyme, crime ...	60
Clowsin, closing ...	31	Cried i' the Kurk, having the banns of marriage published. See Ax.	36
Cluff, cuff, a blow ...	53	?Crivet, cravat ...	70
Clwoak, cloak ...	61	Croft, a field behind the house ...	10, 38 47
Clwose, close. See CLOWSIN	78	?Croglin ...	24
Co', come, or came ...		Cronic, an old acquaintance	9
?Cobbles, cobble stones ...	76	Crosset, Crosthwaite	44 58
?Cock Brig	Nathan	Cross the buckle, a peculiar step in dancing ...	30
Cocker, a feeder or fighter of cocks, 4, 12, 41, 48	58	Crouse, lofty, haughty	4, 50 29
Cockin, cock-fighting ...	30	Crowdy, composed of raw oatmeal and the marrow of beef or mutton bones ...	57 26
Codageate—Caldewgate ...		Crowks, croaks ...	54
Codbeck,—Caldbeck, a township about 8m. from Wigton ...	76	Cruds, curds ...	5, 16
Codde, to pillow or sleep; to embrace ...	51 76	Cruik'd, crooked ...	59
Codlin tree, an apple tree	24	Cruin, to bellow, to hum a tune ...	2 55
?Cokert, caulked ...	81	Crum, crumb ...	38
Collop, rasher of bacon	16 63	Cubbert, cupboard ...	146
		Cud, could ...	
		Cuddent, couldn't.	
		Cuddy Wulson—Cuthbert Wilson	1
		Cuif, a silly person, a simpleton ...	8
		Cuik, cook.	Ill-gien Wcyfc

	Song		Song
Cuil, cool	8	Darr! an oath or exclamation	
Cum, a prefix to several local names	5	Darrak, Darg, Darrick, <i>day work</i> , a day's labour, 53, 16, 41	
Cummerlan—Cumberland ...	49	Darter, active in performing a thing	50 55
Cummersdale, a village about 3m. from Carlisle	30	Daubin, a cottage built of clay	53
Cunn'd, counted	29	Dawston—Dalston	30 55
Curebey'd, curtseyed	4	Dawstoners, inhabitants of Dalston	30 55
Curly pow, curled head. See Pow.		Dawtie, daughter, a darling	75
Cursen'd, <i>christened</i> , baptised	12	De, do	1, 25 61
Cursenin, Cursnin, christening	41	Dee, die ... 4, 7, 41, 56	27
Cursenmas, Cursmas, Christmas 9, 57, 34, 50	76	Deame, dame, 24, 53, 57, 60	43
Cursty, Christopher	4	Deavie—David	1 5
Curtchey'd, curtseyed	4	Debby, Deborah	20 40
Curthet, Curthwaite 49	94	Ded, Diddy, father	6
Cushat, the ringdove		Deef, deaf 8, 69, 29, 41	51
Custom, usage	7	Deet, died; to clean 3, 42	53
Cutten, cut down 58	41	Deeth, death, 3, 5, 6, 10, 16, 25	78
Cutter'd, whisper'd, wheedled ... 30, 83	56	Deetin, winnowing corn 50	66
Cutty, Scutty, short	32	Deevil, devil	2
Cwoach, coach	3 5	Deil, devil	3 6
Cwoal, coal	2, 25 74	Deil bin (an oath), devil take ... 4, 19, 41, 42	76
Cwoat, Cwot, coat, 2, 8, 24, 42, 44,	63	Dein, Deein, doing	4 9
Cwoax, coax	71	Deleyte, delight	72
Cwoley, Collie, a farmer's or shepherd's dog, 3, 24, 7	40	Desarve, deserve, to earn by <i>service</i>	37
Cwom, comb	71	Dess, to adorn	60 81
Cworn, corn 16, 38	61	Deuce, the Devil, ... 3, 7	41
Cworse, coarse	74	Deyke, Dike, Dyke, hedge 2, 64, 16	7
Cwort, court	34 53	Deyl'd, Deylt, moped, spiritless	1, 42 56
Cwose-house, corse house in which a corpse is lying	3 182	Deyne, dine	60 61
Cwot, coat. See CWOAT.		Dibbler, Dubbler, a pewter or wooden plate	30
Cwozy, cosey, snug	73	Dick, Dicky—Richard 2	4
		Diddle, to hum a tune	2
D.		Dike, hedge. See DEYKE.	
Daddle, hand: also, to work slowly	3	Din, noise, "Mair <i>din</i> nor dow"—more talk than work	43
Daddle, waddle, to walk slowly	69 76	Ding, to punch, strike, dash down	54
Daft, half-wise; sometimes wanton 21, 24, 29	39	Dinment, a wether sheep in its second year: also, a thin mean-looking person	39
Daggy, drizzly	3	?Dint, energy	
Dalston, a village 3m. from Carlisle. See Dawson.		Dis, does	8 17
Dander, Daunder, to hobble, to saunter 64, 23	38	Dispart, Despart, desperate, inveterate	37 35
Dang, an oath	76	Dissen'd, distanced, outstripped	44
Dapper, neatly dressed	30		
Darknin, evening twilight 53	57		

	Song		Song
Dissnins, a distance in horse-racing, the eighth part of a mile ...	44	Durt, dirt ...	8 46
Divarasion, diversion ...	44	Durtment, anything useless or tawdry ...	5
Divvent, do not. Div and Duv, do ...	13, 24	Dust, a name for money ; also, a disturbance ...	2, 44 4
Doff— <i>do-off</i> —to undress ...	1 4	Duzzens, dozens ...	35
Don— <i>do-on</i> —to dress ...	1 39	Dwoated, doted, Dwoatin, doting ...	10 55
Donnet—a <i>do-nowl</i> —an ill-disposed woman ...	28	Dyke, hedge. See DEYKE.	
Dour, hard, bold, gloomy, sullen ...	78	E.	
Douse, jolly, or sonsy-looking ; grave, prudent ...	30 76	E, sometimes used for I ...	3 5
Dow, help, usefulness, profit ...	1	Ebenin, evening ...	80
?Dowie, dull ...	67	Edder, adder ...	55
Downa, Downet, cannot ; when one has the power, but wants the will to do anything ...	1	Eddle, Addle, to earn, Eddlin brass.	
Dowter, daughter ...	12 32 61, 42, 73	Eden, a river which flows past Carlisle, and empties itself into Solway Firth	
Dozen'd, spiritless, impotent ...	50		49, 52 80
Dree, to endure, to suffer, to feel ...	103 78	E'e, eye. Een, eyes ...	3 12
Drissin, dressing ...	37	After, after. Efternuin, afternoon ...	49, 3 12
Droes, drawers ...	108	Eg on, Egge on, to urge on ...	
Drucken, drunken ...	55	Elcy, Alice ...	21 50
Drumleenin, Drumleaning, a hamlet 1m. from Aik-ton ...	20	Eldin, fuel, sticks for the fire	
Dry, thirsty ...	60	Eleeben, eleven ...	30
Dub, a small collection of stagnant water ...	4	Ellek, Alexander ...	8 43
Dubbler, Dibbler, a pewter or wooden plate ...	30	En', end, 41, 54, 30	58
Dud, did ...	38 41	Eneugh, enough ...	1 6
Duds, coarse clothes, ...	24, 62 76	Er, are ...	44, 53 79
Duffle, coarse woollen cloth, generally blue ...	74	Er, ere, before The aul Hol-low Tree ...	
Dui, do, 3, 4, 28, 55, 61	71	Esh, ash. Eshes, ashes, ash trees ...	45, 41 60
Duin, done, doing, 8, 45	76	Est, nest ...	8
Duir, door, 13, 24, 32, 28, 59	79	*Etty ...	6 34
Dulbert, a dull person ...	167	*Eytonfield-street ...	76
Dunch, to strike with the elbows ...	4	F.	
Dulcincy, Dulcinea, a lady-love ...	93	Fadder, father, 1, 2, 8, 3, 40	57
Dumb weyfe. Dumb people were thought to have the power of foretelling the future ...	5	Faikens, an oath ...	54
Dung owre, knocked over, exhausted ...	19	Fain, glad, 5, 9, 7, 24, 40, 32, 79	60
Dunnet, do not ...	59, 37 21	Famish, famous, 27, 30, 55	81
Durdar, near Blackwell, 3 m. from Carlisle ...		Fan, found, felt, 18, 23, 32	76
Durderm, broil, hubbub, 15	20	?Far-larned ...	55
		Fares-te-weel, fare-thee-well	2 50
		Fash, trouble, 1, 2, 67, 40, 41	58 59
		Faul, farm-yard ; the fold	7, 39, 45 76
		?Faulders, Fulduirs ...	76
		Faut, fault, 21, 32, 46	56
		Faw, fall. Fawn, fallen, 27	41
		Feace, face. Feacin, facing	60
		Feale, fail, to fall short ...	21

	Song		Song
?Feal'd, failed ...	21	Fou, full ; to fill ...	52
Feckless, feeble, <i>effectless</i> , 69, 37	29	Foumert, a polecat, a foul- mart ...	20
Fedder, feather ...	76	Foun, found ...	69
Feegh, alas ...	76	Fourscore, fourscore ...	34
Feght, Feight, fight, 3-4-15, 53, 76	54	Fowt, a fondling ...	1
Feghter, fighter ...	58	Frae, from ...	60
Fell, a rocky hill 5, 24, 60	49	Frae t', from the ...	1
Fellen, Fellon, a disease in cattle ...	58	Frase, a fray ...	30
Fellow ...	28	Fratch to scold ; a quarrel	3
Fell-seyde, the edge or boun- dary of a fell 24, 74,	76	Fratchin, a scolding ...	24
Fen, to fare ...	44	Fray, an attack, or affray	14
Fettle, order, condition, 44, 50	53	Freeten, to frighten, to alarm 54, 63	78
Feulish, Fuilish, foolish ...	63	Freet, to grieve ; to fret	78
Fewsome, shapely, becoming		Freetfu, fretful ...	50
?Feykes ...		Fremm'd, strange ...	183
Feyne, fine, nice, beautiful, 1, 4, 7, 11, 39, 58, 55	60	Frettin, fretting ...	43
Fiddlestick ...	4	Frien, a friend ...	3
Filly, a female foal ; a young mare ...	39	Frostet, frosted, frozen ...	95
Fit, foot ; fought ...	4, 8	Frow, a worthless woman	49
Fit-baw, foot ball, 27	50	Fught, fought ...	55
Fin, to find, to feel, 1, 49, 60	56	Fuil, fool, 1, 4, 31, 41	
Flacker'd, flutter'd ...		Fuilduir, (in some editions) —See FAULDERS.	
Flang, threw, flung down ...	4	Fun, found. See FAN ...	142
Flate, frightened. See FLAY.		?Fur-bank, Heed ...	
Flay, fright, 21, 47, 78	16	Furbelows, useless silks, frills, or gauzes of a female dress ...	4
Flay-crow, a scarecrow ...	66	Furm, Fwurm, <i>form</i> , bench, or long seat ...	4
Flaysome, frightful ...	79	Furst, first, foremost, 2, 4,	76
Flee, a fly ...	58	Furze, firs ...	
Fleek, Flick, flitch ...	4	Fuss, bustle, tumult ...	47
Fleer, floor. See FLUIR.		Fustin, fustian, coarse cotton cloth ...	57
Fleginagaries, useless frip- peries of female dress	1	Fuz-baw, the puff ball fungus	105
Fleyte, Flyte, to scold, to rebuke ...	78	Fwoal, foal ...	38
Flinders, splinters or shreds	81	Fwok, Fwoke, <i>folk</i> , people,	53
Flit, to remove ...		Fworc'd, forced ...	2, 13
Flowe, wild, stormy ...		Fwurm, a form. See FURM.	
Fluet, a sharp blow ...			
Fluid, flood ...	31		
Fluik, a flounder, a kind of fish ...	54		
Fluir, floor. See FLEER. 30, 72	76		
Flyre, to laugh ; to gibe	29		
Flyte, to jeer, to scold ...	36		
Fodder'd, supplied with <i>fodder</i> or food ...	3		
Font, fond, foolish ...	1		
Forby, besides, 2, 8, 9, 33	44		
Forret, forward ...	30		
Forseake, forsake, abandon	25		

G.

Ga, Gae, to go ...	41	61
Gager, the gauger or excise- officer ...	55	
Gaily, pretty well in health	44	
Gairn, yarn ...	32	61
Gam, game ..	14, 24	69
Gambaleery, a kind of lea- ther from which the better sorts of " Sunday shoon " were made ...	57	
Gamlers, gamblers	44	58

	Song		Song
Gammelsby, Gamelsby, a hamlet 3m. from Wigton	41	Gomas, a simpleton	59
Gammlle, to gamble	12	Gomoral, Gommarel, a stupid fellow	24
Gammerstang, a tall awkward person of bad gait	4	?Gonny	59
Gan, began	8	Gow, go. See GA	1
Gander, a name of contempt	8	Gowden, golden	25
Gane, gone. See GEANE.		Gowd i' gowpens, gold in handfuls	8 41
Gang, to go ... 1, 2, 25	80	Gowdspink, goldfinch <i>To Mary</i>	
Gar, to compel ... 13, 11	5	Gowk, the cuckoo; a thoughtless, ignorant fellow	40
Garrak, awkward, stupid	39	Gowl, to cry sulkily; to weep ... 1, 24, 54	81
Garth, orchard, garden, 80	55	Gowpens, a handful; the two hands full. See Gowd.	
Gat, got	50	Graith, to make ready, to clothe	
Gate, road, path. See GEATE.	40	Graith'd, dressed, accoutred	34 35
Gavelick, Geavelick, an iron crowbar or lever	44	Grandideer, grenadier	25 26
Gawn, going	5	Granfader, Granfadder, grandfather	58
Gawvison, a foolish person	44	Granny, grandmother	4
Gayshen, a smock-faced, silly looking, emaciated person	2	Granson, grandson	41
Geane, gone ... 1, 3, 11	42	Gratena,—Gretna	9
Geape, gape	63	Grater-feac'd, marked with small-pox	3
Gear, wealth, money; the tackling of a cart or plough ... 60, 4	12	Greace, Grace	1 40
Geate, Gate, road or path, 22	23	Greapt, grasped	60
Geavin, staring vacantly	76	Greave, grave	8
Gedder, gather	75	Greet, great; ?also to weep	
Geuse, goose	4 76	Gretna: See GRATENA.	
Gev, give, gave	11	?Greybeard	53
Geyle, guile		Greymin, Grimin, a thin covering of snow	45
Gig, a light two-wheeled carriage	61	Greype, a three-pronged instrument for the purpose of cleaning cow-houses, &c.	53
Gilsden—Gilsland, 18 m. from Carlisle	13	Grizzly	38
Girdle. See GURDLE.		Groat, fourpence	5
Girn, Gurn, grin, 4, 29, 30	60	Grossam, Grousome, grim	50
Gilderoy, a famous robber...	47	Grummel, to grumble, 8, 38	16
Girt, great, 3, 4, 54, 12, 16	27 60	Guff, Goff, a fool, 1, 35	42
Git, get ... 1, 3,	53	Guid, Gud, good, 58, 79	61
Gizzern, gizzard, the throat		?Guidman	32
Gléid, the kite, the glede	54	Guidepwost, guidepost	8
Gleymin, Glymin, to look sideways	42	Gulder, to speak amazingly loud, and with a dissonant voice	10
Gliff, a glance, a transient view	20	Gully, a large knife	19
Glime, Gleyme, to look obliquely	81 29	Gurdle, girdle, the iron plate on which cakes are baked	4
Glowre, Glower, to stare, 8,	29 60	Gurn, grin. See GIRN.	
Glowrin, staring		Gurse, gorse, or furze; also, grass	76
Glump'd, gloom'd	11	Gusty, savoury	76
Gob, mouth	35 55		
Goddy, godmother	41		

	Song		Song
Gwordie, George ...	1	Heed, head ...	3, 15 76
Gwoat, goat ...	24	Heed-wark, head-ache ...	30
H			
?Hack'd, won everything ...	50	Heet, height ...	4
Hae, have ...	1 4	?Height, The ...	76
Haffet, the forehead or temple	Helter, halter ...	3
Haggish, haggis ...	70	Helter-skelter, in rapid confusion ...	4
Haked, weary, tired	Hentails, coarse, worthless	
Hale, Heale, whole, 58, 28	66	Mat-grass, a worthless person ...	76
Hallan, Hallen, partition-wall ...	21 36	Herrin-pon, Herring-pond, the ocean ...	141
Han, hand ...	4 5 30	Hersel, herself ...	42
Hangrell, a long hungry fellow. See HANNIEL.		Hes, has ...	16
Hankitcher, handkerchief ...	44	?Hesket ...	76
Hannel, handle, hence to use		Het, hot ...	4, 8
Hanniel, Hangrell, a worthless person ...	46 63	Hether-feaced, rough faced	42
Hantal, Hantel, large quantity. See Lock ...	76 81	Heup, hoop; a six-quart measure ...	Kurn Winnin
Hap, to cover ...	4	Hev, have ...	3, 12 25
Hard, heard ...	82	Heyde, to hide ...	66
Hardleys, Harleys, hardly ...	42	Hidder, hither ...	76
Harraby, im. from Carlisle	34	Highget, Highgate ...	60
Harry, to plunder, to spoil		Hillibuloo, a great noise or shouting ...	76
Hat, hit ...	4	Hilthy, healthy ...	61
Haud, Hauld, hold; shelter	13	Hing, hang ...	27
Haveril, a conceited foolish fellow	Hinmost, hindmost
Havey-scavey, all in confusion ...	4	Hinney, honey ...	98
Haver, Havver, oats ...	50	Hirple, to limp ...	4
Haw, hall ...	53 49	Hirplin, limping ...	4 35
?Hawbuck, a country clown		Hiverby, Upperby, 2m. from Carlisle. See By	30
Hawf, half ...	3, 8, 12 41	Hizzy, huzzy or hussy ...	30
Hawflin, a fool ...	47	Hod, hold ...	2, 3, 5, 30 44
Hay-bay, hubbub, disturbance ...	44, 53, 76 81	Hodden grey, cloth made from undyed wool ...	60
Hay-stack ...	5	Holesome, wholesome ...	60
Hay-cruik, a rod with a barb at its end; metaphorically a long, lang, greedy man ...	70	Hoo, how
?Hayket-yett ...	Nathan	Hopeths, half-pennyworths	
?Hayton ...	167	?Hops ...	20
Head-wark, head-ache ...	30	Horse-cowper, horse-dealer	44
Heale, whole, healthy ...	8 9	See Cowp.	
Heame, home ...	1, 2, 3, 8	?Hotch, to shake
Heartsome, cheerful, that are geane	Days	Hout ! pshaw !
Heaste, haste ...	1 10	Howdey, Howdy, a midwife ...	4 35
Heccup'd, hiccup'd ...	4	Howe, empty ...	76 51
Hed, had ...	20	Howe-strowe, in great confusion ...	Fatch
?Heddersgill ...	175	Howk, to dig, to scoop
Hee, high ...	3, 12 47	Howines, holms, flat land near water ...	73
		?Howney, empty, dreary; spoken of a house depleted of furniture
		Hug, to squeeze ...	44
		Hulk, a lazy, clumsy fellow	36

	Song		Song
Hoy-boy, hautboy, a high-toned wooden wind instrument ...	81	Kelter, money ...	74 81
Humiliation, corr. of illumination ...	3	Kemp, to strive with ...	
Hunsup, scold, quarrel; a tumult; the hunt's up ...	10	Ken, to know. Kent, known; knew, 2, 41, 60	13
Hur, her ...	78	Ken-guid, the example by which we are to learn what is good ...	28
Hursle, to raise up the shoulders ...	53	Kep, to catch ...	54
Hush ...	43	Kest, cast, to reckon ...	4
Hussy, huzzy, housewife ...	24	Keswick, 18m. from Penrith ...	49
See Hizzy.		Kevvel. See KEAVE.	
I		Keyndly, kindly, benevolent ...	78
I', contraction of <i>In</i> ...	24	Keyte, Kyte, the belly ...	53
Ilk, Ilka, each, every, 78, 14, 21	11	Kill-dried, <i>dried</i> in a kiln, a parched and withered face ...	24
'Ill, contraction of <i>Will</i> ...	14	Kilt, killed ...	69
?Imps ...	9	Kingwatter, near to Askerton and Gilsland ...	63
Inde, East Indies ...		Kinnel, kindle ...	Fratch
Ingle, fire ...		Kist, chest ...	69
Intack, an inclosure of waste land ...	76	Kith, kindred, acquaintances ...	18
Inveyted, invited ...	73	Kittle, to tickle ...	44 53
Irthin, Irthing, a river near Brampton ...	24	Kneave, Knave ...	60
I's, contr. of <i>I is—I am</i> ...	41	Knockle, knuckle ...	57
It'll, contr. of <i>It will</i> ...	7	Knop, a tub having two stave-handles ...	19 81
Ither, other ...	46 49	Kurk, kirk, church, 4, 7	58
Iver, ever ...		Kurkan'rew, Kirkandrew.	
J		Rob Lowrie	
Jacep, Jacob ...	60	Kurk-garth, church-yard ...	80
Jant, jaunt ...	16	Kurk-gawn, church going	34 66
Jaunice, jaundice ...	58	Kurn, Kern, churn 2, 38	76
Jaw, mouth. See GOb.		Kurn-snapper, a feast after reaping is finished ...	50
Jemmy, James ...	25	Kurn Winnin ...	114
Jen, Jenny, Jane, 25, 13	10	Kye, cows, kine, cattle, 1, 4,	22 38
Jew-trumps, Jews-harps ...	20	Kyte, Keyte, the belly ...	53
Jeybe, jibe ...	25	L	
Jillet, a jilt ...	75	Laal, Lilc, Leyle, little. See LAL.	
Jilous, jealous ...	45	?Lace, to flavour ...	95
Jump, neat ...	57	?Ladle ...	63
Jobby, Jwoseph, Joseph, 3, 13	41	Laggen, the angle between the side and bottom of a wooden pail ...	4
?Jock ...	14 21	Laik, to play ...	24, 32 41
Jollop, jalap ...	76	Laird, a proprietor of land, 2, 4, 39	53
Jwohunny, John ...	7 56	Lait, to seek ...	42
Jwoke, joke, jest, 4, 40, 53, 30	25	Lake, to play. See LAIK.	
K		Lal, Laal, Lile, Leyle, little, 3	75
Keale, kail, broth, 8, 20	26	Lan, land ...	39
Keame, comb ...	71		
Kcately, Keatie, Kate ...	71		
Keave, to leap about in an awkward manner	4 39		
Keek, to peep ...	33, 5 16		
?Kelavey ...	4		

	Song		Song
Lang, long. Langsome, wearisome ... 1, 3	4	Lig, to lie, to lie down, 1, 12,	22 41
Lanlword, landlord ... 39	56	Liggin, lying ...	2
Lant, a game at cards; three-card Loo ...	30	Likker, liquor ...	74
Lanters, the players at Lant		Lile, little. See LAL.	
?Lanty ...	15	Lilted, sang cheerfully ...	4
Lap, leapt ... 4, 9, 30	71	?Limmer, mischievous ...	
Lapsten, Lapsteane, lapstone on which a shoemaker beats his leather ... 30	81	Link, to walk arm in arm ...	83
Larn, learn. Larnin, learning	74	Lish, Leesh, active, strong	2 18
Lash away, an exclamation of encouragement ...		Lissen, listen ...	5
Lass, Lassie, girl ...	7	Loavins, an exclamation of surprise or delight ...	55
Latch, a wooden sneck ...	32	Lock, a small quantity or number. See Hantal	9 44
Lave, the rest... ...	34	Loff, Laaf, Lofe, offer ...	19
Layrick, Lavrock, the lark <i>Mary</i>		Loft, the upper apartment of a cottage ...	4 22
Lea, Ley, arable land in grass	49	Lonnin, a narrow lane ...	5 8
Leace, lace ...	5	Lopper'd, coagulated, cur- dled ...	76
Leady, lady ...	9	Loup, leap. See LOWP.	
Leady-Fair, at Wigton, on Lady-Day, 25th March	8	?Lounderin, large, immense	
Leame, lame. Leam'd, lam- ed ... 4, 6	38	Lout, an awkward clown ...	47
Leane, alone (<i>all one</i>), 21,		Low-wood Nuik ...	142
38, 71, 75	73	Lowe, flame, blaze ...	9
Lear, Leear, liar ...	60	Lowp, Loup, a leap, to leap, 5, 20	27
Leate, late. Leately, lately	9	Lowse, to untie, to loose ...	14
Leath, loth, unwilling ...	17	?Lowthet Green ...	76
Ledder, leather ...	19	Lug, a pull; to pull ...	44 55
Ledder, to strike with a leather ...	3	Lug, ear ... 4, 15, 39	47
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Meer, a mare ... <i>Pect-Cadger</i>			
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Mense, to improve	61		
Mensefu, hospitable, generous			
Mess, indeed, truly, " by the " mass ! " ... 3, 10	16		
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Neane, none	38
Neb, nose	35
Neckleth, neckcloth, handkerchief	60
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Neegers, negroes	58
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Nether Welton ...	76	Palace, Palles, cor. of <i>Pelisse</i>	61
New-fangled, new-fashioned	12	Pang'd, quite full ...	30
?Newlans, Newlands ...	76	Pant, a cistern, or reservoir	76
Neyce, nice	1, 5, 7 39	Parfet, perfect ...	24 56
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Nin, none	41, 28, 52 58	down with great force
Nit, not; also a nut	2 3	Parson, intended for <i>person</i>	60
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Nobbet, only, <i>nought but</i>	1, 2, 3, 5 8	ing ...	5
Noggin, a little mug; an	...	Pat, put ...	2 10
eighth part of a quart	33	Pate, head ...	4
?None-such	Patrit, Patriot (Carlisle news-	...
Noo, now	paper) ...	<i>Gilsden Spaw</i>
?Nope, a blow on the head	Paughty, proud and haughty	...
Nor, used for <i>than</i> ...	2 54	Paut, to walk heavily, as a	...
Nout, Nowt, nothing, <i>not</i>	...	goose does ...	4
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		peat; about knee high	6 16
		Pel-mel, quickly ...	2
		Penny-pie, a fall on the ice	103
		Pennysteanes, stones used	...
		instead of pennies for	...
		quoits ...	50
		Pentes, penthouse ...	54
		Pet, a sudden fit of peevish-	...
		ness, petulant ...	38
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		Pez-strae, pease straw ...	53
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		Pick'd the fwoal, foaled be-	...
		fore the natural time ...	38
		Piggen, a wooden dish	35 76
		Pilgarlie, a simpleton	3 60
		Pinchbeck, alloy of copper	...
		and zinc ...	76
		Pitter, of cocks, a cocker
		Pittin, put ...	20
		Plack, a very small copper	...
		coin ...	58, 61 6

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Oaners, owners. See Aw-
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Od, an oath ... 2

Od wheyte leet on, God's
blame fall on ... 2Oddments, articles of no great
value ... 53Odswinge, a rustic oath.
God's wounds ... 3

Odswunters, an oath ... 60

Ofen, often ...

?Oggle ... 76

Onie, Ony, any 1, 3 39 |

Onset, onstead, dwellings-
house and out buildings 9 |

On't, for *of it* ... 44

Oor, our ...

Oot, out ...

Oppem'd, opened ... 44

Or, ere, before ... 3, 4 68

Ought, aught, anything ... 76

Ousen, oxen ...

Ower, Owre, over, 2, 3, 4, 8,
12 9

Owther, either ... 1, 9 32

	Song			Song	
Sal, shall	13	41	Sel, self	1
Saller, cellar; a <i>cell</i> under ground	54	60	Selt, sold	6	12
Sampleth, sampler, ornamental canvas work	27		Sen', seyne, since	
San, sand	4	72	Serous, serious	
Sang, song	40	Set, Sett, to be a partner in a dance; to accompany in a walk, 1, 8, 23	70	
Sark, shirt or shift, 2, 3, 20, 51	60		Setterday, Saturday	2	
Sarra, to serve. Sarrat, served	50	61	Seugh, Sough, Sowe, ditch	50	
Sarten, certain	55	57	Seyde, side, 2, 6, 24	50	
Sarvant, servant	50	56	Seyke, Syke, a gutter, a stream	
Sattle, a settle, or long seat	41, 61		Seyne, since	2	4
Sattled, settled	22		Seypers, Sypers, those who drink to the last drop	30	
Sault, Saut, Sawt, salt, 6, 69	72		Shaff, Shaugh, chaff, nonsense	76	81
?Sawney, Nickname	4		Shag, a slice. See BUTTER		
Scalder'd, scawder'd, scalded	19		SHAG	13	
Scar, Scaur, a bare place on the side of a steep hill	38		Sha' not, Sannot, shall not ...	46	
Scart, Scrat, scratch	54	78	Sheame, Shem, shame	32	45
Sceape-grace, scapegrace, a graceless fellow	1	76	Sheap'd, shaped	8
Scearce, Skearce, scarce		Shearing, reapin	
Schuil, school 3, 8, 57			Sheer, Shear, to reap	
Scon, Scone, a cake made of wheat or barley meal ...	53		Shek'd, shaken	1
Scotty kye, Scotch cows ...	0		Shek, Sheck, shake 1, 3	8	
Scowp, scoop; a tin or iron dish		Shettle, schedule, inventory	53	
Scraffle, struggle, scramble	6		Shevin, a shaving	40	
Scrat, scratch. See SCART.			Sheyne, shine. Sheynin, shining	61	73
Screap, to collect; to <i>scrape</i> up	9	41	Shift, Skift, to remove ...	44	
Scribe of a pen, a line by way of letter	32		Shilapple, Shieldapple, Chaffinch	8	
Scrudge, squeeze	44		Shill-house, cold, chill ...	38	
Scruffins, ruffians	76		Shoon, shoes. See SHUN, 12, 24, 51	61	
Scwore, score	32		Shot, a reckoning	16	
Scworn, scorn	51		Shot of, freed from	
Seafe, safe 3, 38	78		Shouder, shoulder	76	
Seame, same, identical 1, 2	5		Shoul, shovel	53	
Seap, Seape, soap, 14	78		Shuffle, to scrape with the feet; to evade	
Seave, save, except	78		Shuik, shook	24	32
Sebemteen, seventeen	5		Shun, for Shoon, shoes ...	81	
Sec, Seccan, Siccan, such ...	1		Shwort, short	72	78
Seebem, Seeben, seven, 3, 6, 57	58		Shwort-keakes, rich fruit cakes as presents to sweethearts	7	44
Seed, saw, did see 2, 3, 10			Sibby, Sibel	47
Seegh, sigh, 7, 32, 19, 40	56		Silly, a term of sympathy or respectful endearment		
Seek, sick	103		Sin', since	77	
Seer, sure. Seerly, surely 47, 56, 60	81		Sin' seyne, since that time 15	19	
See't, contr. of <i>see it</i>		Siplin, sapling, twig full of sap	60	
Seevy, rushy. Seevy caps, tall comical caps made of rush	14		Sizel, Sizle, to go about, to saunter	60	76
Seet, sight	9, 25	78	81		
			Skeap'd, escaped	24	
			?Skale, to spread or throw about	

	Song		Song
Skeape-greace, scape-grace	1 76	Sous, a French coin, the	
?Skelp, to whip or beat	...	son ...	12
Skewball. A person who		Souse, to plunge or immerge	40
sings <i>Skewball</i> , sings		Sowdger, soldier	25
without time or tune	39	?Sowerby	76
Skeybells, good-for-nothing		Spak, spoke	46
persons	58 76	Speatry	44
?Skiddaw, mountain near		Speckets, spectacles	60
Keswick	26, 60 67	Speyce, spice	4
Skift, Shift, to remove	...	Speyte, in spite of	42
Skirl, to shriek	8 50	Splet, split	4
Slae, slee, sloe or blackthorn		Spot, a place of service	24
Slap, a smack; to beat	19	Spuin, spoon	57
Slape, slippery	35	Spunky, sparkling	7
?Slatter, spill	...	Spwort, sport	34 53
Sleate, slate	20	?Stairn mire	76
Slec, sly	...	Stan, stand	12 60
Slee-black, Slae-black, black		Standert, standard	76
as <i>sloes</i>	6	Starken, to tighten, to stiffen	53
?Sleuth-hound, the blood-		Statesman, an <i>estatesman</i> ;	
hound	...	one living on his own	
Slink, an idle person	...	land	...
Sliak, to walk away abjectly;		Staws, stalls	81
to sneak	1	Stays, corsets	66
Slocken, to quench thirst	115 76	Stean, stone	10
Smart, smart money	25	Stean-deef, stonc-deaf	71
Sma', Smaw, small	4 70	Steek, Steuk, to shut	7
Smiddy, smithy	3	Stegshe-Stagshaw, 2 m. from	
?Smittal, Smittle, to infect;		Corbridge. Noted for	
infectious	...	Horse Fairs	81
Smudder, smother	...	Stewt, stewed	76
Smuik, smoke	4, 18, 41 69	Steyfe, steam, dust	37
Smutty, obscene	30	Steyle, stile	2
Snafflin, a trifling, contemp-		Steyme, Styme, a light; the	
tible fellow	...	faintest form of any	
Snap, a small gingerbread		object	60
cake. Also, a dog's		Stubble, stubble	25
name	44 79	Stick in 't, a glass of spirits	
Snaw, snow	7 13	added to the pint of beer	76
Sneck, Snick, the latch of a		Sticks, furniture	36
gate or door	10	Stomich, stomach	1
Sneck posset, a disappoint-		Stoun, a sudden and tran-	
ment	...	sient pain	34
Snell, sharp, biting (of wind)		Stour, Stoure, dust	24
Sneype, a snipe	63	Stoury, Stoory, dusty	28
Snift rin, sniffing, sneaking	53	Stown, stolen	41 60
Snip, Snippy, a byname		Stowre, a stake	125 146
for a tailor	4 8	Stowt, to furnish	115
Snout-banded, having an iron		Stowter, to struggle; to	
plate on the toe of a clog	81	walk clumsily	8, 38 81
Snurl, to snarl, to wrinkle	59	Strack, struck	2 4
Snwore, snore. Snworin,	7	Strae, Strea, straw	21 24
snoring	...	Strang, strong	57
Sonsy, lucky, generous, plump		Strappin, tall	...
and in good condition	23	Streenin, strainin	35
Souple, supple, pliant	4	Streyt, straight	59
Soun, sound, weighty	37	Strowe	120
Sour-milk, butter-milk	4	Stuid, stood	4, 9, 24

	Song			Song	
Stuill, a stool	20, 4, 3,	69	24	Teakin, taking	... 70
Stuill, Stule, stole	...	20	64	Teale, tale	... 3 15
Struive, strove	21	Teane, the one.	See TANE.
Struttin, strutting	55	Teane, ta'en, taken	... 36
Stur, stir	55	Tearan, Tearin, tearing	... 50
Stut'rin, stuttering	4	?Tease, to importune, to	...
Stwory, story	1	pester	... 53
Subscription, for description,				Teasty, tasteful	... 40
an address of a letter	...	60		Teath, teeth	... 8
Sud, should	...	3, 32	2	Teaylear, Teylear, a tailor	... 1
Suds, to be in, to be sullen	76	Tee, thee	... 19, 36
or peevish	20	Te-dee, Te-dea, Te-dui, to do	... 54
Suggar, Suggest, sugar	...	4	20	Teeght, tight	... 6
Suit, soot	28	?Tegedder, together	... 11
?Sukey	60	Tek, Tak, take	... 53
Summet, somewhat, some-				Telt, telled, told	... 72
thing	...	29	33	Tem, them	... 66
Sumph, a block-head	...	2	62	Teugh, tough	... 20
Suppwort, support	66	Tew, to fatigue	... 81
?Susy, Susan, or Susanna	54	Teyde, the tide	...
Swally, to swallow	3	Teydey, tidy, 16, 23,	28
Swap, Swop, to exchange	81	Teydins, tidings	...
Swat, sit down	...	41	81	Teyme, time	4, 61, 76
?Sweer, lazy, averse	2	?Teyney, tiny, small	...
Sweyne, swine	79	?Teype, type	...
Sweyne-hull, a small	shed			Thar, Thur, these or those	...
for pigs	5	Thce, for thy	...
Swop, to exchange.	See			Theek, thatch	...
SWAP.				Theer, there	...
Swope, a sup	34, 52,	26		Theer's, there is	...
Sworrotfu, sorrowful	...	3		Thick, friendly, intimate	...
Sworry, sorry	...	6, 9	11	Thie, thigh	...
Syke, Seyke, a gutter, a				Thimmel, thimble	...
stream		Thirl, to pierce.	See THURL.
?Symie	...	1	70	Thivel, Thyvel, a porridge	...
Sypers. See SEYPERS.				stick	... 105
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Ta, this. Ta year—this year				Thockin, a lipping mode of	...
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Ta'en, taken	3	Thof, though	... 175
Tailyor, tailor. See TEAV-				Thoo, thou	...
LEAR		Thore, those.	See THUR.
Taistrel, Waistrel, a scoun-				Thorpe, a village	...
drel	...	32	41	Thou'll, Thou'll, thou wilt	... 10
Tak, take	9	Thoum, Thoom, Thum,	...
Tamer—Tamar	...	4-9	40	thumb	... 15 19
Tanc, Teane, the one	15	63		Thowt, thought, 4, 8, 9, 15, 37	60
Tarn'd, ill-natured	...	19		Thrang, throng, 2, 6,	55
Tarraby, a hamlet 1m. from				Threap, threep, to argue; to	...
Carlisle	34	aver	... 35 81
Tatey, potato	...	76	63	Threed, thread	... 8
Taw, tall	65	Threepin, arguing	... 55
Taws, a strap of leather slit				Threesome, three together, 1	76
into several tails, and				?Threlket, a village near Kes-	...
used for punishment	...	28		wick	... 81
Te, this. Te year—this year	51			Threyce, thrice	...
Teable, table	...	4		Thropple, the windpipe	... 30
				Throssle, throstle, Auld	...
				Hollow Tree	...

	Song			Song	
Watter, water	...	8 22	Whisht ! hush ! quiet !,	1, 2, 7	35
Watty, Walter	...	2 24	Whissen-Monday, Whit	...	35
Waw, wall	...	41 53	Monday	...	28
Wawby, a personal surname	...	4	Whitten, Whitehaven	...	14
Weade, wade	...	8	Whoal, whol, a hole	...	60
Weage, wage	...	24 60	Whoar, where
Weager, wager	...	5 76	Whoar, whether
Weale, to choose. See WALE	...	40	Whop, Whope, hope, 3,	11	14
Weame, breast, stomach	...	76	?Whorns	...	60
Weast, the waist	...	55 69	Whornpeype, hornpipe,	4	24
Weastcwoat, waistcoat,	27,	55 60	Whupper snapper, a term of	contempt	...
Weastry, wastefulness	...	76	Whuppin, whipping
Webster, a weaver. See	Whurry, wherry	...	3 4
WOBSTER.	Whusky, whisky	...	53
Wedder, a wether sheep	...	3	Whussenday, Whit Sunday,	...	2 35
Weddet, wedded	...	54 71	Whussel, Whustle, whistle	16	39
Wee, little	...	52	Whuzzin, whizzing	...	15
Weel, well	...	2-3 4	Whiet, quiet
Weel-shep'd, well shaped	Whye, Wheye, Quey, a	...	3
Welton, Nether Welton	heifer	...	20
Weshin, washing	...	76	Wi', Wid, with	...	40
Wey, why !	...	12	Widout, without, 3, 5, 6	...	34
Weyde, wide	...	73	?Wigganby	...	79
Weyde-gobb'd, wide	Win, wind, 22, 41, 51, 57, 63,
mouthed	Windy, noisy, talkative
Weyfe, wife, 1, 5, 32,	41	71	Winna, will not. See WUN-	NET.	...
Weyl, wild. Weyldly, wild-	...	72	Winnins, winnings
ly	...	60, 61	Wizzan, Wizen, the gullet	...	53
Weyne, wine	...	38	Woath, oath	...	74
Weyte, Wyte, blame	Wobster, Webster, a weaver	...	35
Weyte, weight	Worchet, orchard, 11, 41,	...	57
Whack, thwack or blow	...	4	Worder'd, ordered	...	60
Whae, Whea, Whee, who	Wordy, worthy	...	58
Whaker, Quaker	...	8	Worton, Orton, 5m. from
Whang, a blow	...	4	Carlisle	...	4, 76, 44
Whart, a quart, 3,	54	76	Wosler, hostler	...	76
Whee, who. See WHAE	2	6	Wot, oat	...	4, 51 60
Wheel, the spinning wheel	...	72	Wrang, wrong,	1, 4,	20
Wheezlin, drawing the breath	Wull, will	...	43
with difficulty	...	38	Wullin, willing
Whey-feaced, smock-faced	...	39	Wully, William,	1, 4,	13 43
Wheyle, a while, until	...	4	Wun, to dwell	...	29
Wheyles, sometimes	...	3	Wunnet, Winna, will not,	1, 6, 7, 41	67
Wheyn'd, whined,	2, 41	55	Wurried, worried	...	3
Wheynin, whining. See	Wursle, wrestle	...	41
WHININ.	Wustler, wrestler
Wheyte, quite ; white, 1, 3,	8	...	Wyte, blame. See WEYTE.
60, 61,	72	...			
Wheytefit, nickname	...	2			
Whiet, quite. Whietly, quiet-			
ly	38, 55	69			
Whiff, a puff ; a blast	...	32			
Whilk, which			
Whillymer, Whillmoor. A			
poor sort of cheese	...	27			
Whinge, to weep, to whine	...	25			
Whnin, whining. See			
WHEYNIN			

Y

Yable, able. See YEBEL.	
Yacre, acre	59
Yad, Yaud, a mare	1 51

	Song			Song	
Yage, Yeage, age, 5, 13, 51	18		Yer leane, by yourself	...	21
Yallow, yellow	27	55	Yerth, earth
Yat, Yeat, gate,	...	7 30	Ye's, ye shall
Yebel, yable, able	...	81	Yestreen, yesterday	...	75
?Yeddy	...	74	Youngen, young one	...	71
Yek, oak	...	38 60	Youngermak, Youngermer,		
Yell, ale	2, 3, 4, 41	81	the younger persons, 32		76
Yell-house, ale-house	41	52	Yubben, oven	...	54
Yen, one. Yence, once,			Yuk, to itch	...	51
1, 2, 7, 11, 20	40				

When the compiler of this Concordance first offered it to me for the Centenary Edition it was four or five times its present size, for in a work of years Mr. Crowther had written out full definitions of every word, and under each word had likewise written out each quotation in which it occurs. I saw at once that this size must exclude it from the work. I suggested to Mr. Crowther, therefore, to reduce it to the smallest compressible compass. He willingly worked at reducing it, bringing it to concise definitions—often single words almost—and left out all quotations of passages, so as to reduce it to its present form. Then another difficulty occurred, omitting the illustrative quotations had made it cease to be a Concordance at all. I suggested reference by numbers from the Glossary to the Index and from the Index to the Page. These I worked out myself, and it took me two or three weeks of incessant work. I hope, however, the result will be found to be of service, and in taking my leave of it I may bear this willing witness to the industrious Compiler, that if again so engaged I could not desire to have a more kind, helpful and accurate colleague in any literary work.—EDITOR.

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The order of the Ballads as here given is in a great measure the order of date of composition as marked by Anderson in MS. and followed by editions of 1805 and 1808, and also very generally by all future editions. In the second hundred of Ballads I have, with some notable exceptions given, so far as I knew it, the Ballads in order of time. [EDITOR.]

ILLUSTRATIONS.

Portrait of Robert Anderson	<i>Frontispiece.</i>
Kirklington Church and Churchyard	facing page vii.
Sanderson's Tomb	„ xvi.
Mural Tablet to Anderson page xvii.
Anderson's Headstone	„ xviii.
Cottage of "Sally Gray"	facing page 10
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We have to thank G. and T. Coward, of Carlisle, for leave to copy Portrait of Anderson.

The Kirklington Photographs were most kindly taken for us by G. J. Bell, Esq., and his son; also the cottage of "Sally Gray."

View of Mural Tablet and Headstone were kindly lent for this work by Francis Joseph Bigger, editor of *Ulster Journal of Archaeology*.



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